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# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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**VOLUME XLVIII**

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**1941**

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# QVEEN'S QVARTERLY

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SPRING : 1941

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OSCAR DOUGLAS SKELTON

BY GRANT DEXTER

**I**N the death of Dr. Skelton, this country has lost the one public servant of whom it may be said he is irreplaceable.

Officially, he was the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs: actually he was the deputy prime minister of Canada. There is, of course, no such position. But Dr. Skelton's authority and responsibility could not be delimited by mere orders-in-council. His position was a purely personal one, the result of his own extraordinary gifts as a public servant. Down the years it became the custom of ministers, members of parliament and civil servants to turn to him for advice. When problems seemed completely unmanageable—no matter what kind of problems they happened to be—someone would hit on the happy idea of deferring the decision until Dr. Skelton had been consulted.

The doctor was a diffident, shy man. He was no oracle. He never passed judgement. But he had a way of talking problems over with frustrated, baffled people. None who went to his office ever left him unhelped and such was the magic of the man that at Ottawa one needed only to indicate that Dr. Skelton had been consulted to dispose of opposition. His pres-

tige grew despite his persistent efforts to find sanctuary in his own immediate field. Indeed, this unsought power and authority tended in later years to be a source of annoyance.

Dr. Skelton died of a heart attack. He was stricken while returning to his office at the lunch hour—driving his own car. They carried him to a nearby hospital. The Prime Minister was at his side almost as quickly as were the doctors. But he was beyond aid.

Actually, Dr. Skelton died for his country. It will be well for his friends to forget about his heart condition. He died as a soldier dies—for his country—for her sake he clad himself in the dust of darkness.

Three years ago he had been warned that unless he worked less hard, his life would be forfeit. He knew this advice was sound—knew it full well. But he deliberately refused to act upon it. He carried on, was carrying on when Death touched him. He gave his country all he had.

Dr. Skelton would deprecate that statement. But none in the East Block will question its strict accuracy. Years ago, he saw the abyss toward which our world was rushing. He knew what lay at the end of the road. Long before it came to pass, he endured the wrecking of our world, felt in his heart the shattering bombs. Dr. Skelton had believed in the League, which, of all instruments fashioned by man, was in his own words “the most freighted with the world’s hopes”. He watched Geneva crumble; saw man’s noblest experiment fail. All this he clearly saw and understood while others were still acclaiming its strength and durability.

To the very end, as his lectures at Fulton, Missouri, in 1937 show, he hoped for a second chance—that somehow the tragedy would be averted. But he was too much of a realist to draw balm from wishful thinking.

Perhaps no biography of Dr. Skelton will ever be written. It would be difficult to tell the story of his life. The makers

of Canada stride through history, giant figures, towering high above the people whose lives they moulded. Dr. Skelton was their peer. At innumerable points he touched the life of this country. He guided Canada's growth; nursed forward our development into full nationhood. Yet in the full record his name will seldom appear. He did the essential work: others will get most of the credit. There is nothing unfair in this—so at least Dr. Skelton would argue. He did his job: they did theirs. He was a great rock out of which many men, some great, others not so great, quarried the materials of reputation, of place in history. They could quarry as much as they pleased, and welcome. The rock still stood. There was plenty more material for all who cared to seek it.

As Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, he was the councillor of successive prime ministers from 1924 onwards. They relied upon him: he never failed them. He played a key part in the constitutional developments which culminated in the Statute of Westminster. More than any other man he created our diplomatic service. He handled our relations with British and foreign governments. He was consulted on every major domestic problem.

He was the rare combination—a great man without vanity. He disliked being given credit, became annoyed and embarrassed.

You would find him in his office in the East Block, desk, couches and chairs piled high with files. A straggly fern reached pathetic fronds toward the window. His hair was always tousled. His shaggy eyebrows trailed over his spectacles. In later years there was a hurt, tired look in his eyes.

There he would sit, patient, kindly, understanding. He was never in a hurry, never distraught. He never lost his temper and he simply didn't know how to be rude. He liked newspaperman because, at heart, he loved journalism. He would look up at you with a kindly, shy smile, push up his

spectacles which were forever getting down low on his nose. "Well", he would ask, "what is the news?" This, of course, was purely rhetorical. He had an uncanny sense of knowing your business before you mentioned it.

But it was off the beat that Dr. Skelton became the delightful companion. Often when he looked about the cluttered office, he must have recalled Lord Grey's wish—that some day his accumulation of papers might be burned and the ashes used to mulch his roses. To get home to his garden, to dig in the earth; to sit at his fireside and enjoy a friend or a book—these meant much to him.

However casually you met Dr. Skelton he seemed ready to fly his mind at any topic. His interests were universal. He would talk about people (always with charity and never with malice), books, plays, newspapers. He was an historian, an economist, a scholar—but you were never aware of this while talking to him. He had the oddest faculty of stimulating your interest, of sending you on your way eager to get hold of certain books and to read them. He could be infinitely provocative.

He had come to Ottawa from Queen's, the author of biographies of Sir Alexander Galt, of Laurier, of an economic history of Canada, of a critical analysis of socialism, of the story of our railway builders. Headline newspapermen of to-day might turn to the opening paragraph of the railway builders just to see how "leads" should be written.

He never liked to discuss his books, though the one on socialism had pleased him. It had been translated into many languages, and Lenin had said that it was the most clearly reasoned and serious criticism of Socialism he had ever read.

It is true, of course, that the post of under-secretary gave Dr. Skelton full, sweeping play for all his powers. Instead of being a recorder of history he became a maker of history. Yet he often expressed regret that when he came to the East

Block he had closed the door, forever, on a life that, to him, was infinitely desirable. He longed for the scholar's detachment from this busy world, regretted those unwritten books, unborn children of his brain, which he would have completed had the call to Ottawa not come. There were two or three books underway in 1924. Where were they now? Oh, in trunks somewhere.

There is little purpose, however, in extolling Dr. Skelton as a scholar, public servant and citizen. The man, himself, completely evades delineation in these terms. You end up with a sheaf of books, a distinguished record of service—but no Dr. Skelton. It is exceedingly difficult to identify the quality which marked him as a man apart, the characteristic common to all his great and varied abilities, which heightened and gave irresistible charm to his personality.

He begins to come to life when you remember that there is in Canada an exceedingly rare type of democrat which it is much easier to identify than to describe. Of this type, Dr. Skelton was the perfect specimen. In all the unconscious, natural, instinctive processes of the mind, he reflected this quality. It never occurred to him to think that he was better than the man who begged a dime from him on the street. His gardener, almost certainly, was not his servant but his friend.

He detested society as such; abhorred receptions, balls, state dinners, the glamour and glitter of a national capital. His favourite headgear was a peak cap and he wore it pulled well down over his eyes, looking odd but very well pleased with it. He simply could not abide contraptions like silk topers, boiled dress shirts and state uniforms. Nobody yet knows how the government prevailed upon him to bedeck himself in such togs, although it is common gossip that it happened at London during an Imperial Conference held shortly after he came to Ottawa. In 1937, at London, he invited the writer to dinner at the Ritz-Carlton. It had never occurred to the

doctor to dress for dinner. A gorgeous head waiter stopped us at the entrance and explained we were not properly dressed. The doctor, whimsically, looked down at his trousers — they were a little baggy at the knees—and we retired forthwith to the nearest cafeteria.

Dr. Skelton was a democrat in the sense that he loved mankind, not in an abstract, philosophical way, but with all his heart and soul. People might behave foolishly, make mistakes, but in the mass they were splendid, wholesome. His belief in the democratic way of life was bred in the very marrow of his bones.

From this quality or characteristic sprang his eagerness for life, his unquenchable thirst for service. The social problems of the day never dismayed him. Rather they attracted him. He knew that all our problems could be and would be solved and that in solving them the area of freedom would be enlarged. The completeness with which he was attuned to his times, in this sense, may explain the range of his influence at Ottawa.

No one will feel the loss of Dr. Skelton more than the Prime Minister. The friendship between them went back at least thirty-five years. Few now recall that Dr. Skelton took part in the 1911 election as Mr. King's adviser. They were intimate friends long before the doctor was called to Ottawa and their friendship grew steadily with the years. These two understood each other perfectly, and Mr. King to-day will feel himself cruelly bereft of one upon whose judgement he placed the greatest reliance.

It was in describing another maker of Canada that Dr. Skelton wrote the perfect description of his own character. It will be found in the foreword to Laurier:

“The finest and simplest gentleman, the noblest and most unselfish man, it has ever been my good fortune to know.”

## NOT BY RAIN ALONE

BY SINCLAIR ROSS

THE dry spell now had lasted sixteen days. Anxiously Will kept count. In the evening sometimes there were thunder-clouds banked steep along the west, but always they glimmered with summer lightning for a while, then drifted south and disappeared. The days were still, brassy, pitiless. Swift little whirlwinds scoured across the fields; in their wake there closed a hushed, oppressive immobility. On wheat and fallow land and ripening rye alike lay a dusty-yellow monochrome of haze that from his harrowcart this afternoon he half-believed, even though he knew his wheat was still a sturdy green—even though morning and night he walked beside it, just to be reassured. For he had lived with it now so many weeks in a kind of pitted sympathy, sensitive to every change in wind and sky, that to-day, before the bitter scorch of such a sun, it was as if he himself could feel the whole field slowly sear.

The horses already were sweated dry. On their rumps and flanks lay a crust of salty rime. At the end of the field he talked with them a while, combing their manes and forelocks with his fingers, killing the bulldog flies that were fastened along their tender belly veins.

“Just two hours more”, he told the black mare Bess, squinting his eyes from his shadow to the sun. A long-limbed, graceful little beast, she fretted at such drudgery. “It’s so hot maybe it’ll rain to-night. You’ll see. If you’d rest when you get the chance, instead of always fidgetting—”

He was young still, brawny, sunburned. So young that as he turned from the mare towards the wheat his eyes were quick with a kind of anger and resentment. The submissive quiet that at last the seasons teach, the acceptance and belief—here it was still in conflict with the impetuousness of youth. He drank a little tepid water from the jug set for shade between two stones, then turned again to scan the sky.

It was cloudless yet, but in the west again was the deepening purple haze that in summer sometimes gathers before a storm. And as he watched the anger in his eyes became a wistfulness. This time if only real clouds would gather—if his wheat would only fill and yield just half what it had promised. So that he might ask Eleanor to marry him, give her the things that she deserved.

And then with a clench the anger came again. For he was twenty-one, a man now, and it wasn't a man's way to stand like this and wait for rain. The shoulders on him, the big rough calloused hands—there was such restlessness in them of late, such press and urgency. Struggle, sacrifice—that was what he wanted now, some way to prove himself, prove to her how much he cared.

He turned at last and started to unhitch. It wasn't worth it, two hours more in such a sun. There was a listlessness in all his movements now that seemed to be there by resolve, a deliberate apathy, as if for the moment his mind were mastering his deeper, earth-steeped instincts of persistence. Aloud to the horses he repeated, "It isn't worth it—next year's crop will go like this one anyway. We'll get some rest for once, let the damned weeds grow."

At the well they kept him pumping till his shoulders ached. Had the crop been good he was going to get a windmill too this fall. Seven head of horses, ten of cattle; a fifty-foot well and a pump that cost a gripe at every stroke. He grudged the labour suddenly. For the first time he seemed to stand detached and see its waste. He remembered how his mother used to pump, how she would rise with the up-stroke of the handle to her toes, then buckle herself and wince to bring it down. Summer and winter, twice a day for years—cursing the cows that guzzled till their bellies rounded out like barrels, always patient to let them have their fill. He pitied her suddenly, thinking that her labour too had all been waste.

The pump had fallen to her because his father once, clearing the land of stones, had torn himself on one beyond his strength. There were always stones—like the pump and the mortgage—even after twenty years. Each spring the frost and thaw heaved another litter out of the bitch-like earth. They pried and made heaps of them, pried and made heaps of them—always there were more. And she too had pried, wincing on the crowbar just as on the pump. A wiry, wizened little woman, with tight grim lips, and work-thin, stubborn hands. He remembered this afternoon—thinking of Eleanor again, asking himself whether he would want to offer her the same.

Slowly the horses stumbled off to find their stalls. All but the black mare Bess. Bess had imagination. Every day for these uncurbed minutes she was really free; and despite her weariness, despite the heavy harness clanking at her sides, she plunged across the yard to savour and exploit them. Her neck arched a moment, her slim body rearing in illusion of release, she dashed a hundred yards along the road; another reckless plunge and whirl—then back spent and depressed, to let him lead her to her stall.

He slipped the harness from her gently, silent now, reproached by the spirit that his plows and wagons couldn't tame. This was the second year she had worked on the land. It was to have been for a week while another mare had her foal; but the other mare had died in labour, and there was only Bess to carry on.

Her belly was starting to sag a little now. The sleekness of her coat was gone; her hip-bones stood up angular. Only her gestures were the same: the imperious way she pawed if absent-mindedly he fed the others first, the dainty, startled prick-up of her ears when, finding life too dull, she tried to liven it by shying at her shadow or the harrowcart. He stood with his hand in her mane a moment, remembering the day he brought her home an unbroken three-year-old; and then for

escape he climbed to the loft and started to throw down feed. But he did so slowly to-day, heedless of their stamp and whinnying. For when they were all fed and unharnessed and the salt washed out of their sweaty shoulders, then it would be time to go to the house for his own supper. And now, without consciously letting his thoughts progress so far, he shrank from the house, from the heat and flies and the dirty dishes piled up waiting for a week to be washed.

When he finished he walked to the stable door, and stood with his eyes screwed up against the blast of sun. There was a sultry, breathless hush that seemed to bode a storm, but remembering other days like this, the thunder-clouds that always circled south, he kept his eyes down doggedly and started for the house.

Maybe there were clouds gathering in the west, the same as yesterday, the same as the day before, but this time he wouldn't believe in them. It hurt too much. It wasn't worth it. There was a kind of ease in utter hopelessness.

At the house he was met by a stench of heat and a sickening drone of flies. They swarmed round him angrily a minute, then settled thick again on the table and the dirty plates. He walked over to the rusty little cook-stove, lifted the lid and stood staring a while at the empty grates, then stealthily, as if afraid of disturbing the stillness and the flies, he set it into its groove again.

He wasn't a very good housekeeper. He hadn't a way with a dish-towel or a broom. To-day though, he told himself, in early from the field, there was a chance to clean the house a little and kill the flies, to get a fire going, and heat water—make coffee again, perhaps open a tin of beans. Although the dishes had gone so long unwashed, among the pile on the floor there was only one cup. That was Sunday. In the morning and at noon he hadn't time to start a fire; at night in the heat he hadn't the heart or energy. Bread soaked with butter so

warm and oily he had to put it on with a spoon; canned meat or fish, the whole tin at a meal because it soon spoiled; syrup sometimes, and a mouthful of water to wash it down. "Coffee", he muttered aloud, "and get the dishes washed, and a proper meal again."

But he stood still, thinking of the wheat and Eleanor. He couldn't ask her now. Her family were well-off farmers—a seven-roomed house, a motor car. They had heavy land that could stand a dry spell. They weren't forever hauling stones and mending broken implements. A home was what they expected for Eleanor, not a shack like this. There had always been a kind of tacit understanding, even while they welcomed him, that when she left them it must be with a man able to assure her comfort and security. It was the wheat this year that had given him such hope, the way it had grown through May and June, the promise of a yield to pay his debts and build a house; and it was the same wheat now, parched and withering, that made the thought of going on without her so unbearable.

And she mightn't wait another year. He wasn't the only one. Another year anyway, another crop—he knew by this time, didn't he, the treachery there could be in the best of crops?

He swatted some flies, picked up his noon-hour plate and set it with the others on the floor, then turned to the adjoining room and flung himself across the bed. It was unmade, and the thick grey blankets had a smell of sweat and heat. He pushed them aside, then lay still with his eyes on the little dresser facing him across the room. The blinds were drawn, but after a moment or two he could make out a photograph of Eleanor. First just the easel frame, then the features, and the slim white throat. It was strangely out of place in such a room, on such a bare, old-fashioned little dresser, as much out of place as Eleanor herself would be. She had gone to

school in town till she was seventeen, had taken piano lessons, had driven a car. She wouldn't belong in a two-roomed shack like this. Even if she came and tried—it wouldn't be worth it. As far back as he could remember his mother had been a shrunken, old little woman—and she had died four years ago at forty-nine.

He lay still a moment, thinking of it; then tossed and fixed his eyes on the ceiling. But there was no escape. It was the paper now, cracked and sagging, long brown streaks across it where the rain kept beating through the roof. He remembered the spring they put it on—the winter and fall before the spring—right from the time the crop was threshed—how she had had to beg and storm for it—the welt of bitterness it left across their lives.

"I've other things to think of first", his father would insist. "You don't try to help a man; as if I hadn't debts enough already as it is—." Then flaring she would say:

"But the pipe's never out of your mouth. You can always find enough for that. Ten years and still the shack—no better than the day we started—."

And through it all such a thin, shrivelled little woman! He had never known until she died, until standing by the coffin he had thought how far down and lost in it she seemed. It had come to him suddenly—the way she had filled her place in life, and the way she lay so small and insufficient here.

He dozed at last a while, then went out again to the kitchen for his supper. There was still the pile of dirty dishes on the floor, the rusty little stove, the swarming flies. He went over to the stove, carefully lifted the lid a moment to look at the cold grates, then as carefully set it down again. In such a heat he couldn't bring himself to start a fire. It was the night to see Eleanor and get his week's supply of bread; he could take another new blade and shave all right again without hot water. When he arrived they would have coffee

and something to eat for him; a little bread and syrup would do for now. The way the flies were swarming everywhere he didn't feel hungry anyway. The dishes would have to wait till it was cool.

And then something stronger in him than he knew took him outside again to see if in the west yet there were signs of rain.

And there were, like yesterday and the day before—the same slow piling-up of thunder-clouds, the same hushed boding of a storm. He stood motionless, his lips and eyes strained suddenly with eagerness again, forgetful that he had resolved this time to spare himself. For it couldn't be deliberate, a storm. It couldn't always pass him by. And if it came he might still have his thirty bushel crop. There was time. His wheat was wilting now, but it would come back. It was such strong, sturdy wheat. Just an hour or two of rain—perhaps to-night he'd be asking her after all.

At last he went inside and spread himself a slice of bread and syrup. But the flies swarmed so thick, entangling, that he had to take another slice and cover the syrup with it in sandwich fashion. He didn't finish it. He was thinking of other dry spells—other wheat that had promised thirty bushels and yielded ten. It was such niggard land. At the best they would grub along painfully, grow tired and bitter, indifferent to each other. It was the way of the land. For a farmer like him there could be no other way.

He began to shave, however, telling himself that he had to go for his bread. It was a tough, three-day stubble, and without warm water to soften it he had to work at it for nearly half an hour. But the result was reassuring. The beard and sweat and dust depressed sometimes—confirmed the feeling of incompetence with which on trying days the stones and the dirty shack oppressed him. He stood a while looking at himself in the little kitchen mirror with a frank, still boyish kind

of vanity, almost as if discovering for the first time the strength and regularity of his features, the thickness of his hair, the way it shone and waved.

He combed his hair carefully, sticking down the unruly ends with soap, scrubbed his hands with a tough-bristled brush, then went out to the stable again to turn the horses into the pasture. Since it was early still, he would walk and save the mare. The way the clouds were piling up the sun would be behind them in another hour.

Back in the house he put on the navy trousers of his Sunday suit, a clean khaki shirt and red tie, and changed into the shoes that he always kept for Eleanor, and never wore near the stable. He felt tired now, and a little faint with hunger. The sun was still blazing fiercely as he started down the road. It struck like a drill, as if all its power were focused on him in a single ray. He walked along the edge of his wheat for a distance, noticing for the first time that on some of the heads were little tips of sunburn. Whitecaps, they were called. This time to-morrow would likely see the whole field covered with them. He broke off one to examine it and count how many kernels were destroyed, then with a sudden whiteness underneath his tan glanced up again towards the clouds. But there was no answer. They gathered and piled and hung aloof. For a moment anger seethed again, the quick, impulsive rage to strike out and struggle for her as he felt a man should do—and then he strode on stolidly.

A mile away, on one of the big white stones piled up beside the field, he found her waiting for him. "I came to meet you and see the wheat", she explained. "It's going to be cooler soon. Sit down and rest. The sun's just ready to go behind the clouds."

As it went there was a deep yellowing of its light until the long expanse of grain before them seemed to lie bronzed with a metallic sheen. Then a shadow like a wing swept across

the field, stately and cool in contrast to the dazzling sun, and slowly, as if a curtain were being drawn, the light began to roll itself away.

They sat silent till it was gone, till it winked itself out on a distant rolling of the land. Then he said, "You wouldn't believe it now—it looks so strong and green. You could even think that we'd had rain just a day or two ago."

She glanced at him quickly, shyly, then looked across the field. "I walked through it before you came, Will—and if it rains to-night or even to-morrow it should still do fairly well."

The knuckles of his big hard hands went white. "I've said things like that to myself so often—just standing still, watching it burn up—."

A sudden bitterness choked him. Then as her fingers tightened on the clenched muscles of his arm he said contritely, "Talking like that doesn't help. It's just that I've been looking forward to this crop a lot—all year—."

"I have too, Will", she answered after a pause. "Right from the day you started seeding."

He turned quickly a moment to meet her eyes, then sat silent, staring moodily across the wheat. It was hard with her there so close, remembering the shack and the stony land, wanting her so, and trying to be resigned. He kept his eyes narrowed and his lips set firm. She was so pretty and small, and her dark hair made her skin so white. He didn't dare look at her again.

There was an early dusk already closing in. Slowly the hush of sun and glare relaxed. A breath of wind rose, furtively, as if released; and the wheat in front of them stood whispering and cool.

But it was lost on him. In such a mood he couldn't feel or see. He was choked and blinded still by his disappointment, struggling against a sense of futility that his youth could not

accept, that yet seemed sprung from a lot he knew to be inevitable.

"If only this once it would", he said as a distant peal of thunder reached them. "It's hard to believe it can miss us every time."

She kept her eyes across the field. "It won't, Will—not every time. I've been looking—and your wheat's not gone yet, anyway."

"I've been waiting for it such a long time." He tried now to justify his despondency, giving a little hitch to his shoulders. "That's all that's wrong with me to-day. I've been thinking that maybe this year the crop would make things different—."

She nodded. "I get tired waiting, too."

He glanced at her quickly; she pressed a little on his arm.

"Tired seeing you once or twice a week, thinking about you coming in from the field and your meals not ready—."

"You mean, then, that if it rains to-night—?"

She turned her head a little, looked across the field again. "I mean, Will, that even if it doesn't rain—."

He struggled with himself a moment, remembering the shack and the stones that broke his plowshares every year. Then he looked at her and said, "Some time this fall, perhaps when harvest's over and the hauling done—."

The thunder was closer now, like tumbling stones. They rose together, and looked towards the west. And flare after flare of lightning lit the clouds, yellow and soft like the flickerings of a lamp; and they saw what dark and threatening clouds they were, yet how they hung in the distance still, as if at pause, uncertain of their way.

"November", she said. "I've been thinking November all along myself."

He nodded, tightening his fingers a little on her hand. "November we'll say then. I'll have a chance to get the shack fixed up—maybe build on another room."

## LITERATURE AND LEARNING FIVE CENTURIES AGO

BY HERBERT L. STEWART

DESPITE the clash of battle, one finds here and there, just now, certain modest notices of the recent quincentenary in the world of books. The end of five centuries, since the advance made by the first use of movable type, has been reacted, and the anniversary has been kept in the thought and imagination of a few. *Inter arma silent leges: still more, silent litterae.* Many an artistic function, planned in a quiet mood, has been abruptly put off: the most conspicuous case, perhaps, is that of the opening of a Leonardo da Vinci museum at Milan. The Duce—having suddenly adopted very different purposes for Milan in 1940—cancelled that project without assigning cause. No wonder the invention of printing must be left for adequate recall at a later and more leisurely time.

The present essay is meant as a supplement to reflections about the work of Gutenberg. Granted that a new and wonderful machine for multiplying copies of any written product had been devised by human ingenuity: what was the intellectual level of the generation into whose hands the machine was first committed?

I propose to glance at the evidence on this matter derivable from two sources: (1) the universities, (2) the new books, other than translations, by which the period was marked.

### I

Unlike universities of the present, in which one expects to find the intellectual insurgent, those of a distant past reflected faithfully the dominant mood. They had indeed been founded for this purpose, and had not outgrown it. Five hundred years ago the academic was as rare as the ecclesiastical heretic. How, then, did men think and feel on the great human problems,

about the middle of the fifteenth century in the lecture-rooms of Oxford, Paris, Bologna?

It is widely but improperly assumed that ecclesiastical control of universities then rendered them negligible as instruments of genuine education. Fierce satiric phrases, used by the leaders of a new age about the intellectual fetters from which they made their own escape, have been understood without the discount one should always allow for satire. Especially has it been forgotten that the professional schools of law and medicine at no time failed to maintain the legacy of pagan culture, so that there at least no rebirth of ancient learning was required. Nor did the physicians of Salerno and Montpellier, the lawyers of Padua and Bologna simply transmit, without further development and application to their own times, what they had inherited from Hippocrates and Justinian. Every period, however strongly we may emphasize its contrast with the period which comes after, is revealed to more accurate scrutiny as a preparation. In this respect the educational life of the closing Middle Ages was not exceptional.

But on the general state of learning in English universities the judgement of Poggio Bracciolini in the early fifteenth century is as contemptuous as that of Erasmus a century later. In 1420 he complains that he could find no good books in England, that the libraries of its convents were congested with recent writings which in his own country would be thought worthless; that but few classical remains—much inferior to those in Italian institutions—were there available; and that a barbarous sensuality, unredeemed by its habits of flippant, quibbling sophism, characterized the academic life of the island. Gibbon may well have thought of that passage from Poggio's *Epistolae* when he wrote in his autobiography about the Oxford of his own youth three centuries later, recalling the “deep potations” of its seniors which might excuse the brisk intemperance of youth, or the temptation to drift into those “fat

slumbers of the Church" which a young and generous temper was there bound to resist. The attendance at Oxford lectures had fallen off by four-fifths in the early fifteenth century. But from the point of view of a man of letters this signified little educational loss. Poggio fel that the current jests about "Oxford Latin" was not unfair to the debased *patois* which there prevailed. Perhaps it was no merely petulant sarcasm in which Bruno, a century and a half later, described the Oxford doctors whom he met as knowing more about beer than about Greek.

Against the over-depreciation of mediæval universities by men of the sixteenth century revolt, it is fair to note the later excess in compliment. Newman's famous passage about the beauty of his Oxford college at a time "before Wycliffe and Huss had lit those miserable fires which are still raging to the injury of the best interests of mankind" must elicit mordant reflection in one who recalls the truth about Oxford and Lollardy. For what Newman cites as a disgrace was the one redeeming feature in a dismal academic period. Its brief, exciting, courageous support of Wycliffe supplies isolated proof that Oxford in the very late fourteenth century had not suffered the total paralysis of independent thought by which it was marked in the hundred years that came after. A hundred years earlier, Roger Bacon had committed to his *Compendium Studii Philosophiae* his estimate of the academic influence there at work to obstruct all serious intellectual enquiries, and to perpetuate the domination of ignorant monks whose habits, at least in the Franciscan Order, he knew at first hand. The rapidity and thoroughness with which, in Wycliffe's time, that sudden impulse towards freedom was reversed showed how effective was the mediæval machine for the work it had been built to do.

We should re-read the story of the universities of the Middle Ages, not merely in the spirit of watchful liberality lest

Protestant fanaticism lead us to commit historical injustice, but in the mood also of wholesome suspicion lest a Hilaire Belloc or a Baron von Hügel deceive us in the contrary sense. To the modern mind which impartially considers the data, making all allowance for differences of epoch, the picture remains one of the handicaps rather than of the stimulants of real education. Let us reinterpret with generosity the problems, at first sight absurd, upon which academic debate was concentrated, so as to discern in them at least the germ of a genuine philosophical argument. Let us likewise seek earnestly in *trivium* and *quadrivium* for the rudiments of later disciplines. Let us give the benefit of the doubt, both moral and intellectual, where subsequent wisdom may be read back, at least imaginatively, into the mediæval disputationes. On the extent to which such revaluing is needful, on the elements of importance and worth it will thus find in mediæval university activities long refused even historical consideration, much may well be said. But it remains true that in the academic centres about the middle of the fifteenth century when the first movable types were cut and set, the strength of learned instruction was directed to inhibit just those mental habits on which we now know all progress to depend. It either forbade or discountenanced the only methods of enquiry by which the yoke of old delusions could be broken, and it invested with unchallengeable authority, providing dire penalties for dissent, the most absurd dogmas about nature and about life. What was the intellectual fate of the young student whose introduction to the beauties of classical literature was accompanied by such handicaps to his thought?

As one turns from the pictures of academic life at Paris as drawn by Erasmus, or of Oxford and Cambridge as experienced by Hobbes and Milton and Locke, one realizes how a rebirth of the spirit of classical antiquity was needed to break those mediæval fetters. Was it some prevision of educational

decline, of a coming preference for dictated belief over the development of free intelligence, that led to Plutarch's lament:

As if one went to seek fire from his neighbour, and finding it bright and cheery were to sit down there and stay warming himself, so is he who comes to seek instruction from another and forgets to kindle his own flame, but in delight at what he hears sits soothed with the ruddiness and reflected glow upon his face, and brings home no flame to dissipate the inner darkness and mildew of his soul, or to air it with philosophy.

## II

It has often been noted that the fifteenth century was singularly barren in literature, and also singularly productive in transcription of books. Probably indeed *The Paston Letters* indicate in England at least during the reigns of Henry VI and Edward IV a considerable improvement upon the cultural level of the time of Richard II. The members of that genteel English family could write to one another with grammatical correctness; they took a vivacious interest in events outside the Paston circle; they intersperse their correspondence with Latin phrases, and even occasionally with Latin verse, well meant though ill constructed, and the exchange of an Ovid is among the courtesies of their household intercourse. King's College, Cambridge; Eton; Lincoln and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford, are foundations of the middle fifteenth century which showed a continuing zeal for learning. But there is no work of English literature in that century comparable to the work of Chaucer and Wycliffe in the preceding century, or to that of More and Sidney in the century to come.

Against feeble literary competitors, Italy then held the chief distinction in Europe. Not indeed for productive work in the vernacular, continuing the glories of the great fourteenth century trio—Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio. Rather, for the zeal with which collectors brought together, expositors interpreted, and enthusiasts imitated those classical models which

they had begun to find "mouldering in the repositories of convents". In criticism too, so far as criticism had begun, Italy was leading. The period memorable to "mere scholars" for its invention of printing was memorable also to philosophers because the Renaissance heritage then began to be philosophically considered. But it was only a beginning: infantile indeed was the critical sense of the men into whose hands the great new machinery was first put. The very best of those earlier humanists amid the newly-discovered classical texts felt like Wordsworth amid the riches of external Nature,

Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

Of such unsophisticated enthusiasm, for example, was even that outspoken critic of English universities. Poggio Bracciolini, who was so conspicuous in literary circles of the first half of the fifteenth century that the time in which he lived has been called "The Age of Poggio". Never, not even in eighteenth century England, among clergy whose title to a bishopric was the successful editing of a Greek play, do we find such absorption of an ecclesiastical mind in the pursuits of pure scholarship. Poggio indeed was not a priest, but he was Secretary to the Roman Curia through the intensely exciting years of struggle between Pope and anti-Pope, Church Council and Hussite heretics, Western Orthodoxy and Eastern Schism. There is no evidence that any of these were exciting to him, but there is abundant proof that wherever the formal duties of his secretaryship carried him—even at Constance when controversy was fiercest—he would steal away as often as possible to ransack a convent library for manuscripts of Lucretius, of Quintilian, of Vitruvius, of Ammianus Marcellinus. If other methods failed, he would bribe a monk to pillage for him even the religious house, for he was as destitute of scruple as an antiquary or a stamp-collector among those unaware of the value of their treasures. His *Letters* tell

of his success, due sometimes to a carefully planned method, sometimes to sheer luck. It was service to his age which merited an enduring memorial, for in the years just before the invention of printing Poggio made available for the first time, in copies executed by his own hand from a complete manuscript, not a few great works of classical antiquity of which only dubious fragments had before been known. However one may appreciate such zeal, and pay tribute to the literary pioneer, what a decline is this—in the country which a century before produced the *Divine Comedy* and the *Decameron*—to a level upon which the very language of these native masterpieces is that of a tireless copyist!

Poggio executed, indeed, some work which he no doubt thought to be original: his essays, written in Latin, on such subjects as *The Unhappiness of Princes*, *The Vicissitudes of Fortune*, or *Marriage in Old Age*... It is safe to say that the pattern in Seneca or Cicero is what there strikes the modern reader far more than the aptness of reflective comment. These writings do not affect, but rather confirm, one's estimate of him as an imitator often graceful, always docile to models—a copyist indeed in thought as well as in form. His *History of Florence* might pass for an exercise “after the manner of Livy”. In one sort of work, however, he was representative of a style and method which Italian publicists of the fifteenth century could boast as their own, and no admirer of the ancients will care to dispute such a claim. The mingling of invective, satire and wit with which the literary spokesman for a group or a cause or even a person belaboured the other side was distinctive of the time and place. Poggio's indecent *Facetiae* about monks, and his *Dialogues against Hypocrites*, in which he assailed the whole ecclesiastical order, are of value to illustrate the mood of contemporary polemic. No less illuminating is his pamphlet written to the order of Pope Nicholas V, to expose the vices of the anti-Pope Felix; one wonders

alike at the desire of the Holy Father to see such scurrility directed against a rival and at the writer's readiness to furnish abuse to order. But it was the Age of Assassination, made so familiar to us a century later in Cellini's *Autobiography*, and the pen was used upon character as the stiletto upon the body.

Of the same literary type was Poggio's contemporary and fellow-countryman, Laurentius Valla. From the pile of controversial pamphlets, whose rage against an opponent it requires much patience in the modern reader to endure, one can at least derive a clear picture of the 'intellectuals' of the time. In that strange fifteenth century, ridicule of the very foundation of the mediæval faith was entertaining even to a Pope. Apparently in recognition of the skill with which, in his intervals of leisure, this professor at the University of Pavia had burlesqued what the Church held sacred, he was called to Rome to take up the office of Apostolic Secretary. He had distinguished himself by his treatise on the Donation of Constantine, demonstrating that the famous fourth century grant of power by the Emperor to the Pope was a sacerdotal forgery. So, too, on Valla's analysis, was many another precious document in the ecclesiastical tradition. By turns the Latin of the Vulgate, the Apostles' Creed, the doctrines of St. Augustine became objects of his merciless disparagement. The selection of such a publicist to be Apostolic Secretary, while the doctrines he so discussed were still part of the professed faith of the Church, is among the revelations of the time. Bernard Shaw has often astonished us by his personal success with those most hostile to his opinions. But how would the world receive news that Mr. Shaw had been appointed Secretary to the Pope?

Among Valla's literary diversions had been the composition of an Epicurean manifesto entitled *De Voluptate*. The Stoic restraint upon appetite which, superficially at least, would seem to be more consonant with the Christian *ethos*,

is there dismissed in favour of a systematic fulfilment of impulse, and the subtle calculation of how far it is possible to go without losing pleasure 'on balance'. If it seem strange that a Pope should select such a Secretary, it is still more remarkable that within a dozen years the newly chosen Pope should have been himself author of the erotic novel, *Euryalus and Lucretia*. *Aeneas Sylvius* had indeed a facile pen, and one would not be without either his *Epistles* or his sprightly *Commentaries of His Own Times* as casting light on the period. When he became Pius II, he developed a graver concern, and one must admire his continued patronage of a literature to which he had now less time to contribute, as one admires a predecessor on the papal throne for engaging Valla's services at a high fee to translate Thucydides into Latin. But there seems to be something here inharmonious with the still professed mediæval creed. It was indeed the heyday of literary enthusiasm at the Vatican, and if these Renaissance hopes shine by comparison with those at the end of the fifteenth and the opening of the sixteenth centuries, we may still wonder at the blend of their predominant interest with the professions of their office. Even the most charitable historian finds it difficult to explain how John Huss and Jerome of Prague came to be burned for heresy; how the war against Hussites, with all the suffering it entailed, was thought a stern obligation of the faithful; how Lollards were placed "reluctantly" on a slow fire in the hope of procuring a withdrawal of their unbelief in time to save their souls;—all within the compass of that generation which saw Laurentius Valla entrusted, by a Pope who knew him well, with high religious responsibility.

### III

It is a grim judgement upon the general conditions of this period in Europe that, on the whole, the social and cultural life of England was thought to be relatively admirable. Phil-

ippe de Comines, who knew the continent well, declared the English government better than any other he had seen, more reliable in protecting its subjects from wrong, marvellous in its capacity to limit even the horrors of a civil war to nobles and fighting men, with the general population but little affected. A notable comment by so keen a critic, especially in a volume written so soon after *The Wars of the Roses!* But Comines knew the France and the Burgundy of the days of Louis XI, and had even sampled in person one of the iron cages which Louis kept in the castle of Loches for the disciplining of a rebellious subject.

One feels that the country most distinguished at the same period for its artistic and literary qualities furnished a like contrast to that seen in England, despite all England's faults of government as the critical eye of a better age can discern them. It is the pride of Fascist Italy to preserve the thread of historical tradition, for example, in the revived symbolism of the Roman *fasces*. But to the unprejudiced observer it is not the spirit of ancient Rome that the present Italian policies, domestic and foreign, most vividly recall. Not the *ethos* of the last century B.C., but that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries A.D. comes first to mind. Ethnologists have long pointed out how unlike is the mixed race now inhabiting the Italian peninsula to that which once conquered and ruled the world from Rome. But while contrast with the Italy of Julius Caesar, of Augustus or Marcus Aurelius is marked, not less plain is a resemblance to the Italy of Machiavelli and Caesare Borgia and Ludovico il Moro. The vendetta followed as a custom in the Italian quarter of American cities seems natural to one who has formed his picture of the race from such a record as *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini* or *The Autobiography of Jerome Cardan*. Each new act of Fascist bad faith, each additional outrage upon international confidence, boastfully justified in an oration from the balcony of

the Chigi Palace, is in perfect keeping, not with the habit of Romans whose virtue was *gravitas* and whose national contempt was for *Graeca fides*, but with that of the Italian 'republics' whose idea of statesmanship was dexterity in falsehood and whose public leaders were in constant negotiation with assassins on hire.

Even in a rapid glance at the cultural influences dominant over Europe five hundred years ago, it would be inexcusable to omit appreciation of one great pope who, wittingly or unwittingly, was then a chief promoter of change from the old world to the new. More than any scholar or scientist cherishing a project of insurgence against the dogmatisms of the past, this Supreme Pontiff was an intellectual revolutionary; for he was advancing as only he could advance all over the world the forces by which intellectual revolt would be inspired. The mind of Nicholas V had been formed in the Medici circle at Florence, where Cosmo and his colleagues in the foundation of the Platonic Academy had introduced him to ways of thinking far from the *Sentences of Peter Lombard*. With the resources Cosmo provided, this young priest had set an example in arranging the first public library in modern Europe. The same spirit, with yet ampler means to express it, was shown when as pope he first permitted Aristotle to be read freely in the universities, and assembled at the Vatican that priceless collection of books to which, after five centuries, the learned of every country still have recourse. Unlike the Puritan Master Holdenough, in *Woodstock*, he had no fear of "the profane learning of the classics, always unprofitable, often impious and impure". How Nicholas brought those classical manuscripts together, how his agents journeyed literally to the ends of the earth on their search, how he appointed copyists and translators, so that within his own comparatively short pontificate Greek historians, poets, philosophers whose very names had been forgotten in the Dark Ages, had their masterpieces re-

stored to stimulate mankind again for intellectual adventure, constitutes a romantic page of cultural history.

Did Nicholas V realize and intend the result he did so much to further? Or did he build far better than he knew? These are questions which we have no means of answering. The alternations of simplicity and subtlety in Renaissance popes are beyond the skill of a later age to distinguish.

## THE SEAFARING FOLK OF GASPE

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

FOR nearly four hundred years Gaspé like a magnet has drawn from abroad many sea-folk to its rocky shores, yet it has remained until our time a wild country. Its coast-line is occupied by a seafaring population consisting of about 75,000 people in the whole diocese of Gaspé and Bonaventure — over 60,000 Catholics and 7,000 Protestants — extending several hundred miles around a finger-like peninsula pointing northeastwards into the Gulf of St. Lawrence towards the Strait of Belle Isle.

The whole interior of this huge Land's-End (such is the meaning of the Indian word Gaspé) is mountainous, forested and largely unknown except to surveyors, students, salmon fishers and lumbermen. It is still inhabited by wild animals—moose, deer, bear, porcupine—on which local hunters formerly preyed in the winter months when the shores were ice-bound. But it has now been broken into at two points, at Cap Chates from the north and Cascapedia from the south, by road gangs and colonists in search of new land to cultivate.

In the past twenty years a profound change has come over Gaspé and has quite altered its peculiar existence. Hundreds of miles on the northern side had been almost roadless; a railway reached out only to the small town of Gaspé from Matapedia at the back of Chaleur Bay. But a highway around the whole peninsula was completed in 1925, and tourists in the summer now motor around in droves and look for modern accommodation—Gaspé has become a favourite resort. The fish trade in recent years had virtually collapsed, forcing the fisherfolk to look for other means of living or to emigrate. And the folk used to be 'sea-minded'.

Their mind was turned to the sea because it followed the prevailing activities of this sea-girt coast. Everybody fished

the cod for the companies whose headquarters were in Jersey across the sea, to receive equipment and goods in return. Cod-fish since the very beginning of Gaspé nearly four centuries ago provided the *raison-d'être* of the population; and little interest was taken in the land, which, on the Chaleur Bay side, is suitable for farming and was exploited mostly by the Loyalist settlers around Carleton, New Carlisle and Port Daniel. In idle seasons, hunting and the scanty produce of potato and oat patches made it possible for the fisherfolk to survive, if only in poverty. Fishing, like hunting, is a mild form of nomadism; it breeds the neglect of steady habits which the farm requires. And the Gaspé folk were no exceptions, even though many of them were of habitant stock from Quebec.

As catching codfish from the deep sea until the past decade has been the function of the Gaspé people, it will long leave its mark upon them in the face of prevailing changes, just as old Bryant's sea-going coffin still persists in the memory of the passing generation (I owe this and many other reminiscences to Mr. F. J. Richmond of the town of Gaspé).

Originally from Jersey, Bryant could not give up caulking ships even when age made him unfit for his lifelong pursuit at Peninsula in the Gaspé basin, for he had been a ship-caulker all his life. An industrious worker, he was wont to caulk from morning to night the seams in the hulls of ships and to pitch them, then to paint them black and to finish the painting in grand style with the addition of a white or pale blue strip along the sides, to simulate gun-ports, which set off the bend of the hull. Inside this wide strip he put black spots and circles in the manner of guns, as if the ship were heavily armed. The whole affair looked really business-like.

The day after he was let off, he began to build his coffin, a ship-coffin, watertight and seaworthy; and he painted a white strip dotted with black spots on its sides. No sooner was his coffin caulked and finished than he stood it on end in his

kitchen. As he was not ready yet to sail for the other world, he fitted cupboard-like shelves inside his coffin and covered them with utensils and food supplies. Then he settled down to face old age. When he died his neighbours knocked off the shelves and buried him in his coffin, the sea-going coffin of a ship-caulker who until the very end remained a man of the sea.

Bryant's coffin merely illustrates the tendency of the Gaspé people to think of the sea as their main, if not only, field of activity, as a compelling vista which from childhood has been familiar to them and which they can read like a book. This tendency is both the outgrowth of their past which shaped their ways and habits, and the starting-point of beliefs and biases that are typical and singularly rich in folklore contents.

A fair proportion of the Gaspé population, and its oldest or main elements, are of ancient sea-coast stock and belong body and soul to the salt water. Among these are the basic elements of Jersey fish traders, Guernsey fisherfolk, and in Chaleur Bay a heavy initial strain of Basque and Acadian people.

Long before the conquest of the peninsula by Wolfe in 1758, and the burning of its settlements by his A.D.C., Captain Bell, French-speaking fishermen had been fishing along the coast from Gaspé basin in the north to Paspebiac in Chaleur Bay. Indeed, some of them had been stationed there for nearly two hundred years, in five or six settlements, at Peninsula, Percé, Grande-Rivière, Pabos, and, on the St. Lawrence near its mouth, at Mont-Louis and presumably near Cap Chates.

A few typical names of Chaleur Bay fisherfolk, some of them of unrecorded extraction, are Anglehart, Delarobil or de la Rosbille, Maldemay. Others are obviously French: Denis, Loisel, Parisé, Roussy; one at least, and well repre-

sented German—Horth (Hurth); some, from Brittany: Plusquallée, Courtois or Courté; many from Jersey: LeBoutillier, LeMarquand, LeBrasseur, Lever, etc.; some English or Irish: Fulham or Fullam, Ancou (Hacquoil), Emoff. Among the earliest elements are the Basque families long established in the country: Aspirot, Castillou, Garostiade, Arotsaina or Otsinat, and possibly Chapados. Of the Aspirots there is a real swarm—fifty families of this name in Paspebiac alone. Although the Alenhasse family of Paspebiac is often identified with the Basques, it is of Portuguese origin, as is also the Jewish clan of the Josephs; there is a whole row of Josephs behind Paspebiac, to which in jest the patronymic name of Rang Saint-Joseph has been given.

Many Acadians, at the time of the destruction of their settlements in 1755, managed to escape deportation by fleeing into the woods northward towards the St. Lawrence; part of their descendants now form an important, if not predominant, element in Chaleur Bay, particularly between Paspebiac and Percé, and principally in New Brunswick on the south side.

The Jersey and Guernsey names, although they belong to a sea-going population, are Norman-French or British, and are widely disseminated in Chaleur Bay, on Bonaventure island, in the neighbourhood of Percé, and on the lower lip of the St. Lawrence; they are too many for mention here. This also may be said of the much larger French-speaking habitant or village element from Quebec, which in the past 150 years has drifted down the great river towards the cod-fishing banks of Gaspé, and has adapted itself to marine surroundings and pursuits, chiefly from Matane to Cap-des-Rosiers and, on the north side of Chaleur Bay, in a few scattered settlements.

As the purely British elements, either of Loyalist extraction or tracing back their ancestry to disbanded soldiers, had been granted by the Crown the best land in the peninsula, they were from the first more interested in farming than in

fishering. For this reason they are more decidedly self-supporting; they have kept aloof from the system of virtual bondage established over the fisher-folk by the Jersey fishing and trading companies, whose leading names are (or were): the Charles Robin Company, whose pioneer founder of that name first appeared in Gaspé waters as early as 1766 (this company after 1880 became the present Robin, Jones and Whitman), and a number of other concerns whose names, in abbreviation, were Fruing, Janvrin, LeBoutillier Brothers, Colas, and Hyman.

All these are distinctly a sea-coast people, perhaps with the exception of the Loyalists of Port Daniel, New Carlisle and New Richmond. There were, besides, several Britishers in the basin of Gaspé, mostly on O'Hara's Point (the present town of Gaspé), who were seamen, ship-carpenters or whalers. Some of their geographic names smack of the salt-water, place-compounded names with Anse or Cove, Pointe or Point, Cape or Cap, Bay and Port, the few l'Echoueries (beaches), the barachoïs — presumably a Basque word — or sand-bars almost blocking the entrance of rivers outside their delta, Coin-du-Banc, Shiphead, Grand-Grave or Grève, and many others.

In the recollections of the elders the sea occupies chief place and Gaspé folk are great talkers. Seigneur Godfrey and his daughter Hélène, of Grand-Etang, for instance, will speak of the buried treasures of l'Anse-au-Trésor (and this is only one of many buried treasure stories of the coast); of Campion, a clerk at Hyman's and a character, who once went to revisit the old country and came back with a cargo of yarns; of the great clipper ships sailing between Great Britain and China, sometimes calling at Gaspé; of the cod-fishing establishments at Grand-Grève near Anse-du-Rack (Wreck Cove); of the traders Colas, the LeBoutilliers and the Hymans; of the *faiseurs de morues*—makers of codfish; of the merchant fleet of Gaspé; of Hyman, the fish merchant, who unawares re-

mained on board ship after it had raised anchor and, unable to land at the last moment because of a storm, was perforce taken with the crew to Brazil, to the Mediterranean, then to Jersey, and brought back home half a year later.

Other narrators will tell with conviction of the dwarfs or spirits that once guarded buried treasures along their wreck-strewn coast; or of ghosts seeking a last resting-place in a Christian grave—some of them discriminating enough, if Protestant, to kick heels over head if taken to a Catholic graveyard; or of wailing spirits (*les Braillards*) who haunted the mouths of small rivers or creeks and chased away benighted fisherfolk coming to shore for the night.

Some of the most thrilling recollections of the recent past bear upon the ghosts of the “Carricks” and of Bon-Ami, two close neighbours that vie with each other in frightfulness during the storms lashing at Cap-des-Rosiers and the high cliffs of Shiphead on the northern side of Gaspé, at the very mouth of the St. Lawrence.

“There are several ghosts there”, related Mr. Richmond, of Gaspé, with an incredulous smile; “at least so we hear. Bon-Ami is a promontory 700 feet high, and there is deep water to its very foot. It is a wild and uncanny place where, in ancient times, a warship crashed against its abrupt wall. Its guns are still at the bottom, two fathoms deep. Some have been fished up; one of them is at Grand-Grave. The people say that this was one of the warships of Phipps, who wanted to capture French Canada in 1690. And ghosts still haunt the place—of this there is no doubt in the minds of most people. In bad weather, particularly in a hot spell before a storm, you can hear a low human-like voice moaning; the voice slowly rises and ends in a lament; then it dies away. At times, the rattling of chains is heard and other unearthly noises. Again, drowning sailors or their souls cry for prayers. All this is considered beyond dispute among the local folk: the ghost of Bon-Ami is

well established. For many a stormy night it can't be dislodged from the wooded cliffs above the treacherous shore."

Other tales illustrate the activities of some of the people themselves, like those of Bell Thompson, a notorious, almost legendary, smuggler of Barachois; or of the famous Duval of Bonaventure Island. The tombstone of Peter John Duval still stands at Cap-à-Canon, in Percé, with the date of 1835, near another—that of "Joseph Tuzo, native of Bermuda, 1843". Both these epitaphs rest upon the buried treasure of the "Trésor du Cap-à-Canon" on what, during the French period, used to be called Mont-Joli.

Among the leading topics are the activities and business methods of the Jersey traders. These activities began with Charles Robin after 1766, and are still continued, although now declining, by Robin, Jones and Whitman, whose local headquarters are at Paspebiac on Chaleur Bay; and by the Hymans at Grand-Grave. Colas and other noted firms, with a long historical span of trading between Gaspé, Brazil, the Barbados, the Mediterranean and Jersey, have now sold out to Robin, the chief survivor of a bygone period of trading on the east coast which was an equivalent of the fur trade in the northwest and the Arctic. The Gaspé folk themselves are apt to discuss the merits and demerits of those keen and steady traders who, in the course of more than 150 years, at first brought them over to these shores for their service, and then held them in a bondage that provided them with a livelihood, but allowed for no liberality nor altruism.

Another topic is that of fishing for the companies, or ownership of boats and tackle, of the system of payment for the work with goods usually advanced a season ahead or with book entries or with *pitons*—paper money which, when changed into actual currency, was devalued 50%. The fishers procured their own bait—herring preferably, or squid or cockles—and before dawn struck out for the day, in most cases returning

before sunset with the catch that was cut up, cleaned and made ready for curing in the sun. The Percé fishermen and their neighbours, however, stayed nearly a week at sea, on the banks of Bonaventure and of Miscou across the bay, curing their fish before returning to shore. When overtaken by wind or storm they sought shelter at Pointe-aux-Paresseux—Lazy Beach, where at times they would idle for days.

Every fisherman as a rule was enough of a craftsman to make his own boat, his oars, his sails and most of his equipment; this was sound economy. Some of them can give excellent descriptions, dotted with words unfamiliar to any but themselves, of the processes, traditional and ancient, followed in the construction of boats. There was also a real shipyard, at least at one place, at Colas near Point St. Peter. Ruin overtook the fishermen only when they began to buy motor-engines and gasoline to replace sails, the expense being too high for the income and the noise of engines perhaps scaring the fish away.

An incidental industry assuring a small but needed income to many people was that of making casks (*cuves*) for salted codfish. These casks were made in the off-seasons and sold in large numbers to the traders. Whale and later tarpon fishing also were a source of revenue, but for the real seamen of Gaspé basin alone. Whale hunting reached its height about 1830, then slowly declined. Some of the hunters proceeded in their sailing ships as far as the Arctic seas, which explains at least one collection (Mr. Richmond's) of Eskimo weapons and tools once brought back from the far north.

The harbours of Gaspé and Paspebiac were busy every spring when the brigs and brigantines arrived from Jersey and, later, departed for Brazil or the Mediterranean. As soon as they landed, the captains, who were Justices of the Peace, were called upon to dispense the law almost as a commodity. And if one of the parties on land were not satisfied, he could

cry out, as in a Jersey court, “Haro, my lord, I am being done injustice!” which was equivalent to an appeal. Haro, it seems, was a Viking or Norse invader of Normandy, whose very name was supreme in the law courts. The visiting physician also had ample opportunity, as soon as he set foot on the beach, to practise his art and bring comfort to those who had been awaiting him, the common run, however, being satisfied with healers or folk-doctors, of whom there were not a few.

When the day had come for the ship to raise anchor and set sail away from Gaspé, the captains were given a send-off by the Gaspé notables, who drank so copiously to the luck of their boats that at times they had to be assisted back to shore. With one of Mr. Richmond’s many sea-stories, “Johnny, they are after you!” my examples must come to an end.

Johnny was going back home with a full boat-load of stuff which he had salvaged from a wreck, when Ole, spying him from the shore, shouted, “Look out! The underwriters are after you!” Frightened, Johnny tacked to shore, beached his craft and ran away to the woods, while Ole, now taking his place on board and chuckling, appropriated the booty. Ole was an old hand at all kinds of tricks, the tricks and pranks of inveterate beach-combers.

## THE VILLAGE GREEN

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

The three old women on the village green  
Laugh on so long they seem to have ever been  
Laughing there, brown arms rattling empty pails  
While the turned tap pours and pours to their pouring tales.  
Do the teardrops rain like shivered sequins because  
The silly tap is turned and no one draws?  
Or what is it rocks their wrinkled poppy-heads  
Till they half unbalance in watercress-beds?

Immortal must be the light of jest, wherein  
All sighs for their dwindling years are drowned; the thin  
Worn florin of moon dissolving in blue of prime  
Is frailer-edged than their consciousness of time;  
And the prodigal shine of water on grass and stone,  
Implying what silver spate is yet to be known,  
Is also presage of merriment yet to come  
From their rounded mouths of autumn-ripened plum,  
Until the village clock stops, and the white geese tire  
Of hissing at snowy aprons blown higher and higher.

## DOOMSDAY FOR MOONENSCHEINS

BY DOROTHY TYLER

POOR Samuel Moonenschein! What became of him, I wonder?

Something in the bitterness of the times, when a full moon never shows itself in the heavens but a voice over the air speaks of the good bombing weather; something about the contrast between the flowering earth and the desperate cruelty of man to man proceeding across what we used to call the Big Drink, never dreaming that it would so soon become too little a drink—something about it made me think of Samuel Moonenschein, and sent me a while ago over to that part of the town I used to know so well. I wanted to see whether there was any trace of the Moonenscheins left in the neighbourhood, and whether the lilacs and the Judas trees were blooming as they used to bloom.

They were in bloom, right enough, every bush and tree that I remembered, and it looked as if some things could be depended upon to stay constant in this changing world, and stand by one as they were in the memory.

But it was different with the Moonenscheins. There was no sign of them, and though I knocked on a door and inquired, at a house where I had once walked in without knocking, I got no news of them, but only a stare that someone of so outlandish a name had once lived so near, and that someone else had come to ask for them now that they were gone.

But the old house where they used to live was there, though not as it used to be. I went over to look at it and to sit among the overgrown grasses inside the board fence, which had now rotted away in spots.

The years had been kind to the lilacs, but they had not forgotten the house where the Moonenscheins had once lived. And something more than time had been at work there. Look-

ing upward at what there was left of the house, as ugly a dwelling-place as I have ever seen, I thought it was just as if no one could live there in tranquillity of mind and comfort of body once the Moonenscheins had done with it. Something of their wild, turbulent nature must have seeped into it and made it unfit for average, tame folk. Even something of the smell of them was left, perhaps; for I recall that they had about them a smell, gamey and a little rank, as positive and peculiar to them as were their strange look and manners.

It was always a sinister looking house, like no other in the neighbourhood. It looked as if it had sat there waiting for the Moonenscheins to find it and recognize it as the kind of nest they required, and then to move in and settle down till doomsday struck for them. It was narrow and tall, built of wood with the boards running lengthwise, and painted an offensive red — such a red as painters put in their pictures nowadays when they mean to convey a feeling of violence. It had bastard Gothic windows, narrow and pointed. From across the street the doors appeared too narrow to admit anyone of healthy width, to say nothing of the broad bulk of Mrs. Moonenschein. One watched her slip through with a sense of wonder. It looked like a house that someone had built broad and squat and then, in a rage at finding it so ugly, had squeezed together and upward into this peaked, breathless, pinched shape. And though other houses had let their lawns run unfettered in the American way, free and open, right down to the sidewalk, it was otherwise with what there was of the Moonenscheins' lawn. The grass had grown tall now, but it used to be scraggly and sickly, as if it had been poisoned by their proximity, and what there was of it was shut up behind a low board fence painted the same murderous colour as the house.

It was made for Moonenscheins, no doubt, and no one else could live there once they were gone. It looked that way. For now the pointed windows were boarded up, and there were

gaps in the structure of the house which no one had tried to repair, and among the tall grasses was a weatherbeaten, discouraged-looking sign that said this desirable building was for sale, cheap. There was no mention of the house itself. It was as if the owner knew it would never catch another tenant. You could almost fancy, if you had known the Moonenscheins, that the harassed owner was imploring some unsuspecting soul for God's sake to come and take it off his hands. You would suppose him to harbour the suspicion that even the land on which the house stood had suffered some pollution and diminution in value as a result of the Moonenscheins having dwelt over it.

And certainly they were a strange lot of beings, the Moonenscheins, and Sam by all odds the strangest. In him the wild hysteria of his tribe had its flowering, and there was not a boy or girl in the neighbourhood who had not enjoyed his madness and made his life a little more bitter for him with their laughter. For a long time I too had taken him just as he came, enjoying his antics, which were like an extra condiment to the dish of life. I remember the names they called him, Moonshine, and Looney, and Monkeyshine, but what was more suitable and pitiful than his own? It was certain that planet he had in his name had been at work upon him, if it could influence men as the ancients thought; though later I saw it was the happenings on a nearer planet that had made Sam what he was.

There was one thing that made Sam recognizable as far as you could see him at all, and that was his gait. He walked like no ordinary mortal, but trotted, as if eohippus had been one of his ancestors. It made easier the hue and cry after him, for if you saw, a long way off, a trousered creature with head bent forward over a big torso, and thin legs proceeding at that peculiar pace, that was Sam Moonenschein, and no other.

Another thing was that he almost never looked you in the eye. He hung his head, averting his eyes from the gaze of the

world. But once I saw what he hid with his downward look, and I did not forget it. Meeting me head-on one day, as he came trotting my way, with no escape to right or left, he raised his eyes for one fleeting moment to mine, and I saw bitter hurt there and a look of being hunted and a memory of being caught, with no place to go to earth. I had my first look there at countries where people of Sam's race were the big game of other men, where even in sleep a man was not secure from their weapons and their hate. I always remembered that look when the boys and girls were in full cry after Sam, for if there was no despising or violence for him to bear in this new country, there was ridicule, and sometimes I wondered whether he found much improvement in the change.

And yet, it was hard not to laugh, for Sam did things that were made for laughter. The jokes and the comic strips will sometimes show you a man climbing out on a limb and sawing it off behind him, but Sam was the only one I ever knew who would actually do the thing, in the flesh, so to speak. Word went around one day that Sam was pruning a pear tree for Mrs. Burlett, though why she gave him credit for knowing how I can't say. Perhaps she had the entertainment of the neighbours in mind. At any rate, the news spread when Sam had sawn a dangerous way through a limb of the tree and yet did not budge to move himself to the safe side of the cut. There was quite a gathering there, baiting him and asking him foolish questions about his intentions—to which he returned no reply except for his silly laugh—and gaining excitement up to the moment when the limb was cut through and Sam came crashing down with it the ten or twelve feet to the ground. He might have broken his leg, or even his neck, but he did not. Some special providence watched over him now that he was in America; or so he seemed to feel; and doomsday was not yet for the Moonenscheins. He went off at his usual trot after he had picked himself up and dusted off his trousers at the

place where he had landed, and for all the emotion he showed to those expectant faces he might have expected just what he got.

People used to say there were pogroms in the memory of the Moonenscheins, and that Sam had been beaten and left for dead when he was a lad. As for the father, there was no question about it and no happy ending. He died in that same pogrom, and it was then that the rest of them, mother and daughter and two sons, had come to America. People said it was the pogroms staying on in their memories and the horrors they had been through that made the Moonenscheins different from other folk.

Once I saw them at table, at their evening meal, and the gas-lights flaming down on their faces, giving their swarthy skins a greenish look, and that was the only time I felt any fear of Sam himself. I had a glimpse then of that bestiality that had been transmitted to him by those people in a far-off country who had maltreated him when he was a boy. I looked at him through a pair of those odd Gothic windows, under the queer light of gas jets, and saw him at the head of the table, his thick body curved over a bowl of soup, and a wolfish, wholly savage look on his strange face. He held a pair of salt and pepper shakers, one in each upraised hand, and was pouring a stream of seasoning into the bowl before him. His big shock of black hair quivered, and he was like some vision of Polyphemus enjoying his cannibalistic supper, like some witch-doctor mixing his poisonous brew. Had he glanced out the window at that moment, fixing his black stare upon me, I should have screamed with fear. But food was something from which Sam could hardly be distracted; it was one sector of the world's substance he had at his mercy, and he wreaked upon it the savage instinct for which he found no other vent.

Sometimes on a summer day or night, when the windows and doors were open, the wildest animal cries could be heard

from the Moonenscheins' house, and then Miriam, the daughter, would come flying out of the door and across the lawns in search of Mrs. Watson. It was Sam who made the loudest and wildest of those lamentations, the most vulpine of them, but the mother often joined him in a milder, more womanly version, and she was the harder to stop. A few minutes after the daughter had made the outward journey, you would see her flying back again with Mrs. Watson, and soon or late there would be a subsiding of those wails. After a time quiet would reign again and you had to try to get out of your mind the memory of those cries, such as no native American would know how to utter, or would be ashamed to let escape him if he had learned the trick of it.

It was a queer thing for the neighbourhood to have the Moonenscheins in their midst, but it must have been queerer still for the Moonenscheins themselves, living there in that ugly house, surrounded by people who had no experience of the sorrows they had borne in another land, and no knowledge of how the world looked to people of their race and country. To the mother it must have seemed queerest of all; so queer that she never made herself comfortable in it. She was a short, very fat woman, her head set down upon her body without benefit of a neck between, and bulging mightily in all quadrants, above and below her uncertain waist. She was of such a figure as would delight the misogynist male artist, who takes joy in depicting woman as belonging to the mesolithic age. She wore no hat, she never owned one, but went bareheaded or with a black kerchief over her dark grey hair, which was done in a kind of Danish pastry shape atop her head. It was not often you saw her at all, except for some glimpse of her through the pointed windows, for she feared the outside world, having good reason to know how it could come down like a wolf upon her. She depended upon her children to deal with it, leaving her to hide within doors. It seemed to me that it

was after she had braved the brute world outside her doors that you might expect one of those nights when the keening of the Moonenscheins, mother and son, filled the air, and Miriam flew across the lawns to bring help from Mrs. Watson, whose Anglo-Saxon nature had so soothing an effect on the jangled nerves of the alien Moonenscheins.

When the mother of them all did emerge from the doors that looked too narrow to permit her egress, in those outlandish Old World garments which she preserved and wore after ten years in the new, it seemed that nothing but her waddling bulk kept her, in her fear, from fluttering down the street like a distressed bird winged by a malicious hunter who still lurks in the brush. She would look this way and that, turning apprehensively about a hundred times before she had walked a block. She had no word to say if you met her and uttered a word of greeting, but if she raised her eyes you could see they were haunted, like Sam's.

Miriam was the only one of whom you could make a friend, and yet, curiously, she and the little brother who was the only one possible American among them fade from my memory. The little brother is almost gone from my mind, and there is left of Miriam little more than an image of her thick curly reddish hair, the Semitic curve of her features, the apologetic smile, as if she would excuse the outrageous behaviour of the Moonenscheins, and the remembrance of the unhappy course of her life, spent in trying to smooth over the rough path of the rest of them.

But it was through her that I was able to see a different Sam from any I had seen before, different from any I had suspected of existing. I had stopped in to talk with her a moment in the little fur store which was their only link with life in the Old World, and there I saw Sam sitting in a back office, a cubbyhole of a place, made still smaller by shelves of books jutting out from all the walls, leaving space only for a

small roll-top desk and a swivel chair and for Sam himself, in the chair, with one of those green-shaded light bulbs the newspaper men like hanging a few inches over his head.

I gave little attention to Miriam or what I had come to say that day, for Sam had unwittingly staged a revelation to me. He was said to be an expert furrier, but it was not pelts that occupied him that day, unless they were human ones, with which courts of law before and after Shylock had been concerned. For Miriam whispered to me that they were law-books, the tomes surrounding him on all sides. I did not ask whether they were Talmudic laws or the laws of their old country, because what mattered was something different. For that day, for the first time, I saw Sam not as the crying, trotting, ignoble being who cringed at the taunts of the boys and girls, but as a human being with a mind and an immense dignity of which I had never suspected him. For the first time I was impressed by Samuel Moonenschein and felt small in his presence. As he sat there, presenting himself in profile at the desk, with no consciousness of being watched, utterly absorbed in the page he read, as oblivious to us as if we were sparrows, busy with crumbs, while he sat godlike among the images in his mind, I promised myself that never again would I be guilty of belittling my fellow-man before I had all the facts, and that even then I would reserve my judgement.

I thought I would go home and tell the boys and girls that I had seen a Sam Moonenschein in which there was no trace of the man they knew, who trotted rather than walked, who sat on a limb and sawed it off under him, who went into rages and uttered those strange cries which Mrs. Watson had to assuage with her calm voice and tranquil mind.

I didn't tell them, for something told me that I could not explain what I had seen, that I did not know myself which was the genuine Sam of those two I knew. And at that time I had no notion that two souls so disparate could exist in the

same man, yet both belong to him. I left it all just as I found it, for I was unable to cope with the thoughts this new knowledge was bringing me. But after that, when the youth of the neighbourhood was on Sam's trail and I saw him running from them, head down, his big torso and thin legs bent forward in the trot they knew so well, I would think sometimes of that hunted, hurt look I had once surprised in his eyes, and sometimes of that view I had had of him in the office of his little fur shop, his head majestically soaring among ideas that were his intimates in an unfamiliar land. They were ideas, I saw, that let him escape from all the torments of his life—the past torments in his old country, and the present torments in our own, in that ugly red house where tumults of fear sometimes beset him until he cried out and had to be quieted and comforted like a child with night terrors. I found no way of explaining, but neither could I laugh any more, and the sound of the rest of them enjoying his rages gave me my first understanding of the cruelty there is in young people who judge themselves to be still innocent in such matters.

Those were peaceful days, and the world, as the world goes, was in a state of kindness and tranquillity, and even in that country which had made pogroms a part of the memory of all the Moonenscheins there was a truce. But if such cruelty as followed Sam in our neighbourhood could happen in those tranquil days, what had these new years brought him? What had become of Samuel Moonenschein, I wondered, in these bitter and violent days, when he had so little joy in those other times?

I did not like even to surmise, and there were new people in the houses at which I inquired, and they had no answer, and the stare they gave me asked whether they should be held accountable for Moonenscheins, when they had given up, in these cold-hearted times, being keeper to their own brothers. Let every man look to his own doomsday, they seemed to say, and Moonenscheins take the hindmost.

At the thought of what might have happened to account for the abandonment of this ugly old house, falling to pieces, looking so disconsolate, with no Moonenschein left to say how they had fared or whether they had in the end given in, shouting "Enough!" to life, which had so mercilessly set upon them,—at the thought of what might have happened, I hurried away from that part of the town I used to know so well, and, though spring was still singing in the air, I could not dissuade myself from thinking that it was a sad tune it sang.

## NEW POETRY AND OLD READERS

BY KENNETH N. COLVILE

IT is distressingly difficult for the elderly reader to appreciate the poetry of his younger contemporaries. 'Distressing' is truly the word, for he feels that here should be a rich store of food such as his soul loveth, and yet he finds much of it quite unpalatable. Particularly difficult is it for those of us who have taught poetic doctrine, since the process of setting out and justifying our own tastes tends to crystallize them and to make us, as time goes on, apply too readily a canon based on past experience, and to leave us less quick to recognize and welcome new and strange kinds of artistic genius. I remember, when I was still well under thirty, being rebuked by a university professor for saying that I was uncertain whether I whole-heartedly admired such and such a writer. He went on to denounce my own *Alma Mater* for not having base dmy principles so soundly that I could unhesitatingly declare this writer 'good' and that writer 'bad'.

Certainly the new poetry is written in an idiom strange to Edwardian ears and much of it is very bad. A great deal of the poetry of every age was bad and a great deal of bad poetry was written by good poets. The root of the trouble is that to-day even the good poetry is often strange, difficult and uneven. Consequently the critics (and I suspect also the editors and publishers) have not known quite what to make of it and, in particular, have failed to distinguish between the successful and unsuccessful use of the new style and have tended to accept or reject the style in general. The poets themselves have suffered from this lack of critical discrimination: they have not been able to test their work by the judgement of others and have developed little power of self-improvement. Moreover the public, unable to tell good from bad, has contented itself with ripping into collections of new verse (not

in any true sense anthologies) and there can have been almost no circulation for many of the published volumes in which are to be found poems of interest and distinction.

Admittedly the poetry of our day calls for more understanding and more careful attention by the reader and he needs to accustom himself to the idiom. He may, therefore, well ask whether his reward will be worth the effort. Would he not be better advised to continue reading the equally large volume of contemporary verse which uses traditional forms and can be interpreted on the same lines as the earlier poets, even those accounted difficult? If we do master this new poetry, what addition can we hope to make to our capacity for poetic pleasure? Let me state briefly what seem to me the differences in kind between the modern and the older poetry.

The older generation was widely read in the poetry of probably four languages: Latin and Greek first, then English and then one or more of the modern languages. It was reasonably well grounded in history and philosophy, in continental travel and in popular science up to the Darwinian era. From the study of the poetry it knew well it derived certain canons which, broadly speaking, were generally accepted. Poetry, it was thought, should strive after beauty of sound and of image; form that had a definite relation to its intention; harmony of thought, rhythm and language; and the highest degree of intelligibility compatible with fidelity to the poet's conception. If the poet failed to achieve these things he was failing in his art. The poet knew this. He shared the reader's point of view and wrote accordingly.

To-day I am not sure that the poet is credited with such aims. He is accused by some of having no aim, but of turning on a hose-pipe from which issues a 'stream of consciousness'—a stream swollen with storm water and even sewage. The form of his verse is dictated by the supposed poetic impulse. The whole interpretative effort is left to the reader. The

language is whatever the individual writer's circumstances may provide, with no attempt at any accepted standard of diction. Rhythms are alleged to be based on natural speech, but often suggest a defective ear. Such indeed are the defects which often appear in modern poetry.

Yet, when I turn back from the moderns to traditional poetry, of anything short of supreme examples, I am more acutely conscious than before of its defects. The more recent poetry particularly suffers from the comparison. The minor poem of past generations has a certain value as a period piece. It possesses an individuality not really its own, but accruing to it as the result of a kind of tontine policy. But the traditional poem of our day seems to lack individuality and with it power to grip the mind. The friendly critic can concede it almost every formal virtue: it is often finely imagined and skilfully phrased: but it lacks the compelling power, the inevitability, that comes from the complete integration of emotion, thought and expression. At the back of modern poetry one feels a greater sensitiveness, a more sincere if often irritable passion, and a more interesting because more individual personality. Too often, on the other hand, this power is uncontrolled and unsustained and much of the verse suggests sketches or studies that have never been incorporated into pictures, attempts that have not quite achieved their object. This is a serious shortcoming, but for very many readers verse of this nature possesses greater interest than more correct but less enterprising compositions.

It may be said, then, that the modern poet seeks above all to record his individual reactions. It is of no importance whether his opinions in religion or philosophy or even in politics are this or that, but whatever he has seen or heard or read must have been absorbed into his own subconscious mind and when it emerges it must be utterly his own. When he describes, he is concerned not with objective truth, but with a true pre-

sentation of himself in relation to his vision; when he quotes, he quotes only a phrase which has been incorporated into his own mind, has suffered a change there and has become for him the spontaneous expression of something other than its original significance. Similarly, a word will have for poet X a meaning not wholly that which it has for poet Y. It is indeed imperative that a tinge of Y shall enter into every line of Y's verse and of X into every line of X's. Otherwise it is not poetry, but mere conveyal of information. This is not to say that words are meaningless and that 'black' and 'white' can be used interchangeably. Words are not pure sound, they still have something of the source from which the poet got them. But if the poet can somehow imagine so complete a transposal of values that untrodden snow suggests to him the epithet 'black', he must not be deterred from writing 'black' and write 'white' merely because whiteness is the accepted quality of untrodden snow. To succeed in his striving after expression he must convey somehow the mood in which 'black' thus replaced 'white'. This means that the poet cannot rely, as every 'silver age' tends to do, on a chime of well chosen epithets. He must compel you to see as he sees, using his adjectives to build up the totality of an imagined scene for which perhaps he never finds the complete and final descriptive terms. The great artist will indeed always achieve individual expression, whether that be his conscious aim or not. But the modern carries his desire for emphasizing the unique nature of his experience so far as almost to outrun the possibility of communication: we cannot be sure that we have grasped the full meaning, or even any great part of the meaning of much of his most accomplished poetry. It is here in striking contrast with the mass of the poetry of the older writers, who often sought only to provide an ingenious rendering of a common experience. Once we had an approximate idea of what the poet's vision had been we supplied much from our own memory

or imagining of a similar vision. The most popular poetry is often of this kind—popular because the writer has not in any way outrun the common experience. Great poetry went beyond this. It lifted the level of described experience to a point which only a few could recognize. But those few included critics who could help their fellows to realize more and more of the poets' utterance as an experience they could themselves share. Ultimately, in the great poets' great poems, there must be a tip which is outside any other individual's imaginative experiences. To attain complete apprehension and sympathy would be to merge personality. It is these ultimate tips of experience which the modern poet seeks to describe. All the commonly shared portions are to be cut down as much as possible: they are mere stalks or handles for the carrying out of the essential tip.

But if, the impatient reader asks, poetry is to be an expression of one individual's sensation, such as no other person can exactly apprehend, of what use is it? In the first place, it is of use to the author, who fulfils his own nature by recording the sensation and clarifies and strengthens his own vision by so doing. Secondly, others may, with the knowledge gained by a study of the poet's mind, little by little discover that more and more of the apparently unique experience is, when analysed, shared by themselves. Thirdly, the writer, thus helped by others to a more intimate and exact knowledge of himself, should attain a still finer sensitiveness and subtlety in expression. Language is enriched by this reciprocal process, and man's mind, thus equipped with a more delicate instrument, becomes itself a finer organ.

The difficulty, however, is not only one of new direction. The technique of the contemporary poet has changed in accordance with his altered purpose. He is bound by no conventions. The critic may not blame him as Leigh Hunt and Keats were blamed for 'cockney' rhymes, or as Elizabeth

Browning and Emily Dickinson were blamed for false rhymes. No longer is verse to be classed only as rhymed or blank; any degree of approximation to a rhyme is admissible and the gradation by which one word fails to rhyme with another is deliberately aimed at.

So also with the topics and the vocabulary of poetry. Nothing is unclean or incongruous; or, rather, uncleanness and incongruity are qualities as fit for poetry as any others. And metaphors may not only be drawn from any source, but they may be as 'mixed' as the poet pleases, if only he can get his effect. Criticism indeed appears almost to be precluded, since the sole judge of whether a word, an image or rhythm is at fault is the writer, who alone knows the whole mental experience which these devices may represent. If the critic blames the poet for any discordant association which they might have for him, the reply will be: "As I wrote it I felt so and so, imagined so and so; what I felt I wrote. I can no other." The critic of an older generation is particularly disqualified. He had come to assume a certain community of knowledge and of mental attitude in the poetry-reading public. Even apart from the extreme individuality of some of the younger poets, the critic's standards are outmoded by the inclusion in the circle of makers and readers of poetry of men of industry and science and the diminution in the number of the classically trained. The simile from Greek mythology or from the simple observations of a field naturalist is replaced by figures of speech drawn from processes in the physical and mechanical sciences. If the impassioned geometry of Donne and the mediæval lore of Browning offended the critic, what is he to make of the higher methematics of one of our young poets and the chemico-biology of another? The chief need of the day, therefore, would seem to be intelligent and reasonably detached criticisms that attempt to understand contemporary poetry and to judge it, not on the basis of knowledge of a code, or of personal or political

sympathies, but with willingness and ability to give to the reading of poetry the same kind of eager awareness which the poet must give to the experiences of life. Journalism of late seems to have turned away from literature, and in the academics literary biography and textual criticism tend to employ too much of the talent spared from the fields of sociology and economics.

Unfortunately the younger generation does not agree on any critical canons of its own. In some cases there is a tendency to judge by political bias rather than by any other criterion. In other cases criticism has taken the form of psycho-analysis, often of great interest, but giving more prominence to the products of mental disease than of mental health.

This leads me back to the quality in this poetry of proceeding from 'the stream of consciousness', which emerges as from a spring out of the subconscious. Here again, though great poetry has always had the air of having sprung ready armed from its creator's head, the typical piece of to-day possesses peculiar merit. How often, in reading the older verse, do we feel that something or someone has suggested to a poet the subject of a poem and that he has then considered the best way of treating it? In narrative or dramatic form? In what metre? In what mood? There is a description of some such way of building up a poem from without, the poetic heat being generated by the work as it proceeds, in Jules Romains' account of the method of composition adopted, when his poetic energies became to flag, by Strigelius, in one of the volumes of *Men of Good Will*. It cannot be denied that from time to time poems of equal quality may thus be born. If one believes that the conception of a poem requires more in the way of surrender than of assault, yet there appears no reason why the urge should not at least sometimes come upon the poet when he is looking for it. But certainly the external origin of a poem should never be obvious from its very style. The meri-

torious poems of our younger poets, whatever their faults, do give the impression of spontaneity—the word, the rhythm, the assonance are of the colour which the inner eye saw in that moment of insight when the poem was conceived, not calculated by a kind of mental graph as the one which should occur at this point in the curve. For this reason the cliché is scrupulously avoided (except with satiric intent); metaphors are as confused as you please, if the mind has really shifted its attitude; and nothing is rejected as unsuitable for poetic treatment.

There certainly does seem to be a neglect of beauty in the poetic world of to-day. Perhaps it is rather that the beauty is not obvious and not of the kind that we ourselves have cultivated. Often, too, we were so absorbed with listening to the poet's voice that we hardly gripped any meaning in his words or shared with him any clear image. The older poet admired not only real beauty, but also the beauty of the mirage and the calenture. He saw, for example, in a London street not the beauty of its ragged vista of sky, its deep shadows, its gleaming pavements, or anything of its actual urban quality. He gave play rather to the nostalgia of his soul and heard woodland birds sing in Wood Street, saw streams in Cheapside, and heavenly ladders at Charing Cross, and thought, in the world's power-house, of the gilded ornaments of Mexico. To-day if you desire beauty, it is in a power-house that you must learn to find it.

## PRIESTLEY AND HIS NOVELS

BY R. W. WHIDDEN

**F**EW modern English writers are better known on this side of the Atlantic than Mr. J. B. Priestley. His literary studies of English humorists are not widely read nor are his plays greatly appreciated; he is recognized mainly for his novels and for his three partly autobiographical works: *English Journey* (1934), *Midnight on the Desert* (1937), and *Rain upon Godshill* (1939). These three works, which, for all their informality, achieve distinction and frequently greatness of style, reveal their author as a shrewd and serious commentator upon contemporary affairs. They are ready evidence that he is no mere entertainer, no mere purveyor of current tastes. They show, above all perhaps, that he is an Englishman profoundly disturbed by the decay which he has seen weakening the spirit and hence the strength of the English people.

During the past months he has continued his observations in broadcasts over the B.B.C. Some of his criticism he has restated, some he has gladly retracted, as England has, in great emergency, excised many of the spots of decay. If he continues to be heard he will doubtless perform an invaluable service in sustaining British morale and even in helping to determine the mould of the England which will emerge from the present war.

His influence for the future, however, may become most effective through his novels. He is no Steinbeck, to stir pity and horror and indignation; but in his own way—the way of the humorist and the satirist—he has already begun to use fiction to expose what he regards as the more serious flaws in English society. His latest novel is simply the culmination (for the present) of a development which has become increasingly evident since he achieved a wide public with the success of *The Good Companions*. The war may turn his gifts to more im-

mediate uses, but its conclusion will probably find him ready once again to work for the correction of those mistakes into which the benefits of financial and industrial power have led the English people.

Mr. Priestley seems to have taken to novel-writing as a relaxation from critical and journalistic work. He wrote his first two novels pretty much for the fun of writing. But to *The Good Companions* (1929) he must have devoted considerable care and effort. It is broader in scope, richer in humour and in meaning than his earlier work; and it marks the field to which, inspired, perhaps, by his early studies of the English humorists, he has found himself temperamentally best suited—the field of comedy.

The wide popularity of *The Good Companions* is easy to understand. It has that contagious spirit of good cheer about it which is so characteristic of Priestley's best work, and it provided a pleasant contrast, at the time of its publication, to the "depressionism" (his own term) which prevailed in fiction for ten or fifteen years after 1918. He has spoken of it as "a long, comic, picaresque, fairy-tale sort of novel"—which gives a good idea of its flavour. The story wanders pretty much at the whim of the novelist, but the humour which overflows from Inigo Jollifant, Jess Oakroyd and the others is irresistible.

Priestly once said that a sound view of fiction is that which regards it as a presentation of character, an introduction to various entertaining people, a view which he has consistently followed. But in writing the successor to *The Good Companions* he seems to have missed his purpose. *Angel Pavement* has a good many people in it, all of them real, but too few of them entertaining. For one thing, Priestley forgot to tell his usual good story. For another, he apparently became so engrossed in picturing mercantile London, so fascinated by the spectacle of the immense, busy city that he failed to give much animation and charm to the rather prosaic types he chose

to represent its activities. Even his humour has a somewhat dingy air about it. Most significant, however, in the consideration of his later work, is the fact that he displayed deep interest in the relations of his clerks and business men with the urban society of which they were both representatives and, to some extent, victims.

*Angel Pavement* was not a great success, however honest its intention and its workmanship, and its author seems to have recognized its deficiencies. In his next novel, *Faraway*, he returned in part to the picaresque form and carried his readers half-way round the globe and down to the South Seas in a search for modern treasure — pitchblende, the source of radium. He showed us a little of the United States (and here his own sense of wonder brought him close to fantasy) and a good deal of the southern Pacific. The story has much of the suspense of tales of buried treasure and greater variety, but it ends in a very different way, with the search an apparent failure.

*Faraway* includes a highly satirical picture of an American moving-picture company in Tahiti. This attack on Hollywood types was something new for Priestley, who had usually stopped his humour short of satire. He turned to attack again, however, in his next story, *Wonder Hero*, which seems to exist for the sole purpose of exposing the hypocrisy and veniality of newspaper publicity stunts. It is really social satire, more nearly bitter than anything Priestley had written. Almost the only person of genuine integrity in the novel is the young man from the North Midlands who is made a two-weeks hero by one of London's yellow papers.

*Wonder Hero* made it fairly apparent that Priestley was growing dissatisfied with his rôle as yarn-spinner and character-portraitist. In spite of the lively and somewhat irresponsible story-telling of *Faraway*, he was becoming not only the delighted observer but also the critic of men and society. This

change was made quite clear by his next novel, *They Walk in in the City* (1936).

He has told us, in *Midnight on the Desert*, that he intended in this book "to take two simple young people, typical specimens of the exploited and helpless class, to bring them together . . . in the fashion of the oldest and simplest love stories, but to place them and their little romance within a strong framework of social criticism. The two youngsters would be symbolic figures rather than solidly created characters. Much of what happened to them would be symbolic of these special difficulties and dangers of the large class they represented."

This statement might be taken almost as the manifesto of a communist novelist, but Priestley is far from that. He is never in danger of mistaking a disguised sociological treatise for fiction; and *They Walk in the City*, for all the bewildering conditions his young innocents face in their attempt to become part of an indifferent or hostile London, was first of all a competent novel. It was, nevertheless, the clearest record yet of his concern for the heartlessness, the wastefulness, and the almost unmanageable complexity of commercial and industrial civilization.

In spite of a considerable and increasing familiarity with the United States, Priestley's conception of it, especially of the far west, has continued to be romantic. That was why, perhaps, rather than because the times were too stern, *The Doomsday Men*, his next story, proved disappointing to most of his followers. Although he had a very good time writing it—and the tale conveys some of his enthusiasm, has spirit and movement—it never quite finds a place in the real world. Like Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer* (in every other way different) it fails to delineate the American character, which it too often represents in types verging on the fantastic. But it is ungenerous to quarrel with what was avowedly a simple reversion to the rôle of story-teller.

*Let the People Sing* returned, happily, to England and to the English characters Mr. Priestley knows so well, but returned to express in fable some of the criticism he had made directly in *English Journey* and *Rain Upon Godshill*. It has almost as engaging a story as *The Good Companions* and obvious similarities to the earlier book. But the difference in point of view is considerable and measures the increased alarm he had come to feel at the enervation which he believes had overtaken the English people.

Both novels tell the story of a group of persons who, after various adventures, have assembled more or less by accident and who, although some of them are completely without experience, become public entertainers. The story of their struggle for success forms the backbone of each novel; but, whereas the struggle of the Good Companions is merely for their collective and personal advantage, the struggle of Mr. Hassock and his entertainers involves the rights of all the ordinary people of the typical English town of Dunbury. In the end Hope Allerton, Timmy Tiverton and the Professor, if they have not reached success as a group of entertainers, have at least succeeded in waking the people of Dunbury to a realization that they have been imposed upon and must fight for the privileges which have belonged to them.

In its own high-spirited, good-humoured way, *Let the People Sing* has almost revolutionary implications. Not merely in that it satirizes the English leisure classes and the super-efficiency of American mass production; nor in that it expresses, through the mouth of the refugee Czech scholar, a sort of Olympian astonishment at the weaknesses mixed with all the strength of English and, for that matter, modern civilization. But in that the outsiders who come to Dunbury deliberately stir up the resentment of its ordinary inhabitants and lead them in open if harmless revolt against privilege and the law which supports it. The Dunbury Market Hall has

been given to the people as a community music hall. Should it be taken away from them to gratify the snobbishness of the local big-wigs or provide display rooms for the principal industrial plant? No! Let the people sing!, say their self-appointed leaders.

Here is the class struggle, in a way, but on no doctrinaire level. It might be called, rather, a summons to English democracy to dismiss its lethargy and reassert itself. It gives to what might have been just another amusing comic story a profound significance for England and for all that is left of the democratic world. Furthermore it reveals a Priestley whom readers of only his earlier works may never have imagined: a Priestley who, like an even greater humorist before him—Charles Dickens—uses the colours of fiction to camouflage an attack upon the social evils of his day. It suggests that, with prestige and popularity immensely enhanced by his patriotic service over the air, he may well find himself, when England emerges from the war, one of the most influential voices in guiding her social reconstruction.

## THE GLORIOUS PHŒNIX \*

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON

A CITY cannot be destroyed when the rock of its foundation is the indestructible spirit of its citizens. Walls may crash to the braying of trumpets or burn fanned by a bellowing wind, or collapse at the detonation of high explosives as do the walls of London now. But let them be laid low by incantation, by fire, by elemenal force, they will rise again; the relentless will of the people renews them and man's determination to build himself a shelter against disaster survives disaster itself.

The people of London had already suffered calamities enough to satisfy the most vindictive Jehovah on that raw September night in 1666 when they retired to their beds. The rattle of the pest-cart still echoed along those dark streets, close shuttered against infection, where a depleted London huddled the closer for comfort. War and pestilence were at work together, and though the one was nearly glutted the other blazed on two fronts and necessitated a ceaseless drain on London's dwindling resources. It was to a weary and decimated population that this new visitation came, but, as we shall see, not a broken people.

Nobody could have foreseen the catastrophe that was to follow when a traitorous spark kindled in the darkness of a baker's house in Pudding Lane that Saturday night. It would have been a commonplace incident enough in a London built of wood and few would have suffered had not a strong east wind been blowing. It carried sparks across the narrow lane from the house of the baker to the yard of the inn-keeper who lived opposite. He had a pile of hay in the yard. Before long his inn was ablaze and the flames were driving westward into Thames Street and the open wharves beyond. Here was food for a fire! Tallow and oil, timber and hay lay there in the

\*T. F. Reddaway: *The Rebuilding of London after the Great Fire*. London: Jonathan Cape, pp. 333, \$5.75.

cellars and on the quay-sides, and before the Lord Mayor could bring his distracted nerves to the point of ordering other people's houses to be pulled down the Great Fire was well away.

Pepys, who had spent an exciting hour watching the show from a boat, hastened away to Whitehall, where he advised the King that this was no ordinary affair, but a calamity only to be stayed by demolition in the path of the flames. Charles and his brother, though alarmed and dismayed, rose to the occasion and promised all the men they could send. By Sunday afternoon the city was in an uproar. Nearly the whole of London's waterfront was alight and there was no escape for the homeless, terrified people but by the narrow gates in the walls. There were appalling scenes of confusion as traffic jammed the exits and surging crowds of refugees with their carts, wagons and frightened horses fought for safety, urged on by the ravenous flames. The river was blocked with boats, and its quenching water could be applied only by means of buckets or the unwieldy handsquirts of the time. By Monday night all the efforts of the Duke of York, the Privy Council, the justices of the peace, the militia, the constables and the Lords-Lieutenant of the Home Counties had not saved the Royal Exchange from destruction, Cheapside from imminent danger, nor Thames Street from being laid waste as far as Puddle Dock. On Tuesday the ghastly spectacle of St. Paul's and Guildhall in ruins drove the authorities to accept at long last the advice of those seamen from the docks who had urged from the beginning that gunpowder was the thing to use. There was no help for it now, and unless drastic means were taken at once there would be nothing left to save. The deep boom of blasting added a ground-bass to the theme of destruction and the defenders retired in good order to the Strand, hoping to save Somerset House at least by laying a gap too wide for a spark to leap.

Outside the walls misery abounded. Moorfields, swept by the bitter east wind, was the camping-place for thousands of the homeless dispossessed. The East End, then as now, bore the brunt of the disaster, but the proletariat of Moorfields included aldermen, merchants, bankers and jewellers with their families and those treasures that they had managed to snatch in the forced evacuation. Rumours flew as fast as smoke and many a man guilty of nothing worse than being born French, Dutch or a Papist was beset by the angry mob as an accessory before the fact. Informers in plenty could swear to this and that, and, at the height of the panic there was no lack of Jeremiahs to prophesy invasion by the enemy.

It was as well then, that late the same night the wind changed and blew itself out, and by Wednesday midnight all danger was over and London's exhausted defenders were able to survey what was left to them of England's greatest city.

Bad news travelled fast, becoming more and more sensational as it went, till provincial authorities sweated to hear of the throngs of desperate men surrounding the mined citadel. Anything might happen when such anger and tension prevailed; somebody would be held responsible and made to suffer; it would be better to remove suspected persons before they could be seized. Foreigners and other imprudent persons were taken into protective custody, ships were forbidden to weigh anchor at Falmouth, the train bands were called out at Barnstaple and Carlisle and the alert sounded up and down the country.

The King, who had already created a very good impression by his manly handling of buckets among the rest, rode out to Moorfields on Thursday and made a speech to the refugees assuring them that there were no plots, nor could proof of any knavish tricks be laid at the door of Dutch, French or Catholic. It was all perfectly simple: God had done it. He warmed them by his good-fellowship and obvious desire to

alleviate their woes. He promised them a full inquisition of all suspected fire-raisers, and left them comforted, with hope renewed. He had successfully turned the tide of revolt and, as disaffection simmered, county magistrates were able to relax a little.

The moment it was safe to return, the cockney householders poured back through the gates and "with more Expedition than can be conceived" and a spirit perpetuated into our own times, set up their hearths again on the ruins of their homes, camping cheerfully in crazy structures conjured from the *débris*. Their wealthier brothers, less adaptable, certainly less capable of performing miracles with a hammer and a couple of tacks, gained asylum at considerable expense in the suburbs. The City, as though such devastation were all in the day's work, immediately issued orders for the clearance of streets and of London Bridge and for the setting up of new markets; and having arranged for business as usual on the Exchange, transferred its administration to Gresham College and settled down in appropriately academic surroundings to discuss the re-building.

The talk went on for five months and was by no means limited to the Gresham Collegers. Everyone had to have his say. There was a school of thought which argued for an entirely new ground-plan; another more realistically demanded vast improvements made on the old one; architects worked into the small hours putting their Utopias on tracing-linen; property-owners and tenants rubbed them all off again by a plain refusal to give up their rights. Incidentally, Christopher Wren submitted a plan, which, though duly considered, was found impracticable, and in the end Wren and his colleagues served as city surveyors on the Royal Commission which had charge of the re-planning. Now Mr. Reddaway in his notable book shows that the famous legend about Wren's excellent plan which was to have solved everything and made London a model

for all time being “unhappily defeated by faction”, is quite without truth, as Wren’s was merely one of many submitted (actually the City voted for Mr. Hooke’s), and all of them had to be abandoned when the dream of a new ground-plan was dissolved. This book is as monumental a piece of industry as was rebuilt London itself. Mr. Reddaway’s prodigious researches and entertaining way of writing make it a delight to read, and its subject a very happy precedent for any future rebuilding that may be necessary. It is a detailed pageant of London and her invincible people.

The hugeness of London’s catastrophe can be measured by those five months of debate before any beginning at all could be made, and even when a plan had been shaped it was all the City could do to gain Westminster’s reluctant attention long enough to make it an Act. But at the beginning of February it was duly passed.

The problems they sought to solve were staggering; first the acres of *débris* had to be cleared, then a survey made street by street, then, somehow, the multitudinous claims on property must be settled. Men labour must be impressed, materials provided and, above all, enough money found to pay for a new City and keep a couple of wars going at the same time. It says something for the English resistance to disaster that all these things were considered, debated and set going out of complete chaos. They had no precedents, no machinery for dealing with emergencies except the profound common sense possessed by rich men and poor in the face of visitation. It was this ability to forget their own woes in order to achieve a general good that allowed them to discuss, to go in good order at the gigantic work, to settle amicably, to compromise, and never to lose sight of their great end: a better London. There was to be no more jerry-building, no more wooden houses, nor open drains, nor strait lanes, nor traffic jams. nor noisome trades carried on under the enlightened noses of Lon-

don's citizens. As Evelyn said, "there was never a more glorious phoenix upon earth" than this new city was to be.

The survey by a Royal Commission, upon which all the other things depended, was impossible unless the rubbish could be cleared. Several methods were tried to get the people themselves to clear their own sites, but of course every landlord said it was the tenant's job and every tenant said it was the landlord's, and the contractors wouldn't do it under half-a-crown a house, and finally the City financed the whole thing. From that time on the City was in charge of pretty nearly everything. Parliament, however, must have due honour for its share in setting up the Fire Court. This Court was conducted by judges chosen from the courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas and the Exchequer, who were given full powers to decide everything in the claims made between landlords and tenants. They managed this tedious, unpaid but far from thankless task with such astonishing goodwill, good sense and fairness that they might be taken as the perfect example of the 'London spirit' which illumined those dreadful months. This was indeed a new kind of court: there were no fees; it was unencumbered by 'legal' language, devoid of that pettifoggery beloved by bewigged persons and free from all attempts to trip or bewilder. The plaintiff was expected to, and consequently did behave like a responsible citizen, and said his say in plain words. If the judges by the use of helpful suggestions failed to bring the offending party to reason, then they wasted no time but pronounced a settlement themselves. The Fire Court did more to restore public confidence and promote a cheerful patience by its own example than any amount of sermonizing could have done.

By March, 1667, the new highways were being staked out, and by the end of April the rules for rebuilding and for the widening of streets, which had caused such sweat and pother for eight months, was embodied in an Act of the Common Council.

At once an inflow of carpenters, masons, joiners and brick-layers began, for it was known that high wages were being offered and a man could look forward to several years of steady work. The new houses began to go up, and a vast improvement they were: brick and stone, with cellars and proper drains. Every step in the building of them had to conform to the Act, and woe betide any unscrupulous man who was caught infringing so much as a clause, for there were wardens to detect and fine any such shifts. But even a rigid inspection could not deter the irrepressible cockney from sallying forth under cover of dark to move his stakes a foot or so forward into the street, thus giving himself room for a nice bit of garden in front.

Brickfields appeared all round the City and barges were continually unloading at the wharves their cargoes of stone from Purbeck and Portland and down river from the Cots-wold quarries. Each citizen who could afford it was, of course, paying for his own work, but it was a miracle that any public buildings were financed, as the City was nearly bankrupt. Plague and fire had stopped their main sources of supply: Customs, Excise and Chimney-money, and they now had to depend almost entirely on the portions of orphans and the defections of aldermen. The latter would now pay large sums as fines to avoid having to take office, as they knew only too well what onerous tasks would be theirs until London was built again. And then there were the coal dues. Coal was now essential to the City's life, and Parliament, after proper obstruction, had granted the taxes on this indispensable stuff to the City's revenue. But it was not until five years after the Restoration had begun that the City felt itself able to launch out on such ventures as the Fleet canal or the great quay along Thames-side. Coal solved it all and provided the wherewithal for markets, churches, gates, prisons and even convoys to bring more colliers down the East coast and thus outwit the Dutchmen lying in wait to sink them.

By 1676, only ten years after the Fire, London was rebuilt. Much had had to be sacrificed to expediency; it was not the dream-city of the architects, but it was a decent, planned conception with streets instead of lanes, well-built houses instead of slums and public buildings and amenities of which any modern capital might be proud. What an achievement this was can scarcely be realized to-day. Boards of Public Works, Housing Acts, main drains and other such luxuries have made us so secure that we find it difficult to imagine what the Londoners of 1666 had to contend with. They had nothing: no fire-fighters, no first-aid, no police force or public relief, no transport system for the evacuation of refugees, no communications. And yet, after ten years, there they were again. How much better equipped, then, is modern London to deal with devastation. The method may be different, calculated frightfulness as against haphazard fire (no one can blame it on God this time), but the damage to property is incomparably less. Old London was razed, new London is but pocked; then, its life was stopped for eight months, now it continues unabated, a vast organism doing its work, taking its pleasures, carrying on as though loss of sleep and constant nervous tension were nothing to make a song about, and just not admitting that anything is awry. This is the one thing remaining unchanged, the undaunted, cheerful, pig-headed refusal of Londoners to admit calamity. There is no depression in that house.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

### CANADA AT WAR

BY M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

THE weakness of Canada's war effort, if weakness be admitted, is not, as some critics charge, due to governmental apathy. Whatever indictment may be levelled justly against Mr. Mackenzie King it is not that his heart is not in this war. The size of our war appropriations and of our army, air force and navy is a complete repartee upon any such criticism. And what is true of Mr. King is true of the best of his ministers. Men like Mr. Ralston, Mr. Howe, Mr. Lapointe, Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Ilsley — to mention but those in the forefront — bend loyal hearts to the war effort.

Where weakness exists, in the judgement of the impartial, is in the lack of a war pattern, a war plan. Not from the beginning has there been clear evidence of a definite policy, recognizable signposts on the road we are travelling..

This, in the first phase of the war, was understandable, perhaps excusable. It was the phase of complacency, the day of Chamberlain and Simon, the months when British missions in Ottawa seemed comforting in their indifference, the months when an Empire Air Training Plan was being worked out on a peace-time schedule.

The Government, in those days, was doing a fair job, or a job that seemed fair by current standards. Blessed with an able corps of civil servants, and aided by volunteer business executives, it solved problems such as foreign exchange, took care of the cost of living, and made a reasonable beginning with armed forces. There was no call then for "all out" war; and no "all out" war. Wasn't British Minister of War Hore-Belisha telling us that we should "win the war comfortably"? The collapse of France, and Dunkirk, brought a change.

Almost overnight ideas about the importance of the Maginot Line vanished. An Empire Air Training Plan became a Canadian plan. Britain was to have supplied the planes. Britain now told Canada that the planes were not available, that Canada herself must get them somehow. Only those who were in Ottawa then, who saw the confused desperation behind the censorship, know what followed. There was fear, and almost despair, but there were also a vast courage and a tremendous measure of ability. The war, for Canada, had really begun.

Mr. Howe, Minister of Munitions, did a brave job bravely. He got planes. How he got them, how he persuaded the United States to yield them up, how he rushed back and forth between Ottawa and Washington, and never unsuccessfully, is a gallant part of our war story. Mr. Howe, by his scorn of failure, saved the Air Training Plan, stepped up its time-table, and made it the great war instrument that it is at this hour.

As with the Air Training Plan, so with the Army and Navy. The navy, cradled in controversy, object of past scorn, has been especially creditable. Growing from thirteen ships eighteen months ago to more than 200 ships at the present time, it has been on the North Atlantic and the North Sea and the Caribbean; has helped convoy from Canadian ports 3,500 ships with 30,000,000 tons of war supplies for Britain. No mere apathy could have brought such achievement.

Where the Government has been less successful, where it has invited increasing criticism, has been in its handling of war production. There has been almost complete failure in the making of aeroplanes. There has been seeming failure to mobilize man-power and resources. There is evidence of lack of planning in the Department of Supply and Munitions. With the fall of France, the Government took power to mobilize the country's resources. This power has never been used, at least not effectively. A registration of man-power, taken

last July, is not yet being used effectively. Not until recently was any attempt made to organize or train skilled workers. A compulsory training scheme, organized hastily, and admittedly a makeshift, had to be modified, practically abandoned. After eighteen months of war there was the spectacle of men being taken out of the army and put to work in munition factories.

Contracts, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, were let without thought of necessary plant, or of the required number of man-hours, or of basic steel supplies. Only now, and with delay and difficulty, is this mistake being rectified.

There was confusion of thought. War service departments worked seemingly in watertight compartments; expanded on their own without coördination with others. No one asked whether we were doing the things we could do most efficiently. No one dealt adequately with the problem of priorities. No one asked whether we were making non-essential things, wasting our productive power. There was no one to decide authoritatively whether we should take on a big army, or a big navy, or a big air force, or a big industry, or whether we could take on all four. We just went ahead blindly, trusting; not certain whether we should think of quick aid to England, or of the defence of Canada, or about whether it was wise to spend twice as much on our army as on our air force. The main thing, apparently, was to let contracts.

These early mistakes, costly in money and delay, are being dealt with now. Whether they can be dealt with successfully, with future grave error avoided, under the existing Ottawa machinery, is doubted by many. No matter how it be measured, Mr. King's Government is not a strong Government. And the weakness is not, as so many seem to imagine, to be found in the temperament of Mr. King. Mr. King may be an Asquith, may have more talents for peace than for war, but he has other qualities which, in Canada's peculiar character and condition, are perhaps indispensable. The real weakness of

this Government, as a war Government, lies in three things: (1) Mr. King's wish to keep the war's direction under a single party; (2) the fact that war administration is in the hands of a limited number of ministers, making for undue strain; and (3) the lack of the stimulus of a strong parliamentary opposition.

Out of Mr. King's fifteen ministers not more than five are vigorously active in war administration, and at least eight are of minor stature. As a consequence, one-third of the cabinet is overtaxed in strength, while two-thirds carry on with their departments as in time of peace. In those departments can be found to-day the same old party patronage lists (for ordinary government purchases and contracts) as in the days before the war.

Clearly what is required is a reorganization of the Ministry; the formation, under Mr. King, of a real National War Cabinet. It is not a question at all of a Union Government, in the sense of a coalition of the parties. It is a question simply of Mr. King forgetting party and summoning to his aid the best executive, administrative and governing brains that this country can supply.

Such a Ministry would retain Mr. King as Prime Minister; and keep Mr. Lapointe, Mr. Ralston (if his health should permit), Mr. Howe, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Power and Mr. Ilsley. But it would bring to work with them other Canadians of drive and energy whose politics would be of no concern to the country. The country is not thinking of politics.

A National Government, replacing a stale touch with a fresh one, would galvanize war determination. It would obliterate memories of past mistakes, make for a fresh start, and have a chance to cope with the threatening malady of national disunity.

Under a National Government, Parliament, breaking its shackles of partisanship, would function more efficiently. We

should have more public interest in government, more examination and audit of war policies and measures and expenditures, more purposeful planning, more national thought of the war's aims and ends.

Thus far, we have had pathetic lack of public discussion, of public debate. Almost directly traceable to this lack of public discussion was the melancholy collapse of the Rowell-Sirois Report Conference. The able young bureaucrats who were behind this report knew all about it; they failed pitifully in getting the country to know anything about it. They forgot the Canadian people, forgot democracy. It must have been obvious to any second-rate politician that the report, if it was to come alive, must be sold to the country. There was no effort to sell it. The country was not told what the Report was about. Mr. King, with characteristic timidity, remained silent. No member of the cabinet (with one belated exception) discussed the Report publicly. Canadians were being asked to change their constitution fundamentally; they were not told why the change was necessary, or what the alternative might be in hard consequences. The Department of Public Information had a golden opportunity to justify its title. It passed up the opportunity. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, supposed to be concerned with public education, busied itself with Fibber and Molly McGee. When Colonel George Drew, leader of the second largest political group in Ontario, requested radio time to discuss the report his request was rejected. Canadians must not be permitted to hear discussion of a question allegedly vital to their future.

So with the press. If the majority of the editors of Canadian newspapers troubled to read the Report they gave no sign of it in their pages. They were willing to publish sensational, nonsensical headlines about "Re-Confederation"; with less than a half-dozen honourable exceptions they either neglected to discuss the recommendations of the Report at

all, or discussed them without understanding or intelligence. No Canadian depending upon the average newspaper for his understanding of the Report could possibly come to understand it.

What lack of public information began, mismanagement of the conference finished. No one had the imagination showmanship, or historic sense to dramatize the gathering. Mr. King opened the conference with a speech that was half a plea, half an apology, and a statement by Mr. Ilsley, obviously required at the beginning, was made at the dismal end. With the exception of Mr. Bracken of Manitoba none of the provincial premiers showed a grasp of the report, and some of them, including Mr. Hepburn of Ontario, indicated that they had not as much as read it. The business as a whole was pitiable.

Not less unfortunate was the failure of the saboteurs of the Report to realize they had nothing to put in its place. What the Report offered was a *quid pro quo* to the provinces for their relinquishment of certain taxation-fields. What has come with its rejection is a partial relinquishment of these taxation-fields by the provinces (plus loss of federal aid towards unemployment) with no agreement for a *quid pro quo*. To some of the provinces, such as Ontario and Quebec, this may mean little for the present. To others of them, such as Manitoba and Saskatchewan, it may well mean dangerously lowered standards of living, if not actual bankruptcy. Manitoba may escape grave trouble for the time being, but Saskatchewan can scarcely hope to do so. Both provinces face a problem of over-production and diminished world markets for their chief products which defy palliatives, and the effect on the rest of Canada, including Ontario, must be direct and speedy.

Repercussions of the failure of the conference are already with us. We have the spectacle of Mr. Bracken in Manitoba suggesting a boycott of Ontario and British Columbia. Mr.

Bracken's language may be extreme and dangerous, but it is understandable. Because it is understandable, and because it tells of dangerously widening seams in national unity, speedy remedial action by Canadian statesmen becomes imperative. A Canada at war, with her unity vital, cannot stand a vendetta between the Premier of Ontario and the Prime Minister of Canada, a boycott war between its provinces, and other threatened cleavages. Clearly, what is called for is another conference. Not another conference on the Sirois Report, nor even another conference on any cut-and-dried programme, but a gathering of Dominion and Provincial leaders to heal the ill-will and put an end to the futile bickerings that presently imperil national unity and which, if not met and dealt with speedily, may imperil it disastrously. What is needed is more frank, informed, courageous discussions by leaders of opinion, more realism, more of a willingness to overlook personal and political jealousies and to reach just and helpful compromises. The realities of our difficulties cannot safely be evaded.

Truly unfortunate for our war effort is the weakness of Parliament. When in March last the Canadian people went on an emotional spree and elected a House of Commons without an Opposition they did a good day's work for Hitler. A strong Opposition, vigilant and determined, would have prevented at least some of the worst mistakes that have been made by the Government. As it is, with 75 per cent. of the House of Commons representation sitting behind the Ministry in dumb docility, and the remaining 25 per cent. composed of men of no great strength and less experience, Parliament has all but abdicated its right to criticize, to examine and to audit. There is no stern check on the executive. Ministerial claims, assertions, promises and statistics go without analysis; policies, measures and accounts pass without much challenge; public rights are not defended. Mr. Hanson, the Conservative leader and Mr. Coldwell, the C.C.F. leader, are well-intentioned men

of fair ability. Neither possesses wide parliamentary experience or deep grasp of public questions, and neither has the help of competent captains to organize and sustain useful criticism. Questions vitally relevant to war effort go without adequate discussion.

That this condition should continue to the close of the war is a disturbing thought. Yet continue it will unless Mr. King makes up his mind to abandon his policy of waging war by a straight party government, with all the old party machinery and party organization (including ordinary patronage lists in all government departments), and go in for a National Government. National Government would not mean dispensing with an Opposition. What it would mean, instead, is that the House of Commons as a whole would become the Opposition, with members of all parties freed from the whips' restrictions and in a position to speak their minds. Ottawa then would take on the freedom of Westminster, where members of Mr. Churchill's party, in an overwhelming majority, are not afraid to criticize. We should have again, in fact, what we had during Union Government between 1917 and 1919, when most of the useful criticism came from Union Government supporters. Parliament would recover its authority, its prestige and usefulness and dignity. It is now but a recording instrument for the Ministry.

I shall not close on a note of complete pessimism. Canadian public opinion may be sick, and Canadian leadership unrepresentative and uncertain, and the press recreant to its duties and traditions, but despite these things one may see hopeful signs. Travelling across this land one comes upon evidence of discontent—which is encouraging—and evidence as well of an awakening democracy, and of a new and better conception of democracy. Canadians to-day, or a great many of them, are not merely talking of money. They are talking instead of some better way of life for all our people, talking

of freedom, talking more and more of life's deeper values. It must mean something, too, when rich men give up their wealth cheerfully and poor men yield their savings uncomplainingly. They are not doing it for gain, nor for conquest, nor for any material ends whatsoever. They are doing it for the ideals they have so often forgotten or neglected, and sometimes despised—democracy and liberty. May we not believe that they are thinking, even if vaguely, of that magnificent definition of democracy given recently by a great American, Archibald MacLeish:

Democracy is not the world that men and money and machines built in the nineteenth century and called democracy. The real issue is an issue to be fought in the hard and stony places of the human spirit . . . where even if a man is killed he cannot die.

And democracy itself is neither things nor goods nor fatness and indifference and an empty heart, but winter in the Massachusetts Bay, and cold at Trenton, and the gunfire in Kentucky and the hungry ground.

The real issue is an issue between the frenzy on the one side of a herded, whipped-up, crowd-begotten cause, and on the other side the single man's belief in liberty of the mind and of the spirit and his willingness to sacrifice his goods and comforts and his earnings for its sake.

## THE SEASON'S BOOKS

### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

THE ATONEMENT IN NEW TESTAMENT TEACHING. By Vincent Taylor. Epworth Press. 8s. 6d.

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS. By Albert Hyma. Lippincott. 15s.

It has been made a matter of complaint (in painfully respectable quarters) that the field of New Testament studies in Great Britain to-day is dominated by three figures, Professor Dodd, Professor T. W. Manson and Professor Vincent Taylor, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian and a Methodist respectively. Let the respectable complain, but it will be a matter of great satisfaction to all lovers of truth and concord that partisan and denominational exegesis of Scripture is a thing of the past.

Professor Vincent Taylor's new book is a sequel to his earlier and notable work called *Jesus and His Sacrifice*. In Part I the author seeks to define the common faith of the first Christian communities in relation to the suffering and the death of Christ. Part II deals at length with St. Paul, with the author of the epistle to the Hebrews and with the Johannine theology. Part III is entitled "the doctrine of the Atonement in the light of the New Testament". Among the immediate implications of New Testament teaching the author finds "(1) the Atonement is the work of God in restoring sinners to fellowship with himself and establishing his Kingdom in the world; it is the reconciliation of man and of the world to God. (2) It is the fulfilment of his purpose for man and the final proof of the greatness of his love, both revealing that love and expressing it for time and eternity. (3) The Atonement is accomplished in the work of Christ, whose suffering is vicarious, representative, and sacrificial in character: it is on behalf of men, in their name, and for the purpose of their approach to God. (4) The vicarious nature of Christ's ministry is one of the clearest elements in New Testament teaching, but its true content can be discerned only as its representative and sacrificial aspects are more closely defined. (5) The representative character of his death is disclosed by the fact that, in the greatness of his love for men, he identified himself with sinners and in their service was completely obedient to the will of the Father, entering into and enduring in his own person the consequences of sin and the rejection and gainsaying of men. (6) The sacrificial significance of his death is suggested by the frequent use of the term 'blood', by a limited use of analogies found in the ancient sacrificial system, by references to cleansing, redemption, and expiation, by allusions to the idea of the Suffering Servant, and by eucharistic teaching sacrificial in character. (7) The Atonement is consummated in

the experience of men through faith-communion with Christ, through sacramental communion with him, and in sacrificial living and suffering." Professor Taylor shows clearly that these different aspects of the work of Christ receive different emphasis in different parts of the New Testament, that, though scholarship may analyse each by itself "they are interrelated and must ultimately be considered as a whole", and, in particular, that the work of Christ *for* us must not be isolated from the work of Christ *in* us. In Part III the author relates his findings to traditional theories of the Atonement and indicates his view that, properly understood, the category of sacrifice is on the whole most adequate.

Here, then, we are given a treatise on New Testament theology of the greatest importance and a very valuable contribution to the wider task of the dogmatic theologian. This is altogether a fine book. Two criticisms might be made. First, the style of the writer, though clear and forceful, rarely rises to the heights of his theme: his language falls short of his emotion: we have, therefore, rather a text-book of superlative merit than a literary work. Second, while Professor Taylor carefully explains and guards his interpretation of 'sacrifice' and may even be said to make good his claims for it, yet it remains an unsatisfactory category for theology to-day because without careful explanation it is popularly unintelligible. It may perhaps be found that the Incarnation-theology of the early centuries will prove the starting point for that reconstruction of doctrine to which we must aspire.

In these days we are much exercised about those borderline problems where politics meets with theology, or, rather, we are coming to see that political theories rest upon an implicit anthropology, a religious or an irreligious estimate of man and of the meaning of human life. We may therefore welcome Professor Hyma's *Christianity and Politics*. The author is learned and gives an interesting account of many politico-theological writers little known to the average person. His book may thus be commended as a very useful quarry. The author seems to be an historian rather than a political philosopher or theologian, and his book may be criticized both for its literary style, its proportion, and sometimes for its defective theological appreciation of the issues. As an introduction to the subject it would be found confusing, if not misleading, but for those who have some antecedent historical knowledge and grasp of political philosophy it contains much of interest and value.

N. M.

**EXPERIENCE REASON AND FAITH: A Survey in Philosophy and Religion.** By Eugene G. Bewkes and others. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1940. Pp. xiv+649.

This is one of a series of survey text-books for freshmen, written by members of the Faculty of Colgate University, "to pro-

vide general knowledge of a broad field of subject matter"—in this case of the field of philosophy and religion.

It is described in the Preface as "a very general introduction or survey of the part which philosophy and religion have played in Western civilization". "We have tried", say the authors, "to give the college student, who has no particular preparation in either philosophy or religion, an extensive course which will give him some idea of the way in which the religious and philosophic roots of our cultural heritage took hold and developed in the course of a long history." The scope of the book is thus a very wide or broad one, concerned as it is "to show," over the entire period from primitive times to the present, "the dynamic character of philosophy and religion as cultural forces". But certain historical periods are singled out as specially significant and illuminating in showing the inter-connection between philosophy and religion, and in revealing their total effect upon the life of the period. In this way the Hebrew, the Christian, the Greek and Roman cultures and those of the mediæval and modern world are singled out for special examination.

The tendency in treating philosophy and religion so closely together as it done here is not to recognize sufficiently the distinct interests of the two. But with this limitation or qualification, the general sketch or survey given is a very useful and suggestive one—a sketch or survey which will be best appreciated not by the beginner for whom it is primarily designed but more mature students who have made something of a detailed study of the subject. The chapters dealing with the mediæval transition to the modern world, the Reformation (with its comparison of the two forms of Protestantism, Lutheranism and Calvinism), and the influence of twentieth-century science on philosophy and religion (with its special reference to modern physics and the new psychologies), are of special interest and value. In outward form the book is a very pleasing one to look at and handle, with a number of very fine photographic illustrations, and its value is enhanced by the list of selected readings indicated at the end of each chapter.

J. M. S.

## HISTORY

**ULTIMA THULE.** By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 383. \$4.00.

It might be a severe disappointment to the Shetlanders, had they not at the present time much more serious preoccupations, to learn that that Shetland is not, as they have believed for generations, the Ultima Thule of the ancients. For the phrase from Tacitus, "dispecta est et Thule" (which is well known in both Shetland and Orkney, and which was believed to prove that one of these northern islands was the land seen by Agricola, when his

fleet sailed up the coast of Scotland) is explained by Dr. Stefansson, in a very convincing way, to refer to Iceland. The claim has also been made that Norway was Thule. The controversy centres around one Pytheas, a Massilian Greek of 340 B.C., whose statements about conditions in the northern seas, in which he had travelled, were considered so revolutionary and incredible in his day, that his general veracity was doubted. Doubtful also to his contemporaries were his descriptions of Thule, as they did not correspond with the classical conceptions of geography and climate. Columbus also has a part in the controversy about Thule, on account of claims made in the life of Columbus, written by his son Ferdinand. Other early writers such as the Venerable Bede, Saxo Grammaticus and Dicuil are quoted, and a good case, from the point of view of authority, is made for Iceland as Thule. Dr. Stefansson also argues, from his own experience of northern conditions, that, far from being a liar, Pytheas was only describing what he had actually seen and experienced when he wrote of his northern voyage.

That the statements of Pytheas with regard to the habitability of the North and the open seas around Iceland were not accepted in his day, will be no surprise to those who have lived in the North and have found that even now the North is a bogey of which the less one knows the more one imagines and fears. Dr. Stefansson has been trying for years, in a whole series of books, to build up a true picture of the North, based on fact and experience. If he sometimes leans over to an idealized view, he never goes beyond the degree to which a true Northerner loves the North country. The combination of knowledge of northern conditions and power of analysis, with much delving into ancient records, has given us a book of great interest and readability, and has at this late date cleared the name of Pytheas from the stigma of Munchausen.

E. H. W.

**THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE IN CANADA.** By J. J. Heagerty, M.D., C.M., D.P.H., Director of Public Health Services. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$1.50.

Dr. Heagerty's *magnum opus*, the two-volume history of medicine in Canada, by its very completeness and consequent cost did not appeal to the general reading public. This compact volume is intended to awaken interest in a tale of the highest concern to every Canadian who wishes to achieve an adequate picture of his country's past in the study of his imagination.

The process of concentration has, of course, its own danger in that, from time to time, the reader may grow tired and confused by gusts of names and dates out of proportion to the story interest behind.

The heroic labours of the religious hospitalières of Quebec and Montreal, supported by lavish gifts of money from old France,

are vividly recalled. Those noble women and their supporters, the missionary priests, should be held in undying, reverent memory. This was the golden age of the ancienne régime in new France. Had the kings supported the military governors of the colony as whole-heartedly the British might not have wrested Canada from their grasp.

It is to be feared that English-speaking Canadians are not yet conscious of the debt we owe to those path-finders. Parkman is not read as much now, outside of history courses, as he was a generation ago. The romance of the story thrills in his pages.

More detail of the ancient practice of medicine, both Indian and French, medical and surgical, would be of the greatest interest, but few doctors were note-takers, and there were no medical magazines in those centuries.

The dust-cover of the book displays C. W. Jeffreys' picturesque rendering of the Indian showing Cartier and his men how to brew a decoction of the inner bark of spruce to cure scurvy.

The Intendant at Quebec in the story *The Golden Dog* was Bigot, not Bégon, was he not?

An index would have added to the book's usefulness.

T. G.

**THE WAR: FIRST YEAR.** By Edgar McInnis. With a Foreword by Raymond Gram Swing. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1940. Pp. xv+312. \$1.50.

This book is a lively and well-balanced account of the present war based chiefly on newspapers and published documents. There is naturally enough little attempt at analysing cause and effect, the author's own personality and opinions are not projected into the story, and as a consequence we have what is essentially a scrupulous recording of events, a well-proportioned synthesis of a year's confused and now somewhat hazy memories. Raymond Gram Swing has written a thoughtful introduction, and at least three sentences deserve to be pondered by every reasoning Canadian. "Democracy can only function normally in a world of peace, a truism if there ever was one. For democracy cannot wage war. It must democratically suspend itself, transform itself, and assure its rebirth at the conclusion of the war."

**AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY JOURNAL:** Being a Record of the Years 1774-1776. Compiled by John Hampden. Toronto: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 1940. Pp. xiv+406. \$5.25.

**THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND:** Studies on the Idea of Nature in the Thought of the Period. By Bail Willey. Toronto: Macmillan & Co. 1940. Pp. viii+302. \$5.00.

It is a difficult task to restore the social life of the past. State archives provide no continuous chain of documents; few people,

particularly common people, bothered to note down the facts of every-day life in the manner of diplomats or Cabinet Ministers, and what information does exist is usually widely scattered. Many have attempted to bring the eighteenth century to life, but only one succeeded really brilliantly. Sir G. O. Trevelyan's picture of men and manners in Whig London as contained in his volumes on *Charles James Fox and the American Revolution* is still without equal. Yet, it is as much the obligation of the historian to repair tradition as it is to interpret the past in the light of the present, and Mr. Hampden has employed a novel and entertaining means to bring us back to the early years of George III.

*An Eighteenth-Century Journal* is not, as the author admits, a work of critical scholarship, although the material has been taken direct from contemporary sources, nor is it a documentary source book. It is rather an imaginative reconstruction, in diary form, of English and especially London life during the years 1774, 1775 and 1776. These were tragic years in the history of the British Empire, for the American colonies were well on the way to establishing their independence. But as in the Napoleonic Wars, so during the American War, every-day life in England seems to have been little disturbed. At Battersea in April, 1776, "there was a race of asses for a silver-laced hat", and seven men grinned through horse collars for three pounds of tobacco. And all London fought for admission to the trial of the bigamous Duchess of Kingston whose faded charms were still powerful enough to influence the judges as they had in their full bloom captivated a wide variety of kings and princes. Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, Bach, Wesley and many other mighty men wander through these pages, as well as the quacks, the cut-throats and the wits who made "the news" in the eighteenth century. The majority of people then as to-day preferred entertainment to enlightenment, but it was left to Lord Northcliffe to discover this fact and to exploit it.

Yet this period in general has been rightly called the Age of Reason, and since no age talks of reason without a philosophic purpose, David Hume merely spoke for his time when he asserted that the chief use of history was "to discover the constant and universal principle of human nature". Mr. Willey's book is essentially a study of this baffling principle, "the idea of *Nature*" in relation to man and his religion, ethics, politics and philosophy. The conspicuous effort in the first half of the century was to unite Reason and Nature, (as exemplified by the Deists who aimed to cut away from Christianity all the supernatural props and substitute a natural for a revealed religion). What man fashioned "according to reason" would be most *natural*. Indeed, almost all the way through the century the tendency of the novel, the play, the poem, the sermon and the treatise was to exalt the natural over the so-called artificial man, the noble savage of Rousseau

over the sophisticated urbanite. Much of this literature, as Mr. Willey admits, might be regarded to-day as 'escapist', but the doctrine was too firmly established to be described merely as a fad. Not only Rousseau but Shaftesbury, Addison, Thomson, Cowper and Mary Wollstonecraft shared the philosophy, and by the latter it was to be turned towards revolutionary ends against the existing order. It was left to Burke to bring Nature the Abstraction into line with Nature the Actuality, by including human society in his conception. For Rousseau an evil artificial system had been foisted on unspoiled man; for Burke, the order of society had grown "with the majestic slowness of Nature herself", embodying the funded wisdom of the ages.

Despite the author's skilful exposition, this book suffers a little from heaviness, partly as a result of the numerous quotations. None the less, any student of the period might be proud to have written it. Mr. Willey has steeped himself in the thought of the eighteenth century, and he has given a clear and balanced estimate of its failures and its achievement.

G. S. G.

**CANADIAN BOOK OF PRINTING:** How printing came to Canada and the story of graphic arts told mainly in pictures. Published by Toronto Public Libraries. The 500th Anniversary Committee commemorating the invention of the art of printing from movable types. Illustrated. Pp. 130. Toronto, Canada, 1940. \$1.00.

The sense of timeliness and the stamp of efficiency that is upon all the publications issued by the Toronto Public Library is evident in this book. While printing existed in the East, possibly before the opening of the Christian era, it is customary to date its beginnings in Europe from the year 1440. Certainly without some preparation the magnificent Bible issued by Gutenberg in 1456 could not have appeared. The book under review begins with the earliest printing by the Chinese, notes and illustrates its beginnings in Germany, mentions the manuscripts that printing gradually superseded, and then, in a chapter headed "Printing comes to the new world", traces the progress of the art from Mexico to the Colony of Massachusetts, and the printing press set up at Halifax in 1752. Excellent illustrations are given of the first newspaper printed in Canada, the first almanac, the beginnings of the Quebec Gazette, and some of the work of Fleury Mesplet. The chapters are short, few more than a page in length, and the illustrations carry the reader's interest through to the end of the historical portion. Among others, there is a picture of the title page of the first Canadian novel, "St. Ursula's Convent", by Julia Beckwith Hart, printed by Hugh C. Thompson, at Kingston, Upper Canada, in 1824.

In the second section there are informative notes upon the practice of printing: type design and foundings, type sizes, hand composition, machine composition, both in linotype and monotype, proof reading, and so on. Then we have a third section that deals with the printing of pictures and includes wood engravings, etchings, lithography, and short forms of that art. An index would have been advantageous, but might have added to the cost of the book, which can be obtained at \$1.00 from the 500th Anniversary Committee, 137 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

E. C. K.

### POETS AND POETRY

#### TWO MODERN POETS

VERSAILLES SUMMER. By E. Wykeham Edmonds. London: Williams & Norgate, Ltd. 1940. Pp. 48. 2s. 6d.

IN PLATO'S GARDEN. By Lincoln Fitzell. Albuquerque, New Mexico: Alan Swallow. Pp. 95. \$1.00.

In his imagery, his structural designs and his too mordant satire, Mr. Edmonds is a very modern poet, but he usually has something to say. He feels so keenly the wastages and distortions of life through ineffective direction that his indignation and impatience are at odds with the fundamental serenity that one must have to be a poet at all. His most appealing verses (as in *The Abyssinian Student* and *On the Death of a Victorian Lady*) are full of pity for the ironic, twisted futilities of individual careers, but it is the pity of bitter bewilderment and therefore without solution, without that more complete sympathy the presence of which could give greater passion and comprehension to his work. It seems a mistake to content oneself with static defeatism rather than to try for a reasoned faith in the worth of the still evolving universe.

The music of *In Plato's Garden* echoes less in ear and blood than does that of *Versailles Summer*, since its author's grasp of style is more uncertain, his patterning more timid and monotonous; but the prevailing notes, while sometimes those of frustration, are more melioristic—perhaps too comfortably so—than those of Mr. Edmonds. Both writers are pictorial, finding thus, no doubt, something of relief and escape, but Mr. Edmonds' pictures are more interestingly subjective. Mr. Fitzell's landscapes convey the impression of a somewhat tentative purpose, since, though he feels the great traditions, he pushes his expression too anxiously into modern moulds, moulds half novel, half conventional, and uses a diction rather forced and at times garishly adjectival. Although *Versailles Summer* is much the better, each of these two collections—the one English, the other Californian—suggests an endowment not as yet sufficiently self-analysed and self-governed to realize itself.

G. H. C.

TEN VICTORIAN POETS. By F. L. Lucas. Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1940. Pp. 199. \$2.50.

POST-VICTORIAN POETRY. By Herbert Palmer. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. Pp. 378. \$3.75.

THE POET'S DEFENCE. By J. Bronowski. Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1939. Pp. 258. \$2.50.

THE BURNING ORACLE. By G. Wilson Knight. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1939. Pp. 292. \$3.75.

WORKERS IN FIRE. By Margery Mansfield. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. Pp. 349. \$3.50.

The ten poets Mr. Lucas considers are Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Clough, Patmore, Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris and Hardy. In the cases of Arnold and Hardy—who are poetic cousins—his judgements are sound and sympathetic, and even eloquent. For the most part, he follows Harold Nicolson in his treatment of Tennyson, who, he thinks, "still remains a great poet, even though he may not have been a great thinker, nor a master of passion, nor of character, nor of long narrative". He attributes to Tennyson "other gifts, supreme gifts, of eye and ear and tongue. He is a great landscape-painter and a great musician. . . . He had style; and style, though it may not at once win the day for a poet, can win him eternity". The appraisals of Morris and Swinburne are fair, but less 'quick' in their critical faculty. Of the Rossettis and of Clough and Patmore Mr. Lucas writes neatly but rather listlessly. To Browning he seems to have a blind side, for he credits him merely with "a fine vitality" and finds him "a little vulgar" and without artistic conscience. We wonder what in Victorian blank verse Mr. Lucas would set against the sixth, seventh and tenth books of *The Ring and the Book*. It is a pity that so able a critic should allow himself at times to yield to the unreason of mere personal distaste.

Mr. Palmer's book reviews the movement of English poetry during the twentieth century. The most interesting of the nineteen chapters deal with Bridges and Housman, Masefield, Chesterton and his school, the two Georgian revolts, the poetry of the Great War and the modernist movement. Mr. Lucas's understanding of Hardy finds no parallel here, and short shrift is given to Eliot also. Even the happier judgements handed down by Mr. Palmer cannot be called searching, for they are founded largely on temperamental preference rather than on any definite critical theory.

If Mr. Palmer is gracious to the Shropshire Lad, Dr. Bronowski is at no pains to conceal his dislike of Houseman's *Name and Nature of Poetry* and of many of his poems. *The Poet's Defence*,

whatever prejudices it displays against Shelley, Housman and, in part, Yeats, does contain a well-knit theory of poetry and is written with great clarity and some charm. Like Sidney, the worth of whose mind and spirit the author well understands, Dr. Bronowski defends poetry "because I think that it tells the truth". The admirable essay on Dryden and the sensitive comparison of Wordsworth and Coleridge as poets and critics of poetry provide the most illuminating chapters in the book. Occasionally, however, there are lapses, as in the discussion of *Tintern Abbey*, where it is asserted that "such poems can only double back on themselves without end". But is not the doubling in itself a progress—even though a circular one—not a static stilted babble? Again, Dr. Bronowski contends that Coleridge's theory of the imagination is "a discovery in psychology and the study of words", not "a discovery in poetry". This seems untrue, since it considers the intellectual element in poetry, which is integral and indispensable. And still again, the statement that "Shelley came to believe that there was no ideal but a cleaner copy of the social world" is clearly refuted by *Adonais*, the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* and *Prometheus Unbound*.

In *The Burning Oracle* Professor Knight studies Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Pope and Byron, in order to reach some conclusions concerning the play and interplay of spiritual forces in literature and especially the relation of Christianity to erotic and romantic love. The chapter on Spenser is the weakest. "I admit", says the author, "that I do not feel at home here." Were he closer to Spenser he would hardly call *The Faerie Queene* "a magnificent failure" and deny it "architectural stability" and "solid richness", even if the latter, because of the enchanted atmosphere, is not "solid". He denies it also "dramatic suspense", but it is quite possible, in analysing the action of the six books, more especially the first and second, to prove its presence and Spenser's control of it. It is easy to belittle a work of art for refusing to fall into another category than its own, and it is rather disappointing to find Professor Knight so unappreciative of Spenser's central intention here, and so indifferent to the colour and savour of this epic dream-allegory. The treatment of Shakespeare is better, because the author is on more familiar ground. He makes a good case for Shakespeare's philosophic and poetic integrity, but this chapter, too, is marred both by turgidity of style and by several doubtful deductions drawn from the imagery. The author strains at several gnats in finding the later tragedies implicit in "the subjectively conceived agony of Venus" in the early poem, in asserting that "the Antony-Sebastian drama in *Twelfth Night* is a miniature *Othello*", that the greatest of Shakespeare's women miss tragic stature at their end" and that the poet fights beside his villain Claudius to preserve "that cosmic, human and natural trust

he, as Hamlet, is losing". But he has some useful things to say about Shakespeare's understanding of women and of their influence upon "the hero's soldiership". With some exceptions the chapters on Milton and Pope are more discerning. The chief faults of the book are its crowded, voluble style; its excessive preoccupation with symbols and semi-symbols, resulting in a one-sided interpretative method and lack of synthesis; and the author's inability to refrain from arbitrary statements.

*Workers in Fire*, although it considers many problems in poetic technique, is hardly a critical contribution to prosody. Its style is pedantic and often verbose, despite the conversational devices employed. Part I attempts, prosaically enough, to explore the nature of poetry, and in Part II Miss Mansfield rather surprisingly provides many of her own verses to illustrate the various forms.

G. H. C.

### BIOGRAPHY

THE MAN ROBERT BURNS. By Grant F. O. Smith. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1940. Pp. 396. \$5.00.

This is a big book and in many ways a useful book, but it is not a good book. In fact, one wonders just why it was ever made at all. In his Foreword the author tries to tell us, but his statement leaves us more puzzled than ever. "The writer felt impelled to begin such a volume because, though a North of England man, he had since childhood been intimately associated with lovers and admirers of the great bard." This seems tantamount to saying: "I am an Englishman and really don't understand Burns. But a lot of people I know have kept telling me that the man is a great poet, so I felt I had to compile all the facts I could gather about him." Ever since Sir James Crichton-Browne diagnosed the cause of Burns's death as endocarditis following rheumatic fever, it has become the fashion to have a doctor in attendance to introduce anyone speaking or writing on Robert Burns. Dr. H. B. Anderson of Toronto introduces the speaker, or rather the writer, on this occasion. Dr. Anderson asks, speaking of the book, "What is there to justify its appearance?" He has an answer, but it does not leave us fully convinced. The book professes to "correct the popular erroneous conception of the poet—that he was an illiterate ploughman." That always has been a "popular erroneous conception" about Burns, and always will be. Popular erroneous conceptions about any great man are not corrected by writing expensive books about him, which only a few interested people will take the trouble to glance at. No educated or thinking person who has made a study of Burns—no one since Professor Dugald Stewart did it—has been under any delusions as to the poet's greatness, his conversational ability, and the breadth of his intel-

lectual interests. "All the faculties of Burns's mind," said Dugald Stewart, "were as far as I could judge equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." He was colossal, great, as Carlyle said, in his weakness as well as his strength. "His emotional nature", said Chambers, "was Titanic like his intellectual." The "popular erroneous conception" that Burns drank himself to death and that he "dearly lo'ed the lasses" will persist, no matter how many books are written telling the many-headed that they are mistaken. With regard to the others why preach to them?

*The Man Robert Burns* is not a biography in the sense that Lockhart's *Scott* and Southey's *Nelson* are biographies. It is more after the style of Moore's *Byron*, only not nearly so well done. It is trying to do what Moore was charged to do, *i.e.*, set Burns in as favourable a light as possible. This is perhaps rather refreshing in an age which, for some years, has shown a lamentable lack of respect for older idols and a disposition to debunk anyone and anything. Buchan's *Scott* erred on the other side. *Scott* was Buchan's Bayard; he simply could do no wrong. We do not belong to the school which thinks that by keeping silence about a great man's failings these failings never existed. And we see no reason for trying to minimize Burns's failings, or for dwelling on them either. We know about them. Let us leave it at that. Nothing that Mr. Smith says or does not say about Burns can change the portrait that belongs to the world. The best and the worst that can be said about Burns has been said. We do not accept Catherine Carswell's version of the "Highland Mary" episode, for we believe that this poor, illiterate girl was and remained in Burns's mind and heart the ideal woman, and an idealization of woman. It is hardly necessary for Mr. Smith to drag in a letter written by the Right Reverend Lauchlan MacLean Watt about a conversation which the latter had with the leading undertaker in Glasgow on the subject of infant burial, in order to prove that the skeleton of an infant found in Mary Campbell's grave could not have been hers. Is there any reason why Burns should not have idealized this girl? Or that, Burns being what he was, there should not have been some gossip about the couple? Mr. Smith's method is not to make Burns talk about himself as Boswell made Johnson. Nor does he attempt any critical exegesis himself. He allows other people to do this and has collected a garland of tributes from 158 people, including Harry Lauder and Carmen Sylva, Goethe and Chang-Yon-Tong, John Keats and Ramsay MacDonald, Longfellow and Canon Cody.

There are a few errors and misstatements. The second edition of Burns's *Poems* was published on April 21st, 1787, not "early in March" (p. 78). On page 86 the word "ploys" is wrongly used. On page 132 for "Song, Anna Thy Charms" read "Anna Thy Charms".

It is a pity that the compiler of this book should use such worn-out phrases as "Scotland's most distinguished sons" or "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow". Chapter I discusses whether Burns was descended from "Walter Campbell, the fugitive son of Muckairn". It hardly seems to matter and the problem did not bother Burns. There is much repetition in the book. On page 103 biographical details are given about Dr. John Moore. They are repeated on page 380. The same happens on page 381 where we have details about Dr. James Currie, who published an edition of Burns's *Works* and first started the scandal that he died of drink and debauchery. Biographical details about this person had already been given on page 138.

But *The Man Robert Burns* will be useful as a reference book and as a quarry for people who do not know much about Burns and would like to be posted about the details of his life. Two hitherto unpublished poems appear for the first time. They are not important. Apart from that there is nothing really new in this volume.

J. A. R.

### FICTION

**THE FLYING BULL AND OTHER TALES.** By Watson Kirkconnell. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 189. \$1.50.

It is a pleasant thing—if one may take the word of the Latin poet—to throw off dignity now and then, and play the fool. A grave professor of English literature, who is an authority on our Central-European fellow-Canadians, shows himself in this little book in a new light. These are tall tales about people of many lands whose experiences in their new prairie homes would be incredible, were they not told with a solemn face by the author, who is normally a reliable person. This is not poetry, but the lines ripple and sparkle in a manner which befits the humour of the fantastic setting. The reader trips gaily from the unusual to the absurd, from the absurd to the impossible, till at the end he is forced to throw up his hands in abject surrender. May Mr. Kirkconnell be induced to take time off again from serious things, and give us further occasions to question his veracity!

R. C. W.

**FUR TRADE APPRENTICE.** By Charles Clay. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 360. \$1.50.

This new book by Mr. Charles Clay, of Winnipeg, continues the adventures, begun in *Young Voyageur*, of the young fur trad-

ers, Ricard and Jean, who winter with the Indians at Amisk Lake, deep in the Beaver Country. The background of the story is the struggle for the Canadian Northwest by French, English, half-breed and Indian. The book is attractively got up, with illustrations, and should interest boys in particular. Many interesting details of North Country life are included in this work.

E. H. W.

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN. By Franz Werfel. Toronto: Macmillan.  
Pp. 427. \$3.00.

This excellent novel is a work of contrast and of diagnosis. The contrast is manifested between the unspiritual, agreeable, and cultured people depicted in the first part of the book, and the immovable, ignorant, but religious Teta Linek, their cook. The action begins in Austria just before the Anschluss, and the epilogue is ostensibly written in exile in Paris. Great changes have occurred in the lives of all the characters in the interval. The aristocratic and artistic Argans have had to find a new basis for their lives, but the firm faith of Teta Linek has enabled her to surmount even her own great ignorance and mental limitations.

It is also a novel of diagnosis, contained more explicitly in the epilogue, where the statement is made that the present ills of our world are due to the "revolt against metaphysics", the loss of spiritual belief, and the failure to practice religion both in its ethical and its spiritual aspects. This charge has been made by many in recent years, and is being more and more realized to be true. To all those, at least, who desire and believe in a spiritual order, it has become very clear that science and art are not enough, and that life on this planet, if divested of spiritual content, cannot long maintain itself even at a comfortable worldly level.

Altogether this unusual novel deserves to be described as fine and profound. It may safely be considered, also, as a forerunner of that tendency in art which many have been awaiting for some time, namely, the rebound from material and sordid realism, and the aspiration towards a realism which has a spiritual background. Mr. Werfel's skill as a writer, already known to most English readers in *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, enables him to touch these high themes while making a thoroughly acceptable story, the characters being completely understood, and lifelike enough to be biographical. The translator, Mr. Moray Firth, is also to be congratulated on the distinction and beauty of his work.

E. H. W.

## NATIONAL DEFENCE

THE MILITARY PROBLEMS OF CANADA. By C. P. Stacey.  
Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1940. Pp. vi+184. \$2.50.

This timely account of grand strategy and military strategy up to last September is recommended to the general reader, but with reservations. The author's attitude on fundamentals is thoroughly correct. "By contributing to the maintenance of British power (Canada) is protecting the foundations of her own domestic security" (p. 52). "A strategy founded purely upon Canadian interest dictates intervention in Europe to the full extent of Canadian power for the sake of maintaining the present favourable situation" (p. 157). In his historical account the author should have reported the attitude of Canadian governments (and parties) on this matter. It might have been stated also that in addition to keeping war away from Canada, this policy promotes vital international trade.

The treatment of relations with the United States is sound as is also that of Canadian geography. One point that should have been given more attention is the improvement of communications particularly as regards railways. Minor exception might be taken to the account of the naval controversy of 1912-13. It would be fairer to blame political dissension rather than one party for what was done then. The author is not consistent for he states farther on: "all measures taken in North America for the continent's security will be necessarily less effective to that end than those serving to strengthen the British fleet". It is questionable if "coastal batteries . . . can be effectively manned by intelligent citizen troops". There is an inference here that essential support by all arms, well trained and staffed, would be lacking. More might have been said about the proposal from Great Britain that it should establish Air Force schools in Canada. In the light of a recent announcement of action taken months ago, the treatment of the Bren gun controversy does not appear to be adequate. Higher military education and exchange of officers with Britain receive no attention, although these matters have been of very great importance.

Of the 30-day training programme, it is stated: "The plan appears to meet the man-power needs of the present situation." This is strange in view of the short term and the lack of (a) provision for a trained hierarchy of command, (b) training in various arms, (c) means of incorporation of troops (apart from voluntary reinforcements) into Active Formations. The official reason for adoption of the plan is lack of equipment.

The tragic problem confronting democratic nations which refuse to preserve peace or to prepare for war is well illustrated in this book.

R. O. E.

## ESSAYS AND REMINISCENCES

**PERSONS, PAPERS AND THINGS:** Being the Casual Recollections of a Journalist with Some Flounderings in Philosophy. By Paul Bilkey. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1940. Pp. xii+235. \$2.50.

These informal and rambling reminiscences by the late editor of the *Montreal Gazette* make delightful reading. Fifty years of newspaper work, including fourteen years in the Ottawa Press Gallery, provided Mr. Bilkey with a unique opportunity to know the great and the greatly-publicized, and both portraits and political landscapes are deftly and refreshingly drawn. Sometimes his interpretations are a little ruthless, and sometimes they reflect the Conservative party principles which he represented so frankly and so honourably in his lifetime, but his pen never dips in gall and wormwood; there is no malice.

Mr. Bilkey is certain that the parliaments of to-day, both federal and provincial, are inferior in personnel to their predecessors of pre-war times. "Laurier had the makings of three or four Cabinets among his followers, and all of them would have been good. . . . The Opposition led by Sir Robert Borden, particularly after the elections of 1904 and 1908, was exceptional in its high aggregate of ability." At the same time, he has nothing but scorn for those who would dismiss the country's administrative servants as mere 'politicians', and "smear them with all the sinister implications of a misused and misunderstood term". Whatever their abilities, says Mr. Bilkey, the State owes most of them immeasurably more than it ever gives them. He properly maintains, however, that the present method of Cabinet appointment, on the basis of geographic, religious and racial sectionalism, will continue to deprive the Dominion of the maximum of governing efficiency. Yet until Canada becomes in every sense—spiritually and ethically as well as politically—a unified nation, it is difficult to see what other course a prime minister can adopt.

Long contact with officialdom may tend to breed a wary cynicism in the newspaperman, but it does not seem to sour him. Mr. Bilkey had too rich a zest for life to become obsessed with grievances, and like so many of his toil-worn brethren, he possessed "that sense of humour which is said to be divine".

G. C. G.

**FRENCH CANADIAN BACKGROUNDS—A Symposium:** Mgr. Olivier Maurault, Father Henri Saint Denis, Jean Bruchesi, Marius Barbeau, Léon Mercier Gouin, with a foreword by R. C. Wallace. The Ryerson Press, 1940. Pp. 101. \$1.00.

A former stocktaking of the trends discernible among the people of French Canada is to be found in Bovey's *The French*

*Canadians To-day*, published 1938. The present collection of lectures given at Queen's University early in 1940 has perhaps on its predecessor the advantage that it comes from French Canadian writers. The dignitaries of the Church, both educators, two political administrators, an ethnographer who is also an artist, form a representative and qualified gathering for what one of them calls (p. 24) "the assignment that they have been given". There is no side of French Canadian life — historical, spiritual, intellectual, artistic and economic that is not expressed with a clear and fearless pungency. National faults are not hidden (p. 6: political bias; p. 43: lack of interest in artistic activity; p. 64: scanty learning), nor the points of contention among the people (p. 19: Catholic priests and politics; pp. 27, 28, 93: programmes of education and teaching of English; p. 57: L'abbé Groulx), nor is the national pride a French Canadian takes in his nationality.

However, the common link between the five essays is the ardent desire of each and all authors for the unity which Canada needs and seeks. "National union can be obtained without complete uniformity since common ideals can be expressed in different languages" (p. 24); again "National unity has never meant for us uniformity" (p. 87); and to sum up and give the key note: "In our heart Canada comes first, always and everywhere" (p. 95).

And yet there is another side to it all. One reads, page 15: "Many French Canadians speak an excellent French, correct, elegant, literary". Even when one thinks of the French settlers "among whom the belief persisted that beauty is an ingredient of life" (p. 72), one perhaps does not wonder enough at the correctness, elegance, 'literaryness' blended with deep and convincing oratory that mark the style with which these French Canadian gentlemen and scholars handle the English language. A good Canadian little book, maybe an important little book.

*Note:* The work under review finds a useful complement in a booklet just received, embodying five radio talks on "French Canadian Achievements" given at Winnipeg in November and December, 1940, by members of the staff of the University of Manitoba, with a foreword by President Sidney Smith. Four lecturers spoke in French on: (1) the chief French Canadian Achievement, i.e. the French Canadian way of living; (2) French Canadian Literature; (3) Music; and (4) Religion. The last address is in English on "French Canada and the World of Business". Here is the conclusion of the foreword: "May the readers of this booklet realize that, as in the University of Manitoba, so in Canada, diversity in unity is possible, desirable and necessary." We shall get there yet!

M. T.

# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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## HITLER AND WAGNERISM

BY SIR ERNEST MACMILLAN

THE Führer tells us in *Mein Kampf* that at the age of twelve he saw the first opera of his life, *Lohengrin*. "I was captivated at once. My youthful enthusiasm for the master of Bayreuth knew no bounds. Again and again I was drawn to his works, and to-day I consider it particularly fortunate that the modesty of that provincial performance reserved for me the opportunity of seeing increasingly better productions."

Hitler's enthusiasm has not abated with the years. He has been a constant attendant at Bayreuth, an intimate friend of Siegfried Wagner's widow and daughter, and his mind is coloured by Wagnerian theories and concepts. Most of these theories and concepts are themselves derived from German philosophical and metaphysical writings of earlier or contemporary date. Wagner's mentality, however complex and versatile, was, in so far as it was genuinely creative, essentially the mind of a musician. Most of the philosophical ideas, arguments and obsessions that swim about in the turgid sea of his *Collected Writings*, or occasionally hold up the action and obscure the dramatic sequence in his later music-dramas (particularly the *Ring*), are anything but original in themselves.

In their first fever of hero-worship, countless followers accepted Wagner at his own valuation—that is to say, as poet,

philosopher and political reformer no less than as musician. On the other hand, many people lose much musical enjoyment because they are unable to penetrate through the encrustation of Wagner's wordy and dubious philosophy, through the thick fog of social, economic, political, ethical and æsthetic theory with which he surrounded himself, to the genuine greatness of the musician. Within the last ten years there has even arisen in many quarters an aversion to Wagner's music, often, I suspect, because antipathy to the man has unfairly prejudiced people against the musician. Those who know Wagner best, however, realize that his prose writings, his lengthy explanations of his own dramatic works, and his polemics all have their ultimate roots in, and are subconsciously subordinated to, the demands of the musician.

I do not propose to enlarge upon this thesis; it has been done frequently and ably by many writers, perhaps the best-informed being Ernest Newman. In *A Study of Wagner*, published in 1899, he argues this point lucidly and convincingly. In instance after instance we are shown how Wagner's poems, regarded by himself as on a parity with his music and to a great extent dominating it, are in reality determined in form and content by the music, and may be considered simply as admirable operatic libretti. That other composers might not have found them suitable for their own purposes does not alter the fact. They were admirable libretti for Wagner himself and for the new type of music-drama created by his highly original mind. Wagner's own objection, that in old-fashioned opera the libretto was written merely to fit the music, may in fact be turned back upon himself. Read the words of *Tristan* or the *Ring* without reference to the music, and judge whether you can accept them as "poetry developed so far that the expressive power of words could go no further".<sup>1</sup> Wagner is strongest when he frankly subordinates words and action to

<sup>1</sup> Newman, *A Study of Wagner*, p. 292.

music. The weaknesses in certain works, particularly in certain parts of the *Ring*, are found precisely where the musician temporarily loses control and the voice of the preacher or the philosopher is heard. Yet the words in such passages are by no means always inferior as poetry to other passages which, in their musical setting, give us great delight.

Wagner's self-deception in this respect is mentioned only as a particular instance of a fundamental egotism, amounting practically to self-hypnosis, which permeates his entire attitude to life. Newman writes:

From the beginning to the end of his career he laid down for universal acceptance ideas and theories that were purely personal to himself, and he was unable to conceive how the whole world, when it came to its senses, could think differently from him. . . . His faith in his own philosophical ideas, his belief in their importance for the regeneration of the universe, would surely be grotesque if it were not so pathetic. His purely musical gift, which has never been equalled among men, he seemed to lay comparatively little stress upon; while he constantly troubled himself, his correspondents, his readers, and his hearers with speculations in philosophy and other subjects for which he had only the most mediocre capacity.

When we contemplate the rise and growth of National Socialism in Germany, we ask ourselves what is the fatal quality in the German people that can permit a great nation to subscribe solemnly to such a threadbare philosophy and to deliver itself up body and soul into the hands of such a sorry mountebank crew. Can it be possible that, under pressure of similar circumstances we, too, might succumb to so hollow a system? What is the secret of the apparent devotion, not certainly of the whole German nation but at least of many millions, to the Führer? To what extent is it genuine and to what extent does it merely conceal fear? How much of it would prove sufficiently substantial to withstand an influx of

conflicting ideas were the rigid censorship removed? Can fear and ignorance of themselves hold a great and intelligent nation in thrall? Although, no doubt, fear plays a leading rôle with many, we should, I think, be grossly deceiving ourselves if we did not look deeper.

There may be more than a little truth in the remark once made by Hitler that he regarded himself first and foremost as an artist. It is very unfortunate for the world that at the outset of his career he was rejected as a bad artist, but it is his mental attitude and not his ability that concerns us. The soul of an artist, we may recollect, lived also in the Emperor Nero. One wonders whether Wagner, given less success in his musical career and more in his excursions into revolutionary politics, might not have anticipated Hitler. Much of Wagner's strength in building that career lay in his passionate conviction that he was always right and in his typically Teutonic capacity for rejecting or ignoring any inconvenient facts that might have shaken that conviction. He was completely convinced of the importance of his message to the world, and, unlike some other egotists, he proved himself right, musically if not philosophically. He was utterly unscrupulous in making use of his friends or of anyone else to further his purposes, and sublimely disdainful of the rights of others. Identifying himself completely as he did with the forces of light and his opponents with those of darkness, he accepted sacrifices from others as though in so doing he were conferring a favour. He lied without hesitation when it suited his purpose, and contradicted himself time and time again in matters of detail, yet maintained a firm consistency in pursuing his broad aims. He held views only too familiar to us on the superiority of the German race, and his anti-Semitic opinions are too strong to be accounted for exclusively by envy in his early years for the success of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. He wrote an autobiography notoriously inaccurate in matters of fact, but self-

revealing to a degree. In all this, are we not continually reminded of his admirer, Adolf Hitler?

Wagner's pamphlets, *Deutsche Kunst und deutsche Politik* and *Was ist Deutsch?* give expression to a Teutonic idealism derived mostly from Fichte. What he calls the 'German' spirit is something of a mystic nature evolving from a sort of inner folk-consciousness among the German people—not a materialistic, superficial veneer such as the French derive largely from their aristocracy. "Ever since the regeneration of European folk-blood, considered strictly", he says, "the German has been the creator and inventor, the romantic, the modeller and exploiter; the true foundation of continual renovation has remained the German nature." If one had asked Wagner what he really meant by the German spirit, I fancy his answer would have been a pretty comprehensive summary of all the finest elements of human character. As Newman points out, "On Wagner's method you could prove any proposition you set out to prove; could show, for example, the beauty of the monarchical system by selecting the best types of monarchy and quietly ignoring the rest". It is a form of argument which has become familiar in recent years. Gilbert Chesterton once remarked: "It is sad to witness a Christian nation degenerating into a chosen people." It may appeal to our sense of irony to reflect from what source comes the conception of a chosen race now prevailing in Germany.

Wagner's views on the Hebrew race are set forth in a pamphlet dating from 1850, *Das Judentum in der Musik*. He makes great play of the fact that the Jew is essentially uncreative, that he is always an alien, that he speaks the language of his abode as an alien, and that his emancipation has resulted merely in the enslavement of the true Europeans by his dealings in international finance. To be sure, there is little of that venomous hatred toward the Jew that the author of *Mein Kampf* pours out in an almost continuous stream. To Wagner

the Jewish question was probably a minor one, yet his sentiments are sufficiently strong to place him definitely among the anti-Semites, and his attitude is supported by logic as insubstantial and assumptions as entirely unproved as those of Hitler himself.

Hitler can give no cogent reasons for his intense antipathy to the Hebrew race. "It was only when I was fourteen or fifteen", he says in *Mein Kampf*, "that I came upon the word 'Jew' more frequently, partly in connection with political discussions. I felt a slight dislike and could not ward off a disagreeable sensation which seized me whenever confessional differences took place in my presence." One continues to read of the growth of his anti-Semitic feeling and can only be amazed by his lack of any genuine factual grounds for this obsession.

That this introversive type of mind is more frequently found in Germany than in any other European country may go far toward accounting for the present world disaster. Intense pride of race is found in many peoples; magniloquent orators have their followings in many lands; resurgence after defeat may be looked for in any nation of real vitality. But one doubts whether in any nation not hopelessly addicted to self-hypnosis the fictive conceptions and confused reasonings from unsupported hypotheses of an Adolf Hitler could have so taken root in the national consciousness as to have shaken the world to its foundations.

The unpreparedness of other countries for the crisis is the measure of their incredulity in the face of this astounding spectacle. Someone has said of Neville Chamberlain that, being a sound Birmingham business man, he was simply unable to conceive that anyone who was offered a really good bargain wouldn't take it. Whether this was or was not his view, we now realize that there was too great a disposition on the part of all the greater nations to discount the seriousness of the

Nazi programme as announced by Hitler in the candid pages of *Mein Kampf*.

We shall be deceiving ourselves if we underestimate the influence which the Führer exercises upon the mind of young Germany, or if we estimate that influence by any reactions that similar methods would effect in ourselves. It is because that strange faculty of self-hypnosis which we have seen illustrated in Wagner is so ingrained in masses of the German people, that they, more than any other intelligent race, are capable of falling prey to such an influence. One has only to compare Hitler the mystic with Mussolini and Stalin the realists to appreciate the nature of that appeal, or to realize how little response it would have awakened in Italy or Russia.

Students of German philosophy need no reminder that its qualities are those of introspection, of self-examination, and subjectivity generally. It includes such diverse manifestations as we find in Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. For example, the Schopenhauerian 'Will to Life' and the Nietzschean 'Will to Power' are essentially the same romantic conception seen through the minds of two introverts of differing temperament.

Wagner was impressed with Schopenhauer and injected into his prose writings much of the Schopenhauerian phraseology. Many have read Schopenhauerian philosophy into *Tristan*. More obvious is the influence of Nietzsche in the *Ring* and especially in *Siegfried*. No doubt this influence was reciprocal, for Nietzsche had a prodigious admiration for Wagner until the appearance of *Parsifal*, when his furiously anti-Christian spirit revolted to see Wagner, as he expressed it, "sink down helpless and disjointed, at the foot of the Christian cross".

Perhaps we shall yet see Wagner's implied renunciation of the Siegfried ideal reproduced in a supreme gesture of self-denial by Hitler; already we have witnessed some strange

transvaluations. It would be most unwise, however, to count on such a consummation, for Hitler loves power.

Twenty-five years ago the name of Nietzsche was upon everyone's lips: responsibility for the Great War was made to rest in no small degree on his shoulders. That outspoken apostle of extreme individualism and anarchy was identified in the minds of many with the highly regimented German nation and even with the machine-like German army. To-day we seldom hear his name. Hitler does not once mention it in *Mein Kampf*, and he obviously regards himself not as the exalted and inhuman Nietzschean Superman, but rather in a mystical sense as the embodiment, in the form of a common German soldier, of the German nation. If one may make the comparison without giving offence, he regards himself as a sort of living 'Unknown Warrior'.

Nevertheless, a Nietzschean influence is present, and I venture to guess that it exercises its effect at second-hand, so to speak, through Wagner. Can we doubt, knowing of his devotion to the Master of Bayreuth, knowing of his impressionable and highly romantic nature, that Hitler sees himself as a knight in shining armour, appearing like Lohengrin at the most critical moment of Germany's history to rescue her, as Lohengrin rescued Elsa, from slander, torture and death? Perhaps at times he even imagines himself another Hans Sachs, though there is little trace in his rapid jingoism of the noble patriotic feeling expressed by the grand old shoemaker-poet. When he departed with heroic gestures to lead his injured nation against the treacherous Poles, can we doubt that the militant sword-motif of the *Ring* sounded continuously in his ears, and that he saw himself as Siegfried setting forth to slay the dragon? Premonitions of his approaching death, said to be familiar to members of his entourage, and hinted at in his speech of September 1, 1939, lead one to suppose that he may regard the present holocaust in the light of a sort of Götter-

dämmerung with the whole of Europe afire as a funeral pyre for Adolf Hitler.

Anyone who thinks such a picture too outrageously disproportionate for even Hitler's imagination cannot have followed his career carefully. From the time that I first saw Hitler in Bayreuth in 1933 I have felt a perverted Wagnerism in almost all his actions and speeches. Like Wagner, he must be forever explaining himself, and his speeches suggest a parody of Wagnerian music, with their fluent spate of sound, their constant reiteration of the same leading motifs and their continually rising climaxes. Furthermore, his elaborate staging of those speeches is Wagnerian in its splendour, and in the monumental party rallies and similar national occasions the artist in him is seen in its most impressive and most dangerous aspects.

The Wagnerian elements in Hitler's mentality are real and concern us very deeply. An understanding of Wagnerism is, to my mind, essential to a complete picture of National Socialism. The personal resemblances between Wagner and Hitler, while less important, are by no means without significance. But Wagner presents us with the picture of the artist who found in his art a fulfilment that makes his personal failings and confused thinking unimportant; whereas Hitler appears as the supreme perversion of the romantic imagination, the frustrated artist, not lacking in elements of greatness, but pursuing his aims regardless of any considerations save those dictated by his own dangerously vivid imagination.

When we admire and enjoy the great music-dramas of Richard Wagner, as I hope we shall long continue to do, let us keep them in their rightful place on the stage, and oppose any further attempt to drag their philosophy into the uncongenial atmosphere of national and international politics.

## THE AMERICAN MIDDLE WEST AND THE LEASE-LEND BILL

BY A. E. R. BOAK

FOR most people, perhaps, the United States National Defence Act No. 1776, better known as the lease-lend bill or the bill to aid Britain, is a closed issue, but those who have any feeling for the historical significance of its approval by Congress cannot fail to be interested in the rival forces which supported and opposed it. An attempt to analyse these, furthermore, may have some practical value, for if the question of active American participation in the war should arise, as may well be the case, it is not at all unlikely that the same elements which opposed this bill will voice strong disapproval of any such action. For these reasons, and because I believe that many Canadians do not appreciate the motives that induced so many senators to criticize the act, I am venturing a diagnosis of the various attitudes displayed toward the lease-lend bill by the people of the Middle West, with particular reference to the state of which I am a resident. In making any such evaluation, one must first emphasize that the Middle West is that part of the United States which from its geographical position is the least sensitive to the import of foreign events, and that on few, if any, previous occasions have different groups and individuals endeavoured to bring such pressure upon their congressional representatives to vote in accordance with their particular views. Personal letters, telegrams and petitions poured into Washington in a steady stream and were often backed up by visits of individuals and delegations of various sizes. To all these, congressmen and senators paid careful attention, and took great pains to make their own attitudes clear to their constituents. A considerable number of these statements are at my disposal.

It is easier to deal first with those who threw their influence behind the administration in support of the bill, for al-

though they constituted a strong majority in this area their motives were simpler and there was greater unanimity of opinion among them than on the other side. Most of them belonged to what their critics called the 'pro-ally' group. This included both those who felt a spontaneous sympathy for Great Britain and those who had equally strong convictions that the British Empire was fighting the battle of democracy and that Americans could not let it fail. There were others among them who, although they lacked any bias towards Britain and did not think of the British Empire as a moral force or a bulwark of civilization, nevertheless realized that the safety of the United States depended upon a British victory in the present conflict and that only if Britain should remain undefeated would the United States have the opportunity to prepare herself adequately for her own defence. This point of view was widespread among persons connected in some way with the armed forces of the country and whose experience with military matters made them acutely aware of its unpreparedness to engage in any single-handed struggle with the powers of the Axis group. In fact, there were some who openly argued that to build a two-ocean navy sufficient to protect American interests would impose an intolerably heavy financial burden upon the nation, and that the only way to avoid this would be to see to it that the British navy remained undefeated and in control of the Atlantic Ocean at the very least. This whole group of advocates of the passage of the bill came from all classes of society. Naturally its leaders were furnished by the more vocal groups, such as journalists, university professors, professional and business men—in general, the sort of people who belonged to or supported the local committees of the organization called *The Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies*, organized by William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, in the heart of the Middle West, and until recently known by the name of its founder. Back of these

were a solid mass of people, partly influenced by the aforesaid leaders, but even more largely by their own reading and thinking. Most of this element took very little active part in the battle of propaganda, although they gave evidence of their sympathies by their support of the numerous agencies for collecting funds and supplies of various kinds for the victims of Nazi aggression. In this category we must include large numbers of industrial employees, both union and non-union. Throughout the Middle West in general labour leaders did not attempt to take a decided stand on the issue or openly to influence their following. This does not seem to have been due to any hostility to the measure, nor to indifference, but rather to the feeling that organized labour was already obviously in opposition to any form of Fascism.

Nor do we find that the advocacy of the lease-lend bill followed party lines, for the plan had many fervent advocates among the Republicans and sharp critics among the Democrats. Of the former many anticipated the action of their leader, Mr. Wendell Willkie, and supported the President in spite of a profound distrust of the efficiency of the administration. Others of both parties felt that the bill did not go far enough, and openly urged various degrees of armed support for Britain, a course which furnished the critics of the bill with a convenient point of attack.

As might have been expected, many groups of citizens of foreign birth or descent were strong protagonists of the government plan. Those whose ancestral homelands had been overrun or were in danger of being overrun by the forces of Nazism saw in a British victory the only hope of the restoration of freedom. However much some of them may have mistrusted Britain in the former World War, there was now no question of where they stood. Czechs, Poles, Norwegians, Danes, Hollanders, Hungarians, Greeks and Belgians were practically unanimous in their outspoken endorsement of the

act. They were also joined by large numbers of those having French, Belgian, Austrian, and even German affiliations.

We now come to the opposition, which, as we shall see, comprised many elements that normally would have had but little in common. On this occasion, however, not a few of them did share common points of view. For this reason, the several categories of the bill's critics were not always mutually exclusive. Probably the most influential, and at the same time most vociferous group were those who were convinced isolationists and saw in the act the seeds of an entangling alliance of the sort against which the first President had warned his countrymen. The outstanding exponent of this point of view was Senator Wheeler of Montana, whose provincial outlook may be blamed in part upon the geographical position of his constituency, but whose sincerity and patriotism cannot be called into question. Senator Vandenberg of Michigan was another representative of isolationism who believed that he had more backing in his home state than was actually the case.

Closely allied with the foregoing was a very large number of educated people who, although not isolationists in principle, felt that the United States had made a great mistake in entering the former World War, since the sacrifice of men and money on behalf of her former allies had led to no good results. The Allies, they felt, had not only missed their chance to lay a permanent foundation for peace in Europe, but had treated the United States very shabbily with regard to reparations and in other respects. They had no confidence in the ability or intentions of Great Britain or her allies to do a better job in case of another victory. They would regret exceedingly to see democracy perish abroad, but could not feel justified in spilling American blood and treasure to prevent that catastrophe. And they looked upon the lease-lend bill as the inevitable prelude to active participation in the war. It was really surprising to note how many men who had fought overseas in

the late war were determined that, if they could possibly prevent it, their sons should not undergo a similar experience. The best expression of this attitude that has come to my attention occurs in a letter written by a former officer, now a Congressman from Michigan, to one of his correspondents who had urged him to explain why he opposed a policy of 'all-out' aid to Britain. I quote from his letter:

So far as my views on our foreign affairs are concerned, I will say that I am not unmindful of our previous experience in attempting to make the world safe for democracy. That I was completely deluded by the propaganda of those days is indicated by my subsequent enlistment and service in the World War for more than two years. The American people have been and still are paying through the nose for that attempt to settle the quarrels between foreign nations. They will continue to pay for the folly of those days for generations to come.

My sympathies naturally are with the British. I have not raised my voice against extending aid to them. I have, however, raised my voice against our again attempting, through aggressive war, to direct the destiny of all nations of the earth.

Linked in the minds of many with this aversion to engaging in another foreign war was the fear that the declaration of war would lead to the assumption of dictatorial powers on the part of the President and to a further encroachment upon the liberties of the individual which would produce over here the very conditions which we should be combating abroad. This fear was widespread and even many of those who favoured the act admitted that it had some justification in the past tendencies of the administration, but they contended that a totalitarian victory would much more certainly bring about the dreaded result. Such opinions found wide expression in the press. One of the most widely-read national weeklies, although not lacking in sympathy with the victims of aggression abroad, shared

this view. Two of the three leading newspapers in Detroit opposed any course which might lead to American participation in the war, and that was also the stand of a prominent Chicago daily which, in addition, displayed more than a tinge of anti-British bias.

On the fringe of the isolationists were the several organizations which took as their slogan 'America First', although there was only one of them which officially adopted this name. Among many there was a shrewd suspicion that some of these were not exactly what they claimed to be but represented interests that were, to say the least, undemocratic and possibly not wholly patriotic.

Quite different from the isolationists were the pacifists, who also regarded the act as a prelude to war but were opposed to war as such whether abroad or at home and irrespective of cause. Among them were to be found some clergymen and the members of such religious organizations as believe that it is unchristian to take up arms, even in self-defence. But more in the public eye than these were the women's anti-war groups, who now as in the previous war cried out against the view that their sons owed any obligation to aid the state at the risk of their lives. Opposed on principle, as they were, to any sort of military training, it was only to be expected that at every crisis in this country's foreign relations they would adopt a policy of peace at any price. The conduct of their delegations to Washington amply confirmed this judgement. But the pacifist element, taken as a whole, exercised relatively little influence upon public opinion in the Middle West.

More significant from that point of view were those whose opposition to the act was due to concealed or openly expressed sympathy with Nazism or Fascism. Most of the prominent subscribers to these doctrines came from well-to-do business classes of the larger cities. They considered that some sort of Fascistic régime offered the only hope of safety from Com-

munism, and they fell easy victims to the same type of propaganda as the pro-Nazi groups which were such useful tools of the Germans in the conquest of Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. Moreover, they had developed a great respect for what they considered Nazi efficiency and were quite willing to believe that democracy must necessarily prove weak and inefficient. Why, then, they argued, should we struggle to save it abroad or at home? A much better course would be to coöperate with the Axis powers and devote our energies to the suppression of Communistic tendencies in America. The spread of the C.I.O. movement and the support which it seemed to receive from the Roosevelt administration must be regarded as largely responsible for the development of this decline of confidence in democratic institutions. There was also a small group of business men who had made profitable affiliations with German industries—for example, in the matter of patent rights—or who had conceived a tremendous respect for German technology, and as a result had developed a 'blind spot' for the moral issues of the current struggle. A few university professors also, remembering the Germany of their student days or finding some philosophic justification of Nazi doctrines, opposed any American interference with the course of events in Europe. There was also a very considerable body of Americans of German stock who vigorously attacked the bill. No one, however, should entertain the idea that such an attitude was characteristic of anything like a majority of the large German-American population in this section of the country. By far the greater number of them, irrespective of social distinctions or occupations, took the same stand as Wendell Willkie. There were many, however, who had been won over by the very skilful Nazi propaganda which found expression in a majority of the papers published in the German language. Particularly susceptible to this influence were the recent immigrants, especially those from the rural dis-

tricts of Germany, which have suffered less than other sections under Hitler's régime. Others, even persons of prominence in their communities, seem to have been moved by a long-standing animosity towards Great Britain, and these expressed the view that it was time for the British Empire to make way for one under German rule.

It is doubtful whether we should regard that much publicized son of the Middle West, Charles E. Lindbergh, as consciously pro-Nazi, in spite of the fact that his critics have dubbed him a 'Fifth Columnist' and worse. We may admit, however, that his utterances in opposition to the lease-lend bill have given aid and comfort to many of that persuasion, some of whom even look upon him as their spokesman. At heart he seems to be a sincere pacifist and isolationist, which can well be explained by his early environmental influences. Newspaper correspondents will tell you that, however retiring he may seem to be, he courts recognition and resents neglect, and this may well explain his reaction to the flattering reception which he received in Germany and his apparent resentment of the British reaction to his criticism of the R.A.F. Lacking any rigorous training in history or political science, he has apparently, to judge from his wife's latest book, evolved a superficial political philosophy which enables him to see in Nazism a social force operating for the ultimate benefit of humanity.

Finally, we come to a vociferous youthful group which voiced disapproval of the bill for a variety of reasons. However regrettable it may be, we all know of the existence of so-called liberal but really Communistic organizations among young people of college age throughout the country. Their immediate aim is simply to create disturbances and promote disorganization wherever possible. For them, opposition to the bill, as earlier to the draft law, was just another means of fomenting confusion and breaking down public morale.

Their influence was not great, but their attitude has some significance. In addition, there was also a large group of young intellectuals who had developed an attitude of political disillusionment as a result of the ideas which they had imbibed from the teachings and writings of a considerable school of American historians who have devoted much energy to a criticism of the motives and propaganda which led the American people to participate in the World War. This school of writers, among whom one must recognize Professor Charles A. Beard, had succeeded only too well in inculcating the belief that American and foreign financial interests were the determining factor in America's policy, and that ideals and moral factors counted for nothing. It was almost inevitable that the students of the past twenty years who had been imbued with this type of destructive criticism should feel that once again the forces of business and banking were precipitating the country into a war which was no concern of theirs. In fact, they could not see why they personally should be called upon to defend democracy at home, let alone abroad, and they resented the passing of the selective service act just as much as that of the lease-lend bill.

It might have been more interesting to have discussed in detail some one of these opposition groups and its propaganda, but the foregoing general survey is, I hope, better adapted to bring to the attention of Canadians the fact that the opposition to the lease-lend bill on the part of congressmen and senators was representative of the attitude of considerable sections of the electorate, and that it must not be expected that these will easily be reconciled to further steps in aid of Britain or others who are resisting aggression by the Axis powers.

## THE MYSTERY OF HENRY HUDSON

BY GEORGE DUNCAN

THE sailors of King James had not only to navigate hazardous seas in their cranky and often half-rotten vessels, but they had to face a world which had recently grown full of mystery. While the earth was still small and flat the farthest voyages took merchantmen to the Baltic or the well-known Mediterranean; but since the Portuguese had opened up the water road to India, and Columbus had scattered the dense mist that cloaked the Atlantic, distances had lengthened immeasurably, where most of the shores were only uncertain tracings on the map, pointed everywhere with doubts and dangers.

A map of 1603 surrounded the elder world of Rome or imperial Bagdad with a gigantic encirclement of new-found lands and oceans; and where knowledge failed in map-making, imagination amused the eye with pictured trophies dear to boyhood—elephants and unicorns, hydras and negroes, peacocks and flying fishes. Although science had proved that the world was round, it was still supposed that somewhere there might be men who wore their heads in the middle of their breasts, or had ears so long and wide that they could use them at bedtime as mattresses to sleep on.

There were, of course, witches. These weird creatures had in late years made a dead set against King James, and probably the belief that he was escaping from their influence gave him much satisfaction when he mounted his horse at Holyrood and rode south, south, on roads the broomsticks of North Berwick had never flown over. There were mermaids, too, as everyone was aware, although these were not often seen in English waters. But on Irish shores or the west coast of Scotland they were common enough, and when a gale had been blowing for some days you might look out for them near the land.

I had not heard of mermaids, or mermen, travelling so far from what may be called their native shores as the Arctic Ocean until I came across the record of this occurrence in the log which Henry Hudson kept of his voyage in 1607. He did not see the adventurous mermaid himself; but he enters the episode on accepted evidence, as if it were no more questionable than an iceberg or an island which his ship, the *Hopewell*, had sighted. Only one man happened to be on deck when the unusual visitant appeared, but he at once shouted to the rest of the crew to tumble up. Just one other man, however, heeded his cry, and saw the mermaid. Why the others did not rush up the companion-way, we are not told. It could not be that they were too well used to mermaids to be interested, for very few Londoners had seen mermaids. Perhaps they did not realize what the wonder was. The local dialects in England varied so widely that there was difficulty in neighbouring counties communicating intelligently with each other, and in the common sea lingo there may have been no word for mermaid.

At all events Henry Hudson took down all the particulars. The two witnesses were Robert Raynar and Thomas Hilles. "She came close to the ship, looking earnestly on the men"; but the sea was still rough after the storm which had raged, and as the sailors gazed wonderingly at the mermaid a wave turned her over, and she disappeared. They did not see her again. Mermaids are like ghosts; appointments cannot be made for meeting them; you must take them as they come, or not at all.

Henry Hudson himself is a mysterious figure in sea history. We see him for so short a time, and in such dimness that some Americans, exercising their national humour of exaggeration, would like to turn him into a Dutchman. For that, however, there is no evidence at all, and the Dutch contracts with him particularize him as an Englishman. All his attachments that we know are to the City of London. He has

a wife and three children when he comes into our vision in 1607, and he lived in a house close by the Tower of London.

How old he was must be guessed from the fact that the daughter of his son, Oliver Hudson, was christened in a London church on the 18th day of September, 1608. It was a period of early marriages, and we may reasonably assume Henry Hudson's age at that time to have been forty years or thereabouts. Another ten years in those days would almost certainly put him out of the running for adventures in the Arctic.

No one refers to him earlier than 1607, when that land lover of sea tales, the Reverend Samuel Purchas, lights the candles for us at St. Ethelburga's Church, London, and shows us Captain Henry Hudson and his crew taking holy communion one Sunday forenoon before they set out in the good ship *Hopewell* on their voyage to the northern ocean. It was a dark little church even at noontide on an April day, and in the light of the flickering candles we do not see the figures too clearly. Some of them, no doubt, were solemn and earnest in their devotions, and the master of the ship was among these; but most sailors were rough and more superstitious than religious. Probably the Muscovy Company, which owned the ship, had appointed a day for the service, since Puritanism was strong in the City. A fortunate result could not be expected for the voyage unless the observances of the church were enforced. It did not always mean, therefore, when a ship's company went to church, that all of them took part in the service in a devotional spirit.

Certainly it was an impossible task that the Muscovy Company had set their captain and his crew of eleven in their eighty-ton vessel. Their orders were to discover a route by the northern seas to the empire and islands of far Cathay, where there were stores of pearls and gold and spices of all kinds to be had almost for the asking. The plan based on

scientific but unsound information was to take the most direct route, sail right across the North Pole, where it was hoped the seas were open, and come down at once to warm oriental shores.

Wise people now say that the Muscovy Company and their sailors were very foolish to think that in the far north the seas would grow warmer; but there were plausible reasons advanced for entertaining such an idea. It is always much safer to ascertain the facts first, and frame the theories afterwards to account for these. If, however, the old geographers had been content to wait on facts, their maps would have been largely deserts of blank paper, and the wonder is that their one-quarter knowledge, three-quarters guessing hit so often near the truth.

That summer it chanced that the ice came far south, and the *Hopewell* got no farther north than Spitzbergen. It is true that there is no open water at the Pole; but it is also true that it is warmer there than in some places in the Arctic hundreds of miles to the south. The coldest spot in the Northern Hemisphere is said to be—I shall never test it personally—deep in the heart of Siberia, where the Fahrenheit thermometer dips fearfully down to 92 degrees below zero.

Next year Hudson made another voyage for the Muscovy Company in the far north, but achieved no new discoveries. Although it may be said that his first two known voyages were unsuccessful, because they brought no financial return to the shipowners, they did make his name well known beyond his own country, for in 1609 the East India Company of Amsterdam invited him to Holland, and there entered into a contract with him for another voyage to seek out a seaway to the Orient by what passage he could find round Nova Zembla.

There are indications that Hudson had been faced with threats of mutiny during his second voyage to the Arctic, but on the third voyage, which started from the Zuider Zee with a mixed English and Dutch crew, mutiny was patent before

the *Half Moon* had reached the real commencement of her task. There were constant quarrels between the Dutch and English members of the crew; and before long there was a flat refusal to proceed farther according to the owners' instructions and seek for a north-east passage.

Rather than return at once to Holland with another failure to confess, Hudson consented to sail south-westward to the American coast, and seek on that side a passage, if such there might be, to Zipangu and the dreamful Orient. On this voyage the river in New England called later after his own name was first explored; and, although it and its harbour are now of immense importance, Hudson's Dutch employers, whom he never saw again, must have thought its beaver-skins a contemptible exchange for the silks and cinnamons they had gambled for. Still, after all his seafaring, the adventurous mariner has now something to bring back with him; but it can have been no hard blow—and there was even an implied compliment in it—when the English government forbade him to leave the country, and the *Half Moon* had to return to Holland without her captain.

In 1610, only three years after we first hear his name, Henry Hudson set sail on his last and fatal voyage. To understand in any degree the strange story that reaches us in disingenuous and garbled fragments, we must first seek to learn the character of the hero and the victim. Have we enough material on which to form an estimate? It is scanty enough, and much of it comes through a poisoned and untruthful medium, but let us see what truth we can extract from it.

Although Henry Hudson has no known past, we may assume that he had had long experience of navigation in home waters, and beyond that at least to the Baltic. Had he commanded a ship voyaging to the Indies, some hint of it would surely have reached us. Whether he had passed the Gates of

Hercules must remain in doubt, but his reputation almost requires such experience. That he was a skilful seaman may be assumed as certain. The Muscovy Company had no need to choose shipmasters who had not proved themselves. The Dutch East India Company could not have sent to London for a captain whose reputation had not passed the narrow seas, and would not stand against a natural home jealousy.

Courage all must allow him, for he was a sailor, and chose none but the most perilous voyages. Intelligence and quick wit in matters relating to his work were certainly his—witness his observations in his log-book. Just and humane he must usually have been, for his men returned to him for new voyages. That was not all good luck for him, since the traitor Juet came back only to betray him. In the observances of religion he was punctilious, and in his new landfalls he had always some thought of Divine Providence. In Greenland he had looked upon the “Mount of God’s Mercies”; a further cape seemed to him “Cape Hold with Hope”; this island was “Desire Provoketh”, and close by again were the “Isles of God’s Mercies”. It is as if Bunyan had sent his Pilgrim by sea on his journey to the divine city.

There was a thick glamour of adventure about sea travel in the days of Elizabeth and James. Money was not sordid then to the daring merchant. It was glittering with romance, and the tales that returned natives brought home made the alehouse the centre of life for those who had to be stay-at-homes. Silks and spices, and pearls and gold mohurs were prizes that would make one rich until they melted away; but to see the Grand Mogul on his triumphal processions; or the galleys of the Dey of Algiers with their banks of half-naked rowers; or the great River of China, crowded with junks, each with its eye bent in menace on the intruding stranger, there were stories that would not grow stale as long as there was a yokel’s mouth to gape with wonder.

For all that, money was not to be despised; and often it was enriched with blood, and so made the worthier. If there were death in the losing, there was high courage in the winning. But Hudson does not seem to have cared much for money. The trading captain to inhabited shores did usually his best for his employers, but he had by sea law his right to a private stake in the game. In the Arctic seas which it was Hudson's passion to explore there was neither gold nor merchandise; but there was a dream which his employers shared with him.

Now, what of the crews with whom captains had to lay their account? We may idealize the Elizabethan age as we please, but it was a time of contrasts, in which the brute had still a large place. The sea was a rough school, and even fifty years ago much of the roughness remained active. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was hard to distinguish between the honest sailor and the pirate. The land law spoke faintly upon the high seas; and the trader whose ship had been looted by a stronger foe easily persuaded himself that he was an avenger and not a criminal, when occasion for retaliation offered.

Two centuries later sailors in their home ports were treated like wild beasts by the press-gang, and on board ship the marlinspike was a favourite instrument of discipline with brutal ship officers. Among savages only a savage can rule, and Henry Hudson shows signs of being too gentle for his time. Mutiny and near-mutiny he had had to suffer without inflicting punishment on the offenders, and on his last voyage his crew were well aware of that. If he had put trouble-makers in irons, or hanged a mutineer at the yard arm like other sea captains, he might have survived all his dangers and died in his bed at last.

Bent on his absorbing quest, Hudson entered with his ship into the little sea now called Hudson's Bay in the month of August; and with the highest hopes set about finding the

farther outlet which would lead him to Zipangu and Xanadu. In that great loneliness, however, time passed wearily, and the worst elements in the crew began to feel discontented and distrustful of what might befall them in this lifeless backwater of the world. All might have been well but for the mate Juet; he may have come on board with evil intentions; at all events, soon after the voyage began he had been talking wildly to some of the sailors. Now when they were in James Bay, the southernmost part of Hudson's Bay, he showed his disloyalty plainly to the captain, who took him to task for it.

The mate, instead of seeking peace with his chief, demanded an open trial, trusting apparently that the crew would stand with him. The trial, however, resulted in Juet being found guilty of mutinous conduct on the clearest evidence. He was dismissed from his position as mate, which was given to another; and so Hudson made himself a bitter enemy, who would stick at nothing to obtain revenge.

In the meantime Juet lay low, and waited for an opportunity, which was sure to occur when he had laid his plot more effectually and poisoned the minds of his fellows. His captain had done too much, or too little, for safety. Soon the *Hopewell* was frozen in somewhere in James Bay, and food was running short. They had little luck all that winter; they saw only one Indian, and he did not return with his tribe, as they had hoped. When the sea began to thaw they had one good day, when they caught five hundred fish as big as herring; and that was strange, because we are now told that there are no fish in Hudson's Bay, and that there can be no fishings there. Even for the *Hopewell* sailors there was never any catch again like that, and food once more became a problem.

There are signs that his repeated failures to attain his object now began to affect the equanimity of Hudson's mind, and he seems—but it is the evidence of a false friend—to have been capricious and ill-judged in his management of the crew.

He displaced Bylot, whom he had appointed mate in place of Juet, and substituted in his room John King, who was an ignorant man, though stout-hearted. Once he quarrelled with Philip Staffe the carpenter, and used threatening words to him; but Staffe was an honest man, stood his ground fairly, and bore no malice. Scurvy had ravaged the crew, and perhaps the captain had suffered with them. Sickness and a long Arctic winter, solitude, short rations, and sense of failure and contrary fates, are apt to warp the strongest natures. There is no lonelier man than the captain of a ship, and when an active disposition is confined in an icy prison, it must beat itself against the bars.

Summer had come, although ice was still about the ship, before the arch-conspirators, Juet, Wilson and Greene, who had long been meditating mutiny, decided that the hour had come to strike. The record of the black story comes from Abacuick Prickett, and his story is tainted, for it is the defence of one twisting the facts to save his neck. By his own account he is a very religious man; his mouth is full of phrases taken from the Bible, which he kept always by his bedside. He explains how the mutineers surprised him sick in bed. They tell him what they propose doing, and he argues with them against their criminal purpose; but he makes no move to warn the victims. He is no more really disturbed than if the mutiny and murder intended were only an academic question, which could be turned over with quiet breath, meaning perhaps at the worst breaking the buttery hatch for a crust to stay their hunger.

The villainy was done on a Sunday morning—the 24th of June, 1611. The captain rose with the dawn, and the moment he came on deck three of the plotters leaped upon him without a word said, and bound him with cords. They lowered him thus defenceless into the ship's boat, which had already been brought alongside, and then filled it up with those of

their comrades whom they had marked for death, men whose consciences might trouble them thereafter, and bring the necks of the conspirators into jeopardy. With them they placed two sailors who were sick, and not worthy of their share of the scanty victuals on board. When hunger was the enemy, the fewer men on the ship the better.

There were eight men now in the shallop. One hero was to be added to the number, Philip Staffe, the carpenter. I do not know whether there is a memorial at Ipswich to one who casts so much honour on that city; but, if a dark cloud should ever seem to rest on Hudson's Bay, for the honour of humanity let us remember Philip Staffe, and see the sun breaking through the storm. Abacuick Prickett was put to the touch-stone, and he chose to save his body alive, and thought to brave it out to his fellow-men with glozings of religious phrases; but Philip Staffe had not been on the death list. The conspirators needed him on the ship.

They offered him life; he had quarrelled with the captain and Hudson had spoken harshly to him in his anger; why should he die for Hudson's sake, whom he could not save in any event? That was not how Philip Staffe looked upon the issue. He was not a man who kept anger in his heart; he had his loyalties by which he lived, and he "would not stay in the ship unless they would force him". They offered him life, and he chose death, and told them plainly that he would "for the love of the Master go down into the shallop, [rather] than with such villains to accept of livelier hopes".

So there were nine men in the final count, "without food, drink, fire, clothing, or other necessaries", delivered up to as strange and wild a death as ever befell shipwrecked sailors. The *Hopewell* set her sails, and stood out into the bay with her crew of murderers on board. Once they thought they saw the captain's boat drifting towards them on the current, and,

panic-stricken but unrepentant, they fled the faster from the scene of their crime.

Nemesis followed hotfoot on the heels of the mutineers. The best of them knew little of navigation. They quarrelled with the peaceful Esquimaux, and had no amicable captain to restrain their savagery. In a fight with these the ungrateful traitor Greene was slain by an arrow. Wilson, another of the chief conspirators, was stabbed in the belly, and died next day with horrible oaths and blasphemies upon his lips. John Thomas, who had been one of the first to attack Hudson, died of dagger wounds sustained in the same fight. But by rule of thumb and undeserved luck the mutineers threaded the dangerous passage into Hudson Strait, and were on their way home.

Great hunger they had to endure, eating sea-weed and any rotten substance they could discover, finding a feast in a tallow candle, and cooking the sea-birds' bones till they fell to dust and were made savoury with tallow. Almost at random they steered out into the friendless Atlantic, seeking any land which might fill their empty maws. Some of them had thought of becoming pirates, but they had not the strength even to think of that now. In mid-ocean Juet reached the limit of his endurance, and died of "mere want". Who can doubt that he had passed through the pains of hell? But Abacuick Prickett, with those who were left, came back like obscene ghosts, and doubtless Prickett stuck fast by his Bible, which perhaps helped him with the jury that sat upon his case seven years later and found him innocent of Henry Hudson's murder.

## AN EXPERIMENT IN LIBERAL EDUCATION

BY EDMUND G. BERRY

THE universities of the North American continent were founded when the tradition of a 'liberal education' was firmly implanted in the old world and was ready to be transmitted to the new. It was recognized that every university-trained man should be able to read, write and reckon and that every man in a profession should have a mind free enough yet disciplined enough to recognize the professional ends and the means which must be used to attain them. One of the earliest American college presidents described the liberal education thus:

The two great points to be gained in intellectual culture are the discipline and the furniture of the mind; expanding its power and storing it with knowledge. The foremost of these is perhaps the more important of the two. A commanding object, therefore, in a collegiate course, should be to call into daily and vigorous exercise the faculties of the student. Those branches of study should be prescribed and those modes of instruction adopted which are best calculated to teach the art of fixing the attention, directing the train of thought, analyzing a subject proposed for examination. . . . No one feature in a system of intellectual education is of greater moment than such an arrangement of duties and motives as will most effectually throw the student upon the resources of his own mind.

That, roughly, was the object of the liberal education as it came to America from England and Scotland, and it was seen that this end was best attained by the study of the seven liberal arts as they had been traditionally conceived since early mediæval times — grammar, rhetoric, dialectic (the trivium), and arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy (the quadrivium). On this was based, for instance, Scottish education of the nineteenth century—on classics and philosophy (the humanities), with some science.

It has long been evident that education in America has got far away from the liberal tradition as characterized above. It was soon forgotten that all that could and should be learned in the university are the general principles, the fundamental propositions, the theory of any 'discipline'; then arose what President Hutchins of Chicago calls the three 'dilemmas' of education. The first is that of professionalism—the aim of the university has had to become the training of men and women for specific occupations; new subjects have appeared in college courses and have become respectable—schools of journalism, business, librarianship, social service, education, dentistry, nursing, forestry, diplomacy, pharmacy, veterinary surgery, and public administration. The second dilemma springs from the first; it is that of over-specialization and research and the resultant isolation of one field of study from another. All that is certain is that in a welter of professionalism and specialization the old liberal education was lost. Almost a century ago Cardinal Newman, in *The Idea of a University*, excluded research from the universities and assigned it to academies on the untenable ground that a university is primarily a teaching institution and that research has nothing to do with teaching. At any rate, for the last century the conflict has been recurring and with increasing urgency.

What exactly has happened? For it is evident that something is wrong. In the first place the elective system of studies came into American and Canadian universities. The praise or blame for this is generally given to President Eliot of Harvard. The principle of free election of studies was introduced in order to assimilate the natural sciences to the liberal arts tradition. The change missed its real end; to many it amounted to a denial that there was a content to education—since there was no content, students might as well be permitted to follow their own bent. It brought the free and irresponsible invasion by the research specialist of all branches of the liberal arts. An elaborate system of majors, minors and prerequisites came in; the result was an array of special required courses.

The electing student has found his decisions only in terms of personalities of teachers or in hour-schedules; each course is sanctioned because of its connection with vocational or professional courses—pre-medical, pre-legal, pre-commercial, or pre-earning-a-living. In this process, first of all the ancient languages, then mathematics, then modern languages and letters are successively being swept aside. The student must now make a vocational choice at some point in his secondary education and changes it later only at great educational risk. The finished product of this system, the graduate, possesses small chunks of often unpalatable and indigestible material from a course which puts a premium on passive assimilation and has little or no appeal to initiative. The result is what President Angell of Yale calls “the terrible blight which comes over all intellectual growth in the case of many a college student immediately after graduation”.

Is it advisable that the old liberal education should be restored? If so, can it be done? President Hutchins of Chicago thinks so. He insists that liberal education is education for everybody, whether he goes on to higher study or not. “It will be useful to him in the university; it will be equally useful if he never goes there. I will admit that it will not be useful to him outside the university in the popular sense of utility. It may not assist him to make money or to get ahead. It may not, in any obvious fashion adjust him to his environment or fit him for the contemporary scene. It will, however, have a deeper, wider utility; it will cultivate the intellectual virtues.” (The last phrase is Aristotle, for Hutchins is an Aristotelian; too much so, say his opponents.) And the intellectual virtues are habits resulting from the training of the intellectual powers—that training which only the true liberal education can give. Practical wisdom will readily be acquired as the result of acquired correctness in thinking. Liberal education, therefore, emphasizes method in thinking as much as matter—it trains the student *how* to think rather than *what* to think. It will generally be agreed that four or five years at the age

of the average university student will not serve to give him a great amount of knowledge; rather he must be taught to acquire the habit of using his brain, of correct thinking methods; the professional techniques can, most of them, be acquired afterwards.

To provide this general, liberal education many changes are necessary in the structure of the college and university; the high walls between departments must be broken down somehow and specialization must be avoided at the age of the student for whom we are preparing this liberal education. In an endeavour to break down these interdepartmental boundaries many colleges and universities have instituted general or survey courses, cutting across the boundaries between departments—courses in the history of civilization, general science, or the biological sciences or the humanities. At the University of Chicago the first two years of the college course are organized on these lines. In order to combat excessive specialization the proponents of the plan for generalization also contemplate its extension to more advanced courses. To quote President Angell once more: "It is obvious that many of our most pressing contemporary human problems, such as disease, poverty, crime, unemployment, business failure, child welfare, are too complex to be solved completely by the technical resources of any one science, and that they must, for satisfactory solution, be approached co-operatively by specialists in several related fields." There must be a coordination of specialists and a synthesis of pertinent knowledge, a task which universities alone can attempt and one which they certainly ought to undertake.

In this way the principles of a liberal education may perhaps be restored. On the undergraduate level many people interested in education have been watching a practical experiment in the method advocated by President Hutchins. The new plan in force at St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, has received much attention in the press, and recently it has been further described and its aims elucidated in Professor

Mortimer Adler's *How to Read a Book* (much read and in some circles much ridiculed in the United States—it is said that the next volume will be entitled *How to Read Another Book*). Professor Adler is closely associated with Hutchins at Chicago and both are members of the governing board of St. John's. To describe the St. John's system briefly, it is the Hutchins-Adler idea carried *ad extremum* or, as its critics say, *ad absurdum*. The aim of the college course is to make liberal education a discipline as it was in mediæval times; it is to teach the unity and organization of methods in the habits of a man and his intellectual and practical relations. Considerations, the college calendar informs us, of various kinds of falsity and truth are to be introduced, and the use of symbols in imagination and reasoning. Memory, manual dexterity, calculation and measurement must be cultivated as arts if minds are to be free, and free to choose.

The men behind the St. John's plan believe that the real and ultimate teachers are the authors of some hundred of the greatest books of European and American thought, and hence the backbone of the course is the reading of these books, or selections from them. The idea is, we are told, a development of a survey course in world literature given experimentally by John Erskine at Columbia University some years ago; a course evidently attended by Adler and others who were much impressed by it. The classics are being read in English, but a student will each year study one language; at the end of his four years he will have a reading knowledge of Latin, Greek, French and German as an aid to the interpretation of the classics. The college calendar describes the criteria of a classic which put it into the list for study: first, it must be a masterpiece in the liberal arts—"the author must exemplify the direction of the arts of thought and imagination to their proper ends"; secondly, the book must be a work of fine art; thirdly, as to structure, a great book has many possible interpretations—such works must be analysed and understood; and fourthly,

a great book must "raise the persistent and humanly unanswerable questions about the great themes in human experience". It is further believed that these criteria can be applied as readily and as effectively to books on mathematics as to books of poetry, to books on practical and social problems as much as to books on metaphysics and theology. This plan of study then "picks up the golden thread of the true liberal arts education which the college elective system has lost".

The St. John's list of books is a wide one, touching many fields. It includes the best-known Latin and Greek classics, including Aristotle's *Organon*, Archimedes and Euclid, Ptolemy and Galen, Plotinus, Justinian and Augustine. In mediæval and Renaissance letters there are Dante, Thomas Aquinas, *The Song of Roland*, Chaucer, Villon, Leonardo's *Notebooks* and Erasmus; in science, Copernicus, Gilbert, Harvey, Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Boyle, Bacon, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Newton; in economics and political science, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Adam Smith, Bentham, Malthus, Mill and Marx. There are also various modern scientific works by such writers as Russell, Freud and James. The most modern works are Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment*.

The list is by no means definitive, and changes and additions are to be made from time to time as experience in teaching and discussing the works show new ideas and advisable modifications. The list of books is valuable; at best the student will have read something during his college course and will have been exposed to a wider education; he will be taught to think for himself and he will be enabled to see the methods by which human thought has developed and the way which must be followed by anyone who will develop it still further; he will also have had some reading in pure literature, perhaps more than he would have had under the elective system. But there are many criticisms, both of the book-list and of the whole St. John's plan, which might be made and are being made. As

to the list, it is natural that every critic will have his own nomination for books which ought to be on the list; *quot homines, tot sententiae*; everyone has his own ideas as to the books which are and which will be the most permanent treasures of man's thought. Of greater validity is the criticism which says that surely we can grasp the principles of logic more easily in a modern textbook on logic than in Aristotle's *Organon*; surely a modern physics textbook would be more helpful than Gilbert's *On the Magnet* or Huyghen's *Treatise on Light*. To that the authors of the plan would reply: 'Yes, but we wish to see the method by which human thought has arrived at the conclusions of the latest scientific textbook just as much as we are interested in the material conclusions themselves; science is continually modifying its conclusions, but the method and its systematically advancing steps remain the same and alone are permanent.' There is here, however, a real danger that the St. John's College plan may turn out to be nothing but a system of teaching method.

There is also the criticism that this new experiment in liberal education suffers from an excess of liberalism; if every idea, every philosophy, is treated critically and impartially, will not the products of this education be so liberal that they will have no sound opinions, but merely criticisms? The proponents of the plan have become so critical about dogmatism that they have become dogmatic about liberalism. That this is a real criticism cannot be denied. At the present stage of the development of education in America, however, a wide tolerance, if it does not degenerate into an equally wide scepticism, is wholly valuable. There are too few people trained to think liberally in matters of general scholarship; by indifference or timidity too much recognition has been given to the rights of the specialist and higher education is sometimes in danger of becoming an esoteric affair wholly alien to either the ancient or the modern concept of the purpose of the liberal education. On the other hand, a little knowledge is a danger-

ous thing and a survey of cultural development such as this plan entails may easily be mishandled and may lead to over-bold rationalization and half-baked thinking. At least, however, it will lead to thinking, and the authors of the scheme believe, will have laid a sound basis for professional training and higher scholarship, which, after all, is all that the ordinary college course can do.

This leads to another objection on a different level. It is the question: will not such a general method of education, with little practical training, tend to be restricted to the children of parents of large means? Sons of less fortunate parents must acquire training for a practical profession as quickly as possible; they cannot take a general course of study and then begin professional training at an older age. The answer to this is that those who employ college graduates seem in many fields, to a greater extent, willing to receive graduates with a general degree; they find that too often much professional lore learned during college years has to be re-learned in actual professional practice and that practical professional training can be just as readily gained when the graduate is engaged in the profession as at the college desk.

The final answer to several of these criticisms and questions cannot be determined for some time, until in fact students trained under the St. John's plan are out in the world and it can be seen how their higher education has shaped them. The first graduating class of students trained under the new plan will receive their degrees this year. The eyes of many interested in education will be watching them, as already the operations of the college and its plan are being watched, especially by those who have the future of classical and philosophical studies at heart. Educators have been suspicious of the experimental method, in many cases rightly; here perhaps is an experiment in liberal education which may well help to show us what direction the future liberal education, the liberal education of the new democracy, is to take.

## TWO POEMS

BY LAWRENCE LEE

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### TAKE UP THE WINGS

Deliberately chime  
The sounds that end a year.  
Fallen, the bird of time  
Is terrible and near,  
And death seems everywhere.

The beak and claws are red,  
Cruel the jewelled eye;  
But see the vast wings spread  
That, before the will must die,  
Had crossed so wild a sky.

By these we, too, must rise  
Or leave all flight undone,  
Ignorant of new skies,  
The farthest seas, the sun  
Lighting the wide unknown.

Now fly with the strong wings  
Of ended history.  
Listen: The blind wind sings  
The brightness we shall see,  
The spirit rising free.

We move as a god once moved,  
Beating a storm on the reeds,  
Toward the form so greatly loved;  
And body with vision speeds,  
Bearing the future's seeds.

We dream of a new world,  
As Icarus on his height—  
Glad, should the sea wait curled,  
To signal in our flight  
The flooding source of light.

## THE FIRE-BRINGERS

Prometheus knew:  
There was the chain  
And the abominable bird.  
But still fire grew;  
And, warmed, men heard  
The prophecy out of pain.

The moral wrong,  
The body's shock,  
All ways that hate may move—  
However long,  
Longer his love,  
Less yielding than the rock.

Now strike the beaks,  
All blood, again  
In unclean legions free;  
Each hour breaks  
New Tyranny  
Over the mind of man.

Know and endure:  
The seed of flame  
Springs up a field of light;  
The fire you bore  
Prepares in night  
Bright mornings with new name.

## PROFESSIONAL MEN AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BY F. W. GRAY

DURING the years of economic depression that followed close upon the fall of security prices in 1929, when the bills for wastage of war came due, when second thoughts about the Versailles Treaty and world-wide discussions of the economic consequences of the Peace became the fashion; when it became increasingly clear that a second and more dreadful struggle was preparing in which the latest inventions of science would be employed, there were railings against the subordination of Man to his machines and a general realization that increased knowledge did not necessarily make a happier world.

There was much searching of heart among scientists, engineers and technical executives. They were told they were to blame for depressed economic conditions, especially unemployment, and the wars resulting therefrom. They were not so certain that the causes of war were altogether economic and that perhaps evil ambitions had some part to play, but the accusations made them uneasy and caused them to wonder whether it might not be their patriotic duty to take an active part and interest in government. Engineering societies became interested in 'technological unemployment', 'social security' and other shibboleths of the hour. There was even talk of placing an embargo on inventions until the minds and morals of mankind had caught up with the advances of applied science, as if the mind of the scientist could ever be less great than the machines he has invented.

'Professional engineers' (a portmanteau word here used to describe workers in a thousand-and-one specialized branches of applied engineering) felt that in some obscure way there rested upon their individual shoulders a guilty responsibility in that as a group they had abstained or withdrawn themselves from participation in public affairs. One engineering society in Canada offered a prize for the best essay on 'The Need of

the Engineer's Participation in Public Affairs'. This title rather assumes that there is such a need. It would have been more fitting to ask whether there is any need for the engineer to participate in public affairs. Enlarging on this instance—mentioned only as a case in point—is there any justification for an often-made assumption that professional vocation in life *per se* fits one for guidance of public affairs, or imposes responsibility of a special kind? The contention here made is in the negative.

The world has recently been impressed with the knowledge that individuals of dominant personality guide public affairs in all countries. Their vocation is so incidental and unimportant that one has to consult biographies to find out what it originally was. But, always, the professional vocation of prominent public men is submerged by public duties and eventually entirely neglected. One excludes from these considerations the professions of the Law and the Church, both of which are ostensibly concerned with ethics. The lawyer, who proceeds from working out the administration of laws to the making of laws—a natural progression—has usually to abandon his law practice. The Church is a still more jealous master to its loyal ministers. Indeed it states that no man can serve two masters.

The very choice of the term 'public affairs' in the title of the prize essay mentioned is indicative of the honest point of view of the conscientious professional man. Should he, however, essay to participate in public affairs he will find that these are controlled and arranged by political parties, that is to say by persons imbued with partisan ideas who act in the interest of their particular party in a political manner. 'Public affairs' is too often a euphemism for 'politics'. Granted that the Anglo-Saxon contribution to democratic government is to rule by a majority checked by a minority or minorities through representatives of public opinion chosen by secret ballot, the professional man will nevertheless find it difficult for him to parti-

cipate with any usefulness in public affairs unless he also participates in party politics. Here is where the professional man is deterred should he be, as such men often are, public-minded and desirous to help in shaping public policies.

The special characteristics of professional men arise out of rigid training in the use and control of natural, that is physical, forces and materials. From his studies and his daily work he acquires a sense of order, the habit of accuracy in thought and speech, and the idea that effect follows irrevocably upon cause. These endow him with mental integrity, an avoidance of subterfuge and an ingrained honesty of approach and purpose. That these are qualities needed in public affairs all the world knows. But, as all the world, and his wife, also know, they are not qualifications that by themselves lead to any effective dominance in public affairs. An educational authority in the United States, who should be ashamed of himself, has publicly announced that he would give a five per cent mark for knowledge, and a ninety-five per cent mark for knowledge of how to 'put it over'. This is sad, but undeniably true.

Many professional men, many college professors, many medical men and engineers are not free agents, being paid public servants. Not only by his diffidence but by the restrictions of employment is the professional man often debarred from actual direction of public policies, but very largely even from influencing public policies in the making. He not only shrinks from politics and all that the word connotes, but his habit of thought, formed by the severity of his studies and the inflexible formulae that guide his work, preclude in him the agility of mind and the easy elasticity of ideas possessed by the successful politician, and possibly necessary and antecedent to success in politics. In popular phrase the politician 'will make rings round him'.

These considerations affect the professional man in his single and personal capacity. The rare scientist, engineer, or doctor who has a natural ability for political life will arrive,

but not because he is a professional man, rather in spite of that fact. Should one conclude therefore that the professional man should refrain from active and open participation in public affairs? In his private capacity as a citizen, certainly not, distasteful to him as mixing in public discussions may be.

Professional corporations, speaking for groups, should as certainly keep out of public affairs, except as their specialized advice may be requested by constituted authorities. Professional corporations have a proper sphere in fostering the art or science which is the special vocation of their membership, in maintaining the integrity of their profession in ethics and in standards of technical excellence. In homely phrase 'the cobbler should stick to his last'. One of the most objectionable, because one of the most undemocratic features of Fascism is the place given to corporations. When the profession dominates the citizen, be it that of the soldier, the scientist, or the trades-unionist, democracy wanes.

Apart from the doubtful modesty and the frank conceit involved in the procedure, is the deliberate participation in public affairs of the professional man—in his personal or in his corporate capacity—likely to have good or bad results? Neither good nor bad, it is submitted, under British forms of government, because participation as a class will be ineffectual. Public affairs are decided in our democracy by the public. When they are not, then tyranny has supplanted popular government.

But nothing is so incalculable as public action. Human desires are not a matter of mathematics. "The wind bloweth where it listeth. Thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." This ignoring of the spirit that is in Man—perhaps spiritual ignorance is the better term—is the crowning folly of totalitarian governments of whatever 'ism'. Men talked in a light-hearted way in 1917 of a 'breeze from Russia'. That breeze turned to a full gale, still blowing. It first blew the professional man away from

his proper tasks into the limbo of discarded things, and then it blew him back again and set him up in a high and dangerous place. This restoration of the scientist and the engineer in public regard has resulted not from his political strength, but from his value as a servant of the public.

The professional man often has the defects of his excellencies. His sense of order and his passion for accuracy may create narrowness of outlook. His honesty and singleness of purpose may develop into obstinacy. Consideration of public affairs, viewed from the standpoint of those elected by the public to direct them, might conceivably widen his horizon by forcing him to study social problems and take human values into account along with his formulae. That could be a good thing. But the converse is that the more the professional man participates in public affairs the less will he study and practise his profession. Good scientific men are not made in that way.

The professional man, especially the young man, cannot pursue his vocation and find time for public affairs. But he should, like every other good citizen, take a lively and intelligent interest in them, and he can vote. He will usually be better able to play a useful and beneficent part in public affairs if he eschews politics, as such. Neither should he assume a superior or pontifical attitude towards public affairs. At the risk of over-emphasis one may repeat the conviction that it is not as a scientist, engineer or doctor that he should take a part in framing public policies but as a citizen. Let him be plain John Citizen. It is presumption and conceit for him to do more, if all he can advance as a reason for doing so is his professional knowledge. As a citizen let him bring his trained mind and special qualifications to forming the mass of public opinion that in Canada and throughout the British Commonwealth—let us be devoutly thankful for the fact—makes the State.

Let the professional man realize that he has a responsibility for citizenship greater than that of other men commen-

surate with his greater knowledge of things—not necessarily of men. If he accepts this greater responsibility for this reason—and truly he has nothing else to urge—then will he bring to public affairs the worthy help of modest service the world has come to associate with men of the test-tube, the transit, the scalpel and the world of science. To whom much is given, of him much is required.

There are those who from time to time urge upon professional societies 'group-consciousness'. One must apologize for the term but it seems to have no ready equivalent. The idea has even been pressed so far as to advocate group organization for securing better emoluments. Group-consciousness is one of the spiritual illnesses from which mankind is even now suffering acutely. It is, of course, the beginning of class warfare, and the well-established procedure of those who in their plans for a classless society seek first to set class against class. In every aspect of public affairs the professional man should avoid the noisome idea of group-consciousness in so far as it relates to concerted political action by members of his profession.

Conversely, however, should it be accepted by the professional man that one of the duties incumbent upon him in his personal capacity is to participate as an ordinary citizen in public affairs, there can be no doubt that public life would be improved by such participation while certainly the professional man himself would gain in mental discipline and knowledge of human nature.

The dilemma of the professional man—and it is the dilemma of democracy—was lucidly set out by the late Sir Josiah Stamp some years ago in an address to graduating students, that is, to men just entering upon professional life. Sir Josiah's remarks, pertinent enough to be cited in this connection, were as follows:

You are a citizen in a world and a place to be ruled by—someone—and it may be you, so that your share in the local institutions of government may be a highly worthy

one. At least you cannot let it all go by default, and you must belong to an institution—if not a political party, at any rate, the loosely assembled group which supports a particular press—which will choose men rightly and well, by defensible tests and discriminations. It has been said that democracy is a device for ensuring that we do not get any better government than we deserve. It is certainly difficult to see an effective future for our civilization unless we can provide methods by which those with intellectual ability and moral integrity are put into the guiding places.

That our democratic processes do actually put men of intellectual ability and moral integrity into guiding positions does not require greater proof than citation of names like Churchill, Halifax, Roosevelt, Hull, Eden, Tweedsmuir, Smuts, Bevin and many thousands of other names. It is not too much to say that the good outweighs the bad in the choices that democratic methods have made for public office in our civilization. And it is crystal clear that the widening struggle now overwhelming our world is one of thought not of things, truly one against wickedness in high places. The scientific panoply of war that has affrighted nations is not the cause of war, nor will it in the long run decide how men shall live or how they shall think.

The times call for the frame of mind that 'natural philosophy', in its ancient connotation, should inculcate, a habit of thought which should of all men animate those "who serve mankind by learning, labour and industry"; a proving of all things, a holding-fast to those that are good; a knowledge that Truth is mighty and will prevail. And as for the evil men who plan destruction of the ultimate values we believe in as the crown of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, a recent Papal encyclical quoted words that found a general echo among our people: "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

## THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR TO-DAY

BY C. R. TRACY

FOR many years our Canadian universities have been the scene of a tug-of-war between the ideals and methods of English and American scholarship. This struggle has been most apparent in literary scholarship, for there the English tradition is strongest, and so has withstood longest our general tendency to follow American precedents. Since the close of the last war, however, the American tradition in letters has become more positive and influential. The present war will probably increase its influence. It is time, then, to consider our post-war aims, and to evaluate dispassionately this force of major importance in our cultural life.

Essentially the American professor of literature is an enthusiast. Belonging to a warm-hearted and impulsive people, he gives himself utterly to the task he has set himself, and tries to take the kingdom of literature by storm. With a light heart he undertakes appallingly difficult and apparently unrewarding researches, undaunted by the prospect of forty years spent in poring over the dustiest volumes in the libraries of the world. The magnitude of such a task as that which recently resulted in the publication at Chicago of *The Canterbury Tales*, involving as it did, over a period of many years, the minute collation of scores of manuscripts by a whole staff of scholars, may be outstanding, but is characteristic of the projects which American scholars undertake. By comparison, the English scholar, who produces a few well-turned lectures every year and a volume of essays every few years, seems to be lacking in enterprise. The American professor, possessing the active virtues of his people, has explored and proposes to subdue literature as indomitably as his compatriots have conquered their half of this continent. He is a frontiersman of learning, pushing on through night and storm with courage

and ready cheer, opening up new regions of knowledge. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, he "cannot rest from travel", until he has followed knowledge "like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought".

Moreover, in an age riddled with disillusionment the American scholar maintains a staunch faith in Reason. In defiance of the emotional humbug of our time, he preserves an exigent sense of fact. He takes particular pride in the method which he has worked out for exploring the facts of a literary problem, a method which he often describes by that slippery term 'scientific', which smacks more of the chemistry-laboratory than of the lecture-room of a humanist university. He does not pretend to have been the only inventor of this method—for certain parts of it originated in England—or to be the only one to understand and use it, but he not unjustly claims to be its chief exponent. This method is many-sided, embracing biographical and historical study, bibliographical and textual criticism, prosody, the analysis of imagery and a score of other departments, but in all these manifold interests the American scholar keeps certain ruling principles clear in his mind. He must be thorough. He must examine all the material which is relevant or partly relevant to his subject even if it is scattered all over the globe. He must clear his mind of all pre-conceptions and make his decisions only at the end of a pains-taking series of investigations. He must submit every fact to an examination from all sides and study the genuineness of his documents if necessary by means of an infra-red lamp much as a criminal lawyer studies his evidence. He must project his own special problem against the background of the age to which it belongs, realizing that every writer is in a great measure the product of his time, and may be understood only in relation to it. He must remember that a mere sentimental response to poetry is no substitute for a rational understanding of what the poet wrote. All these principles and many others

have made the modern scholarly method as practised in the United States one of the most exacting disciplines of the mind that have been developed.

This scholarly technique, however, has its limitations. It is most readily applicable, and most often applied, to the study of the periphery of literature. It is important, of course, to know just what a great writer wrote, and American editors spare no pains in producing texts which represent the writers' intentions as nearly as is humanly possible. It is important, also, to surround a work of literature with a mass of information regarding the language, manners, and ideas of the times in which it first appeared, so as to enable the modern reader to read it in perspective. In expounding these things the American scholar is usually very sound. But the full understanding of a work of literature, difficult though it may be to determine what is meant by a full understanding, demands more than a correct text and a wide knowledge of the environment in which the work was first produced. It requires a critical habit of mind and a concern for finding the lasting values in books. Too often, as Professor Crane of Chicago pointed out a few years ago, when an American professor does attempt a critical evaluation, he merely lapses into an irresponsible impressionism. There is a lack of maturity, and even of confidence, in the tone in which critical opinions are expressed. No American scholar has produced a work so full of the evidences of good taste, wide reading, and mature reflection as Oliver Elton's *Surveys of English Literature*. And among the younger writers, English scholars are decidedly more interested in critical ideas than American, for the best minds among the younger scholars on this side of the Atlantic are devoting themselves largely to technical scholarship. It is impossible, of course, to generalize without doing injustice to individuals, but it is indisputable that what even the greatest American universities have to offer in literary criticism is in-

significant beside what they offer in historical, biographical, linguistic, and textual scholarship.

In his enthusiasm for his new scholarly methods, the American professor seems to have relied over-much on Reason, or, perhaps one should say, on curiosity. He approaches literature too much from the outside, like an entomologist hunting specimens. He embellishes his books with an apparatus of footnotes, collations, appendices, variant readings, and prefaces,—useful things in themselves, but often so multiplied as to be nuisances. He dissipates his energy in fruitless researches. Monographs proliferate in the graduate schools on useless and sometimes silly subjects. Ill-considered books are hurried into print merely because they contain some few new facts, or the texts of hitherto unpublished documents. Intellectually the American scholar is living in the age of *laissez-faire*. He thinks that investigation should be uncontrolled, and that ultimately, through some mysterious concatenation of forces, all the facts he has found, however trivial, will be caught up in one majestic, universal synthesis. If only every surviving scrap of evidence be patiently examined, the literary past, he believes, will eventually be put together like a picture puzzle. This faith, one must feel, is fundamentally naïve.

The effect of this fault in American literary scholarship may be seen most clearly in the undergraduate work done in American universities. There are many excellent teachers in the United States, but they are indebted for their talents to nature rather than to anything they have learned in their graduate schools. When an American doctor of philosophy is turned loose on a class of freshmen he finds himself extraordinarily ill-equipped for his task. He has been highly trained as a research scholar, but has learned little which will interest his students. American undergraduates are intelligent, high-spirited and energetic, but when they are genuinely interested

in literature, their interest is likely to spring from imagination rather than from scholarly curiosity. For Americans in general have imagination and warm feelings, but at the same time less sense of history and less understanding of other ways of life and thought than almost any other people. The American undergraduate lives in the present, is impatient of anything which does not give him immediate satisfaction, and does not submit gracefully to undisguised mental discipline. In this he is typical of his people, as the American scholar is not. Spiritually he never becomes a part of the university at all, the intellectual atmosphere of which is too highly rarefied for him. An appeal might be made to his imagination, but the remote researches of special scholarship seldom interest him.

As a result the undergraduate courses in American universities are too often like the pot-boilers which a gifted novelist will sometimes turn out between masterpieces. Knowing that his scholarly interests are far over the heads of his students, and not being altogether competent to open up in elementary terms the central critical issues raised by the books he is teaching, the instructor often fails to meet the situation. He offers his students a predigested pabulum, provides them with 'omnibus' textbooks which leave nothing to their initiative, and requires from them on examination a mere regurgitation of his lectures. These courses usually attract large numbers of students, for the lectures are entertaining, and the examinations foolproof. But they cannot produce any lasting interest in literature. In this way a chasm has yawned between teaching and scholarship. Ideally, the teacher's task should be to pass on to his students the fruits of his own original work. But in practice his work as a teacher is too rudimentary; he must interest his students in books and teach them something of the solid enjoyment of reading; whereas, as a scholar, he is involved in advanced researches not likely to interest anyone but other scholars like himself. The two branches of his work

are unrelated, and both have suffered in consequence. In spite of its merits of enthusiastic industry, initiative, and painful accuracy, American scholarship seems to have developed in an unfortunate direction. It has put such great emphasis on the discovery of new information that it has, in relative terms, forgotten its interest in values. And in the second place, as a result of the first, it has lost touch with the great public—of which the undergraduates, more than in any other country, are a true cross-section—so badly that it can do little to propagate an interest in literature.

In order to apply this lesson to our own Canadian problems, we must remember two facts. In the first place, we do not possess in this country the huge libraries of materials for research which have made possible the developments that have occurred in American scholarship. We can imitate our American colleagues only by borrowing their resources. And, in the second place, our country has still a very small and poorly informed reading public. What is urgently needed is not fresh information about books, but the stimulation of interest and the formation of taste among a larger section of the public. After all, literary scholarship will survive in this country only if there is a reading public to support it. To put an end to pure scholarship would be disastrous, for a scholar's mind is apt to ossify as soon as he gives up doing original work, and the relationship between the two pursuits—scholarship and criticism—is too intimate to admit of the one being suspended without detriment to the other. But the emphasis in this country should surely be placed where the need and the opportunities are greatest, upon encouraging reading and forming broad guiding principles of taste.

## A MODERN PHILOSOPHY

BY HEINRICH HENEL

**A**N attempt is made in the following pages to sketch in outline some of the salient features of the philosophy of Reinhold Niebuhr, the distinguished American theologian and thinker. The essay is based on some of his published writings as well as on a series of lectures attended by the present writer. It is strictly expository and therefore refrains from any expression of opinion, approving or critical.

Niebuhr's philosophy proceeds from the assumption of two basic forces existing in the human individual as well as in the outside world: the imperialistic force and the ethical force. He denies that the ethical force is the same as reason, or that the imperialistic force can be equated with impulse or instinct. Reason, indeed, is deeply imbedded in the human organism, so much so that it affects and modifies the animal nature of man. Even the performance of the animal functions is different in man because of his possession of reason. In the non-conscious world, instinct is the will-to-live. In man, by virtue of his possession of reason, the will-to-live is transformed into the will-to-power. For reason tells him that his own life is assured best by a preventive suppression or destruction of competing forms of life. Thus reason actually brings about an intensification of egoistic impulses unknown to the animal world.

On the other hand, impulse is not wholly unethical. There are altruistic instincts in nature such as mother-love, gregariousness, pity. Only in man, however, do they reach an intensity which sets them into constant opposition to the egotistical instincts. Again this conflict is due to reason. For reason suggests two strategies for the protection and preservation of individual life. The one is the strategy of the preventive exercise of force, already discussed. The other is the strategy of subjecting all particular forms of life to the universal. Pure reason, that is, recognizes the arbitrary, capricious, and tentative character of all life-expression and therefore tends to

diminish the uniqueness of any form of life. It strives to extend the narrow will-to-live into a broad affirmation of all life, of life itself. In this way reason becomes the founder of ethics and of all high religion.

Reason, therefore, so interpenetrates the animal nature of man that it raises both his egotistical and his gregarious or altruistic impulses to a pitch quite unknown elsewhere. I believe that the crucial, and even the germinal, point in Niebuhr's philosophy is this recognition of the function of reason in man. It is not a thing apart, to be extracted from the animal nature. Nor is it the same as nature. It both intensifies the natural impulses and transcends them. By virtue of reason man is both the deadliest beast of prey and not a beast at all, but rather a saint, or a would-be saint.

It follows that Niebuhr rejects both a dualistic and a monistic philosophy. The Greeks were dualists in their attribution of all evil to nature and of all good to reason. They felt that if it were only possible to free the mind from the shackles of the body, to abstract it from nature, the evil of impulse finally could be defeated. Since a man must have mind, that is, enough intelligence to understand the commands of reason, in order to perform the emancipation from the flesh, Greek dualism is an aristocratic philosophy. And since this philosophy teaches that the body and its emotions and impulses are pure evil, it leads to asceticism. The Greek world-view, then, was dualistic, aristocratic, and ascetic. The religion of Buddha carries this philosophy to its extreme, while in the Western world all three elements of Greek thought, dualism, aristocratic rationalism, and asceticism, were admitted into the great mediæval synthesis of Catholic dogma.

Greek philosophy is pessimistic inasmuch as it denies the possibility of establishing harmony between body and soul, matter and form. Modern philosophy, by which is meant Renaissance and post-Renaissance rationalism, is optimistic, and also monistic. It believes that nature is intrinsically rational,

that it is built upon, or conforms to, a rational plan. Confusion, disaster in nature and error in the human soul, is due to an inadequate understanding of the underlying rational plan, and it will be eliminated by a progressive realization of the character of that plan. Its denial of a radical opposition between nature and spirit, to wit its monism, allows modern rationalistic philosophy to contemplate the possibility of eternal progress. It trusts in science to master the forces of nature, which are threatening to man only so long as he has not understood them; and it trusts in human reason to overcome the egotistical impulses which make for strife among men and among nations. Such an optimistic belief in perfectibility is possible only because the rationalist is convinced of both ultimate order in nature and of ultimate goodness in man. His problem is merely to understand and then to bring out and foster the underlying harmony of creation.

Niebuhr has no sympathy for this philosophy. He believes that much of what rationalism has thought and taught is wrong. He accuses the rationalist of blindness and shallowness. He is blind to the demonic forces in nature and to the unruly passions of man, and thus he falsifies the facts of life. He is shallow because he mistakes evil for mere imperfection, and thus he confuses the moral issues in life. No matter how far science may advance, it will never wholly tame nature or make it wholly subservient to the purposes of man. And no matter how much man may be enlightened, his emotions and passions will always outrun the governance of reason. From its blindness to the facts of life springs the shallowness of rationalism's ethics. These ethics do not demand absolute goodness with the accompaniments of pure love, unselfishness, and justice, but they see the need merely for minor adjustments, temporary restraints, and a prudential restriction of self-interest. The rationalist knows neither the heights nor the depths of life, he has no understanding of the hero, the saint, or the criminal. He lacks the Christian concepts of sin, contrition, and repentance.

Since he denies the existence of pure evil he does not feel the necessity for absolute good. Thus a world-view which asserts harmony and denies inescapable conflict leads to ethical shallowness.

Marxian materialism is also monistic and optimistic, although both these terms acquire meanings very different from those attached to them in the system of bourgeois rationalism. The physical conditions in which the proletarian lives give him a much keener understanding of the material determinants of thought and spirit, and of the element of brutal force in most human relations. The one leads to the concept of materialistic monism as opposed to rationalistic monism, and the other provides an important qualification of that ultimate optimism which the Marxist shares with the rationalist. Materialistic monism is the exact opposite of rationalistic monism inasmuch as it does not believe that the mind can dominate matter, but rather that matter determines the mind. The qualification to Marxian optimism consists in its rejection of an easy faith in natural, effortless progress. His awareness of force and brutality leads the Marxist to expect catastrophes along the road of human progress. He knows that force can only be met with force. He is sceptical, therefore, of the power of persuasion and reason to act as sole agents of moral evolution. To that extent he is a pessimist. Ultimately, however, he is an optimist in that he believes that strife and the need for coercion will disappear in the classless society. He is an optimist also in assuming that justice and equality are not only ideals but are fully realizable in the world of actuality.

Niebuhr believes that both the Marxian concept of reality and the Marxian ethics are superior to those of the rationalist. The one is superior because of its element of pessimism, and the latter are superior because of their higher moral fervour. The Marxist has no easy-going hope that things will right themselves of themselves, or that the egotisms of individuals counterbalance each other, or that only prudential restraints

are needed. He is a radical precisely because he demands total justice and because, to bring that justice about, he opposes the activist creed to the attitude of *laissez-faire*.

To Niebuhr, a pessimistic world-view and activist radical ethics go hand in hand; they are necessary concomitants. His quarrel with Marxism is that it is not pessimistic enough and therefore not radical enough. He criticizes it for its element of utopianism, the myth that the world is such as to allow of perfect material adjustments or of complete moral justice. That is to say, Niebuhr sees in Marxism a reaction against the capitalistic bourgeois world which, while it has deeper insight than its enemy, yet has not left the basis of the bourgeois thought. What rationalism and Marxism share is the hope of establishing heaven on earth. To them, the meaning of history is to bring about Utopia.

Such a thought and such a hope are unacceptable to the true Christian. The Christian pessimism is more profound than that of the Marxist, and it is precisely for this reason that his ethics are more lofty. It is because no man, no action, and no situation can ever be wholly good that justice is not enough. If the demand is for justice there will always be squabbles as to what is just, and how much should be mine or yours. Coercion will always be necessary. Rough justice is the best that politics can ever achieve. A subtler human relationship can be based only on the higher ethical demand: love, forgiveness, self-abnegation.

Now, if the purpose of history is not progress, not the ultimate establishment of harmony, if Utopia is not its goal, has it any rational or moral logic? Niebuhr says it has, and he discovers it in the concept of judgement. All history is an inescapable judgement upon evil. The mighty are cast from their seats and those of low degree are exalted. However, the moral logic of history is never pure. The power to act arises in the suppressed only when righteous indignation is stiffened by the spirit of vengeance. Thus absolute good is never

achieved in the historical process. If it does appear, as it did in the person of Jesus, it cannot maintain itself. The Cross is the eternal symbol of the practical inferiority of spirit to nature while history lasts. Men cannot be wholly good. What they can do is, in the moral sphere, to *know* good, and in the practical sphere, to destroy evil. In Christian terminology, man is an instrument of God's wrath, but also the recipient of His grace. What the materialist lacks is an adequate understanding of the transcendence of the human mind. This transcendence is the safeguard in the Christian against assuming that the instrument of justice is itself just. In the sight of God all men are sinners, equally. This is the point where ethics give way to religion. The Christian, as a moral man, must take part in the historical process of destroying evil. But he is not deluded into thinking either that in doing so he himself becomes good, or that by his action history is made good. For, as a religious man, he knows that ultimate goodness is an attribute of God alone. Goodness is given to history only at its end, and to man only through grace. History works toward a climax, both good and evil developing in its course to an even greater intensity: at its end there are both Christ and Antichrist. Man strives to ease the tension produced by his knowledge of good and his practice of evil. He finds release in forgiving and in being forgiven. Goodness is conferred upon him by grace, i.e. when the demands of justice are relaxed and intention is accepted for achievement.

Man wants to live and to extend his ego, but his reason tells him that others want the same. Man also wants to be charitable and generous, but his pride prompts him to be self-seeking and ruthless. Man's mind is the most powerful instrument of his wrong-doing, yet it has also created the concept of God, of absolute goodness. All man's craving is to better his situation, yet he can always think of something better than what he has, or has desired only a minute ago. History is the process of destroying evil, but it never becomes good. Justice

must be done, but forgiveness is the higher demand. Justice cannot be done, for it will always be something less or something more than justice, vengeance or mercy. God made this world as it is, yet He disapproves of it and judges it in His wrath. But also He forgives it in His mercy, and lets it continue to exist. A man lives by the law of nature, because he is strong enough to defend himself. Yet also he lives by the law of grace, because those who are stronger than he have forbore to destroy him.

Such statements reveal the pattern of Niebuhr's thought. He is a realist in that he appreciates every phenomenon and every concept in its full value. An evil action is no less evil because its perpetrator is capable also of generosity. The strife of individuals is no less severe because of the fact that, at other times, they are willing to coöperate. Justice must be done, the good must be known, even though neither can be fully realized. Niebuhr is averse to compromise, impatient with the optimist, contemptuous of those who gloss over the facts of existence. But, he will say, a deep shadow is cast only by a strong light. The human being is paradoxical, life is paradoxical, and a philosophy cannot do them justice if it tries to remove the paradox. Niebuhr's concept of transcendence springs from this conviction. Man's love of self is transcended by his love of justice, and it again is transcended by his love of mercy. But the higher love will never destroy the lower, and the highest will never extinguish the other two. Man is like a sailor who would nail his flag to the top of the mast, but who is afraid he may fall before he has climbed half the distance. The simile is Niebuhr's.

Fearful problems arise from the insoluble paradoxes of existence. They are apparent enough in the clash of self-interest and justice. They are equally difficult, if less obvious, in the conflicting demands of justice and mercy. If the executor of justice forgets that he stands as much in daily need of forgiveness and mercy as does the culprit, his justice is bound

to become self-righteous, vindictive, and cruel. If, on the other hand, justice were suspended and mercy alone were to rule, a premium would be put on the unbridled expression of self-love. The confusion is heightened by the almost inevitable mixture of motives. Few seek justice who do not also profit from it, or are protected by it; and few are the advocates of mercy who do not stand in need of it themselves, or who are too indolent to press for justice.

If a name were to be given to Niebuhr's philosophy I should call it the philosophy of transcendent realism. It is realistic because its first concern is to preserve the fullness and the flavour of actual experience. It is transcendent because it recognizes that the spirit is ever dissatisfied with actuality. It shows how that dissatisfaction modifies experience, but it insists that it cannot change it fundamentally. Its realism is the answer to the Utopian, its transcendence the answer to the cynic. It teaches profoundness and patience. The superficial view is that all men's actions can be traced to love and self, economic interest, or will-to-power. But men's motives are not simple. Genuine idealism is not impossible even in a crude egotist. Impatience, on the other hand, a rigid insistence on absolute justice or a total condemnation of the world, can lead only to greater evil, brutality or chaos. Perfection is not of this world: what has come to perfection perishes.

It might be said that Niebuhr's scale of values is none other than the mediaeval, indeed the age-old climax of *utile*, *honestum*, and *summum bonum*. That may be true, but startling novelty can never be the decisive criterion of a philosophy. Besides, one need only take up one of his books to realize how fresh and pertinent to present-day problems the ancient concepts become in his hands. This, perhaps, is the greatest merit of this modern philosophy: that, once it has been understood and mastered, it allows of almost unlimited elaboration and yields the most striking insight into our struggles and our destiny.

## THE HOLY ALLIANCE: A RETROSPECT

BY E. J. KNAPTON

IT is September, 1815. Through the distant waters of the South Atlantic His Majesty's ship *Northumberland* is carrying Napoleon to the island of St. Helena. In a fashionable apartment on the Rue Saint-Honoré in Paris an ageing Baltic baroness holds mysterious *séances* which attract the attention of the elegant world. Among her devotees is the Tsar Alexander I of Russia, overwhelmingly conscious of the great destiny which has led him to become the principal over-thower of Napoleon's power. Statesmen such as Metternich and Castlereagh are at work re-establishing, as they think, an orderly Europe which shall succeed the vast imperial hegemony of France.

In the midst of these diplomatic discussions the Tsar suddenly presents his brother monarchs with a document known to history as the Treaty of Holy Alliance. To their surprise and consternation they read that they are invited to join in a declaration which would unite them in "a true and indissoluble brotherhood"; which defines their relations toward their subjects as that of a father toward his children; and which professes to look upon the Christian nations of Europe as "branches of one and the same family" with no other sovereign than God. Castlereagh writes home of the Tsar that "it was quite clear that his mind was affected", and describes the Baltic baroness as "an old fanatic who has a considerable reputation among the few highflyers in religion who are to be found in Paris". Metternich calls the proposed treaty empty and loud-sounding. But the Tsar is determined; he has the largest army in Europe; the treaty can do very little harm; and so, on September 26, after Metternich has astutely made a number of textual changes, it is signed. One by one the monarchs of Europe give their adherence to it. Only the Pope, who

tartly denies the need for instruction in his Christian duties, and the Sultan (for obvious reasons) refrain. The Prince Regent of England, prevented by constitutional forms from signing a treaty in person, sends a cordial letter of approval.

The trivia of history have a curious way of returning to life and renewing their vitality. This treaty of one hundred and twenty-five years ago, long regarded as a subject for incidental or amused comment by scholars, takes on a new interest now that the Monroe Doctrine is headline news. For when Monroe's famous message was sent to Congress in December, 1823, the so-called Holy Alliance had become a synonym for the wickedness of kings. "As the Holy Alliance", wrote John Quincy Adams, "had come to edify and instruct us with their principles, it was due in candour to them and in justice to ourselves, to return them the compliment." How did this attitude come about? Why should a treaty whose "mysticism and nonsense" seemed so far removed from practical politics thus arouse the fears of statesmen? One may well re-examine this question at a time when the ancient fears of a Holy Alliance are duplicated by fears of an intervention in South America which few would be disposed to call holy.

The Treaty of Holy Alliance itself, although it may have been a surprise to the diplomats at Paris, now seems to historians a perfectly understandable outcome of certain currents of thought running through the Napoleonic period. Barbara Juliana, Baroness von Krüdener, the strange Baltic figure whose close association with the Tsar Alexander in 1815 made her seem the principal inspirer of the treaty, was certainly an incidental rather than a determinative influence in its creation. She came from those western provinces of Russia—the former "Livonia"—whose mixed heritage has given us such names as Patkul, Wrangell, de Staël, Keyserling, and, it must be added, Alfred Rosenberg. A life in the brilliant world of diplomacy and literature led finally to a dramatic conversion at the hands

of some humble members of the Moravian Brethren. From this conversion arose the conviction that the whole world of eighteenth-century rationalism was built upon iniquitous foundations, and that only by a devout recognition of God's providence could mankind be saved. This conviction, it may be noted, agreed in many respects with the political philosophy of some of the German Romantics who, under the influence of Burke's "organic" theory, were beginning to envisage a new, "theocratic" Europe. The cry for a return to religion which definitely marks the beginnings of the post-Napoleonic period has its French counterpart in the alliance of the Throne and the Altar. It parallels a certain indigenous development of Russian mysticism to which the Tsar was undoubtedly subject. The whole movement, one may say, was very definitely "in the air".

In the political sense, similarly, schemes for the reintegration of European life were not new. From the *Antipolemus* of Erasmus the path may be traced through Sully's *Great Design* to Kant's *Perpetual Peace* and to an impressive number of lesser known works. Realistic diplomats such as Pitt and Castlereagh, little confident of the workability of such schemes, were, nevertheless, hopeful of some kind of general guarantee of the settlement which should follow the Napoleonic era. As it happened, no such general guarantee was obtained, but the proposal had left its mark. Thus the idealistic scheme of a Holy Alliance may be seen to gather together and reflect forces of diverse origin.

Confusion and uncertainty about the Holy Alliance began as soon as the document was signed. Most of the signatories doubtless felt that it would soon be forgotten, for the prevailing winds were those of conservatism and reaction, not those which would carry men toward the land of mystic brotherhood. That Alexander himself was sincere can hardly be questioned; every indication suggests that this enigmatic dreamer felt that

his treaty would usher in a new age. But the Treaty of Holy Alliance was born into a world where less visionary schemes were in the ascendant.

The actual safeguarding of the settlement with France in November, 1815, came, not from the Treaty of Holy Alliance, but from a specific agreement, the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance, between Britain, Austria, Russia and Prussia. As in 1919, the victorious powers felt the need for the continuance of their association, but, unlike the sequel to Versailles, their efforts were crowned with success. The territorial arrangements with respect to France were placed under the special protection of the four powers who pledged themselves to military action if a revolution in France should endanger the peace of Europe. Castlereagh, the principal architect of this treaty, succeeded in obtaining even more. Article VI provided that there should be periodic reunions of the representatives of the four powers, "for the purpose of consulting upon their common interests and for the consideration of the measures . . . most salutary . . . for the maintenance of the peace of Europe".

It would be most unfair to Castlereagh to imply that he intended this system of periodic meetings to serve as a buttress for the cause of reaction everywhere and at every time. His system of "diplomacy by conference" broadly speaking was not unlike that provided by the periodic meetings of the council of the League of Nations. But it was fatally associated with the great continental powers to whom change of any kind was anathema, and the tragedy of Castlereagh's last years lies simply in the fact that he sought unavailingly to keep his well-intentioned scheme from serving their exclusive purposes. Castlereagh was without question a conservative; he disliked revolutions and he wished, as he wrote, "to bring back the world to peaceful habits"; but, unlike Metternich, he was not prepared to mobilize the great powers of Europe for intervention at the first sign of any disturbance to the *status quo*.

The fortunes which led the Tsar's Treaty of Holy Alliance to become a synonym for reaction offer an interesting lesson in the workings of historical circumstance. In the first place, secret diplomacy, however inescapable it may have been, kept public opinion from making a correct judgement of the treaty until the conviction had been reached that it was serving the darkest purposes of the conservative powers. In the second place, the Quadruple Alliance, despite all that Castlereagh could do, moved steadily so as to become precisely what he had hoped it would never be. Thus, by a kind of historical convergence, the Treaty of Holy Alliance undeservedly took upon itself the burden of anathema which the Quadruple Alliance in its later developments could with some justice be accused of meriting.

The Treaty of Holy Alliance, as a personal document between sovereigns, had been kept secret. But on New Year's Day, 1816, the Tsar unexpectedly announced its text to his people, and by February news of it appeared in the press of western Europe. The Whigs in England received the report with profound distrust. When Castlereagh laid before the House of Commons the treaties which had crowned the final negotiations in Paris, the opposition immediately demanded that the Treaty of Holy Alliance be submitted also for public inspection. Castlereagh argued that as it was not a treaty in the conventional sense it could not legally be placed before the House. Suspicion naturally mounted. "Holy pretences and professions", declared Lord Brougham, "are so often the palliatives of unjust designs that a contract of this nature is calculated to excite alarm and jealousy." Even the staid *Annual Register* was led to observe acidly that "the only motive which the noble Lord could have for refusing its production was that he was ashamed of it and our allies". William Cobbett, fulminating in the columns of his *Political Register*, associated the Holy Alliance with the return of the Bourbons

to France. His indignation was transatlantic in its scope. He quoted "a priest or parson at Boston, of the name of Channing" who had expressed his gratitude at the Bourbon restoration: "'Most holy, most merciful God,' exclaims the priest, 'Thine was the work, Thine be the glory! The sceptre of France is now wielded *again* by a benignant sovereign who will heal her wounds. . . .' Do not your fingers itch, reader, to seize the Reverend hypocrite and tumble him headlong from the pulpit?" Clearly enough the process was at work whereby the Holy Alliance was being associated with unholy purposes.

While suspicion grew the system of "diplomacy by conference" received its baptism. The first of the periodic reunions envisaged by the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance took place at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818. France, like Germany in 1919, had been saddled with an army of occupation and with (for that time) a large indemnity. It was arranged to withdraw the troops and to accept final payment of the debt. This being done, France was admitted to the concert, thereby converting the Quadruple into a Quintuple Alliance. Everything had gone with exemplary smoothness. "Je n'ai jamais vu", wrote Metternich, "un plus joli petit Congrès."

By this time public opinion had definitely attached the contemptuous phrase, "Holy Alliance", to the meetings of the great powers. In 1819 Lord John Russell published anonymously a *Letter to the Right Honourable Lord Holland on Foreign Politics*. Do people realize, Russell inaccurately asked, that Britain is now "bound to interfere in the internal concerns of every state in Europe?" How untrue this statement was any study of Castlereagh's correspondence will make clear. "The old system of the balance of power", Russell went on, "which governed the wars and treaties of Europe from the fifteenth century to the year 1818 has now been exchanged for another which may be called the system of Holy Alliance . . ." So firmly was the confusion of terms now established that a

modern scholar, the late Professor Temperley, has suggested that the phrase, "Neo-Holy Alliance", might well be employed to characterize the European alliance after 1818.

It was the fate of the concert of Europe, as it has been the fate of international machinery in our own day, to function in an age racked with stresses and strains. Political murders, riots, and incipient revolutions intensified the conservative convictions of the principal continental statesmen. In January, 1920, Spain was aflame with revolution. Should intervention or non-intervention be the order of the day? Russia embodied the policy of intervention in her request for "a common language" at Madrid. Castlereagh sought to apply a curb in his famous State Paper of May 5, 1820, in which he repudiated such a policy. "We shall be found in our place", he wrote, "when actual danger menaces the system of Europe: but this country cannot and will not act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution." In July came a revolution at Naples—a matter of immediate and urgent concern to Austrian interests in Italy. A conference of the Quintuple Alliance met at Tropau to see what could be done. Alexander had by now shed whatever vestiges of his liberalism still remained. In collaboration with Metternich, and with the cordial approval of Prussia, the famous Tropau Protocol was issued which seemed to confirm the worst suspicions of Alexander's critics. No insurrectionary government could be recognized; and if revolutions caused adjacent countries to feel immediate danger then the allied powers would use, first, friendly representations and, second, measures of coercion to bring back the errant states "to the bosom of the Alliance".

Castlereagh's indignant protest against such a sweeping interpretation was soon registered, but he weakened his position by recognizing that Austria might have a special right to intervene at Naples. Metternich solved the problem simply and starkly by the employment of troops against the Italian

revolutionaries. Once again the Whig critics in the British parliament went into action. In the upper chamber Lord Grey demanded more information about the Holy Alliance and was not placated when the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, told him that "it was an alliance to which this country was not a party". Obviously the two men were not talking of the same thing. The *Edinburgh Review* proceeded to add to the confusion by an attempted historical retrospect:

It may be remembered that, when the Holy Alliance was first proclaimed in 1815, and when its nature became the subject of discussion in Parliament during the ensuing session, the Ministers affected to treat the matter very lightly, and talked of this league as if it had been rather a speculative fancy of some well-meaning visionaries, than any plan of a practical nature. . . . There were not wanting those who viewed it in a very different light, and appreciated serious consequences from its future development. . . . Certainly we have lived to see those apprehensions realized.

In 1822, when a conference was summoned to meet at Verona to consider the revolution in Spain and that which had broken out in the Turkish Empire, it was evident that Castle-reagh's essentially moderate policies had failed. In August, overcome by the tremendous burden of public affairs, he committed suicide. His successor, George Canning, had nothing but distrust for the working of the European concert. France, vitally concerned at the fate of the Spanish Bourbons, massed troops along the Pyrenees and asked for the cooperation of the Alliance. In a famous memorandum which fell like a bombshell upon the meeting at Verona Canning declared that "to any such interference, come what may, His Majesty will not be a party". Concerted action was thus impossible. But the French were determined to move, and in April, 1823, a French army crossed the Pyrenees, occupied Madrid, and restored Ferdinand VII to absolutism.

The last act of this drama of conflicting purposes and hopeless misunderstandings carries the story to the western hemisphere. It cannot be told in detail here. Essentially it was a twofold drama, on the one hand involving those former dependencies of Spain and Portugal in South America which were now on the verge of independence, and on the other hand the shadow of Russian power creeping down from Alaska to the fifty-first parallel. In September, 1823, the French advanced to Cadiz, and it was known that the French foreign minister, Chateaubriand, was in favor of establishing Bourbon princes in the new world. Might not the Neo-Holy Alliance seek to demand yet another congress in which another "unholy" solution would be achieved? Canning's suggestions in August to the American minister, Richard Rush, for a joint Anglo-American declaration against such action fell upon stony ground. More vital were Canning's conversations with the French minister, Polignac, who was told, bluntly enough, that any French attempt to restore Spanish dominion in the new world would be opposed by the British fleet. The distinctive turn which President Monroe and, even more, John Quincy Adams gave to the solution was that the United States refused to commit itself to any joint declaration and thus avoided, as it were, bringing America into Europe. "The ground that I wish to take", Adams wrote in his diary, "is that of earnest remonstrance against the interference of the European Powers by force with South America, but to disclaim all interference on our part with Europe; to make up an American cause and adhere inflexibly to that". In this spirit the Monroe Doctrine, with its incalculable consequences, came to birth.

From this time on the term, Holy Alliance, fades from the language of European diplomacy. Whether in its benign and charitable form, as its creator had intended it, or whether as the hateful and repressive machine which many conceived it to be, it no longer counted in the reckonings of statesmen. In

its stead by 1830 re-emerged the older concept of the balance of power, more familiar to its exponents but not, surely, in the actual working of events any more promising for the peace of Europe. The Tsar may have been naively over-optimistic in his expectation that a public declaration of brotherly intentions would suffice to usher in a new era, and the Neo-Holy Alliance may have deserved the worst gibes of its critics. But can an age which has seen impossibly great hopes attached to the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact in 1928 afford to be too critical of the Tsar's earlier scheme?

Canning was convinced that the world was well rid of the system of the European concert. "So things are getting back to a wholesome state again!" he wrote with what now must seem terrifying complacency. "Every nation for itself and God for us all! The time for Areopagus, and the like of that, is gone by." One recalls the words of another British Foreign Secretary, spoken in 1914 at a time when that very system of the balance of power had helped to bring Europe to the verge of unspeakable disaster: "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our life-time." May not one look forward to some new and more realistic form of confederation that will some day rekindle the lamps of a Europe that still walks in darkness?

## CHRISTIANITY AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

By H. A. KENT

**T**IBERIUS Caesar was master of the world. He was a morose and suspicious tyrant. In fear of assassination he lived in his villa on the island of Capreae, surrounded by the sea and by an army of spies which would have outdone the Gestapo. What men whispered behind closed doors, from the Tagus to the Tigris and from the North Sea to the Sahara, was repeated in the ears of the Emperor. Three out of every five of his subjects were slaves. The Graeco-Roman world was still strong but it was ageing and it was tiring; it had not sufficient moral and spiritual reserves available to make up the drains upon its strength; and the dark threats just over its frontiers were becoming more and more menacing. The achievements of many centuries were in dire peril.

Into this ageing and tired world there came the new and living power of the Christian religion. It began as an obscure sect in a small province, but within the lifetime of its most ardent missionary it had reached imperial Rome and was of sufficient importance to incur the suspicion and dislike of the Roman administration. In the years that followed there was deadly, but not continuous, strife between the Empire and the Churches until the fourth century when Caesar bowed to Christ.

Now, the Roman Empire, in spite of all its weaknesses and defects, was a great and noble structure. Professor Gwatkin has written of it as follows: "Historically the Roman Empire is the great barrier which won for civilization a respite of centuries by checking at the Rhine the tide of northern barbarism and at the Euphrates the two thousand years advance of Asiatic barbarism through the Parthian and Saracen and Turkish times, beginning with Alexander's retreat from the Sutlej, 327 B.C. and ending only with the repulse of the Turks from Vienna in 1683 A.D. During that momentous respite

Rome gathered to herself the failing powers of the old world and fostered within her the nascent powers of the new. . . . The Empire was by far the worthiest image of the kingdom of God yet seen on earth, but its imperfections are writ large on every form of Christian thought which looks on *power* as the central attribute of Deity."

Why was not the fall of Rome averted? The standard of life and morals in the fifth century was much higher than in the third, but this did not prevent the calamity. Not even yet have all the causes of Rome's ruin been made clear. But two may be emphasized here, one a fault of the state and the other a fault of the Christian Church. The state committed the error of refusing to acknowledge and accept the higher ethic of Christianity. Rome fought Christ instead of learning from him, and when Rome at last gave in it was too late to save herself from catastrophe. The second fault was that of the Church in regarding the Roman state as incurably bad. The book of Revelation undoubtedly represents the attitude of a multitude of Christians toward the Roman Empire. "The world is headed for ruin. There is nothing we can do about it. We turn it over to God." The Apocalypticists were right in believing that national regimes not resting firmly on humanity and justice cannot stand. Their error was in leaving the earth for the clouds. They had not the prophet's passionate faith in the regenerating power of righteousness. They gave up the struggle as a hopeless one and looked for the avenging hand of God on a cruel and pagan world. Throughout the early Christian centuries many distinguished Christian leaders and teachers repudiated all responsibility for the nation. They would serve neither as soldiers nor as magistrates. Their task was to save people for the other world: about this one they would do nothing. They accepted indeed what Rome had provided for them. Irenaeus (about 200 A.D.) acknowledged that the Romans had made the world safe and that Christians

might travel hither and thither under their safe protection; but the Church as a whole assumed little or no responsibility for the state's defence. Had Church and State been able to work together, the course of history might have been changed. They might have checked decay and strengthened weakness: they might have saved the culture of the old world, and prevented the long Dark Ages of Europe.

Now, the unwillingness of Christians to uphold and defend the State in which they live is usually carried back to the words and teachings of the Master himself. Civil government must rest ultimately upon force and the teaching of our Lord, it is urged, condemns the use of force. Did He not refuse to use it for himself, and did he not counsel non-resistance to attack or injury? How can one be a soldier in a national army if he takes seriously the contents of the Sermon on the Mount? But, to be consistent, one should take all of the Sermon and not just sections of it. The Society of Friends have made much of "Resist not evil" but far less of "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." I venture to quote from an article by an American Bishop, Dr. Charles Fiske. "Picture for a moment the life of a modern American who attempted to follow Christ literally. Go with him through a single day. He would start down to his office in the morning and on the way freely give his money to every whining beggar who came shuffling along at his side—only, of course, this would be his course for but one day. The next he would have nothing to give. Did not Christ say 'Give to him that asketh of thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away'? As he entered his office he might find a burglar rifling his safe and would promptly call him back to tell him that he had overlooked \$500 in bills in the upper right-hand compartment. The astounded thief might suspect him of inveigling him to return and be caught, and drawing a pistol would shoot him believing him to be either too clever to trust, or perhaps dan-

gerously insane. Of course, the victim would turn the other cheek and invite another shot. When the excitement was over he would forgive the offending brother and then pass to a consideration of the ways in which to remove temptation from the sinner. In consequence, since he should 'take no thought for the morrow', he would thenceforth decline to open a savings account, or take out life insurance, or invest in land, stocks or bonds of increasing value, or lay aside a dollar for his old age or make any provision for an inheritance for his children. On his return home he might find the man next door brutally beating a child, or a tramp assaulting his wife, and necessarily he would assume a calm and kindly attitude and go no farther than gentle remonstrance. In fact it would be his duty to arouse the whole community to a like course of action and to try to get the city to abolish the police force, do away with traffic officers, discharge the vice commission, tear down the court house, dismiss the judges, open the jails, padlock their doors and then throw away the keys. Did not Christ say 'Resist not evil'?

Of course it is all absurd. And of course there is a natural explanation. Christ's teaching is not to be taken with such a bald literalness. He did not so act himself, as could be shown in numerous instances. . . . The teachings of Christ are not cast in the form of precepts, but are the setting forth of principles. He requires brotherliness, kindness, friendliness, unselfish service, forgetfulness of one's own rights, abounding generosity, affectionate consideration, the consuming desire to be of real worth, unremitting sympathy, self-forgetful love."

After all is it a real kindness to the robber that the booty should be handed over to him? Is it real charity to the assassin that none should interfere between him and his intended victim? And still further, is it good for society at large? If a footpad demands my watch I may let him have it. It is mine and I may hand it over if I wish. But if he should demand of

me other people's property which I hold in trust, the situation is very different. At the present moment the rights and liberties of mankind are in the hands of the British people. We do not possess these things: we did not win them nor pay for them. They were put in our hands by the sacrifices of others and we hold them in trust for those who come after. We are not at liberty to surrender them. No one can make any case for "my country right or wrong", but when my country stands as defender of the essentials of Christian civilization against a black horror, then all I have should be at her disposal.

There have been times in Christian history when this has been strongly felt. In the eighth century the deadly menace to Christian Europe was the Saracen. Constantinople stood as a bastion against the attacks of the Arab. In 718 A.D. the Emperor Leo gathered all the strength of the Christian East and halted the Saracen enemy. By so doing he saved Constantinople for another 700 years. In 732 A.D. the Arabs, having crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, conquered Spain, and overleaped the Pyrenees, were threatening Western Europe with complete subjugation. They were met and overwhelmed at Tours by Charles Martel and the Christian armies of the Franks. Gibbon's judgement is that if that had not happened, Mohammedan scholars might have been debating to-day in the halls of Oxford, and the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer in the Highlands of Scotland.

In the sixteenth century the menace to liberty came from the Spaniard. Spain, Austria, Naples, the Netherlands, the Indies both east and west, South America, Central America, Mexico, all were his. England halted him. She was not prepared to surrender to the Quirinal and the Inquisition.

The present writer can assert from personal observation of Britain during the summer and autumn of 1940 that the British people are in a similar mood to-day. There is no jingoism but a deep and grim determination that the evil thing that

is abroad in Europe must be destroyed. This determination is really a religious fervour. It may be said with truth that Britain was never a more Christian nation than she is to-day. There is less selfishness, less distinction of wealth and class, more care for the unfortunate, the needy and the weak, than ever before in Britain's history. There are more people on their knees to-day than ever before. And it is not because they are afraid, but because they realize that the struggle is for the preservation of the essentials of the Christian faith. The calm resolution of the British people is not due simply to an imperturbable national temperament but rather to a profound spiritual conviction that they are defenders of the faith. That British armies are steady and resolute we have long known. That simple men and women, in the face of blazing death from the skies, can stand firm and unmoved is a new and splendid discovery. There is even a mood of exaltation among many, that they are counted worthy to suffer for the cause of freedom and justice. The work of the A.R.P. people, the police, the firemen both professional and amateur, the watchers on the roofs, the ambulance drivers, the doctors and nurses in hospitals, is beyond all praise. The Vicar, the Roman priest, the Free Church minister, may be found, helmet on head, searching among the ruins for his flock. Of the havoc wrought in great temples like St. Paul's and Westminster we all hear; but hundreds of unknown smaller Zions lie in ruins. Yet heads and courage are unbowed. Britain knows that she is standing for the world's freedom and is proud. One could wish that in this country, so happily free of horrors, all people were equally seized by the conviction that all that makes life worth while is at stake. When "the kings came and fought" there were "great searchings of heart by the water courses of Reuben" (St. Lawrence? Mississippi?). "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

**PUBLIC AFFAIRS**  
**THE WAR ECONOMY AND THE BUDGET**  
**BY C. A. CURTIS**

**T**HE recent announcement of the Dominion budget with its statement of expenditures, revenues, and proposals for raising new revenues, has given the interest of the Canadian public a much needed turn towards the economic aspects of the war. But it is doubtful if even now there is any general or widespread appreciation of the probable impact of the war on the Canadian economy or, less academically speaking, upon the lives, fortunes, and standards of living of innumerable Canadians.

It is true that there is considerable lip-service to the proposition that the war will make us all poorer, and it is appreciated by some. But there are far too few who act as if they really believed this proposition, or as if they appreciated that the real problem in this struggle is economic rather than military in the narrow sense and that it is not potential economic strength which counts, but only that part which is deployed into the struggle.

Now what is the political economy of war — if such a query can be raised of such an uneconomic human activity as war? The basic problem is that of getting the largest possible flow of those goods and services which is the real fund for fighting a war. The past can contribute only capital goods, the future, nothing, and so the present must provide the bulk of the production and fighting. And only those men who are trained and armed can fight directly, and their number will depend on the organization of the economy. In brief, it is the problem of transferring a peace-time economy to a war economy, a job which is far more difficult and involved than is generally recognized. With modern roundabout methods of production the preliminary work must take a long time but once it is established the flow of goods is rapid.

Under normal conditions we take it that the maximum results in economic welfare come from letting the market in general direct our economic resources into the hundred-and-one things which the consumers indicate they want. There are so many things—all competitive in a sense—that we let the market decide. Except in a general sense—such as the public good—there can be no one single simple end to the economic system. But under war conditions the situation is reversed. The country wants those goods and services immediately necessary for the prosecution of the war. What the citizens would like for consumption is, or should be, completely subordinated to the military need which, comparatively speaking, can be simply defined. But in itself it is complex enough when the military authority knows exactly what it wants.

It would be possible to allow the market mechanism to work even for war materials and if the prices offered were high enough it would be surprising what would be forthcoming. But such a process seems politically inexpedient as it does not appeal to the community's sense of equity. That some should be encouraged to make money out of war offends the public sense. As an alternative the government must use more controls—limited profits, priority plans, price controls and so on which explains the multiplicity of government agencies set up as a result of the war.

It is not fully realized that after striding through industry and agriculture, technological advance—the use of machines and the application of science—has hit the art of war in full force and as a result it has become one of the most capitalistic—using the term in the sense of requiring capital goods—of all human occupations. This change has many implications. In early times with the primitive weapons available the military force was substantially the able-bodied male population. This condition has changed and modified as weapons have improved and discipline and organization developed but

even now there are many people who feel that only the number of men in uniform count in the war effort. Unfortunately this is true only if the men in uniform are fully and completely, indeed extravagantly, equipped. The futility of an inadequately armed mass army is clear to all who can see.

All this means that the war effort of Canada—the size of its army, navy and airforce—is conditioned by its economic ability to produce or obtain the supplies and equipment necessary for these forces. Now, it is a commonplace of economics that the economic resources of a country are scarce, relative to the demands for things produced from them, and therefore it is clear that the heavy additional demand for military goods (much of which is of no use for any other purpose) means that the country must choose between consumers' goods and military goods. This was summed up in the phrase 'guns or butter'.

There are four principal sources from which the necessary goods and services can be developed: (1) additional production, (2) reduced personal consumption, (3) reduced investment in new capital, and (4) depletion of existing capital. The importance of each of these will depend upon the particular place and time.

The first one, that of additional or augmented production, depends mainly upon the amount of unemployed resources available at the time war preparations begin. In Germany there was unemployment in 1932-3 when war preparations began, but practically none in 1939; in England and Canada unemployment was quite substantial. And the first eighteen months of the war has meant for Canada mainly the calling into use of its unemployed resources. Once this has been done, however, the problem becomes more difficult. The cutting down of leisure time is another method of taking up the slack. In most countries there are people who are accustomed to doing no work, or only a small amount, and these individuals

may be drawn into productive service.. In addition there are the retired, the women at home, and others, all of whom can add something. Then, of course, there is always the possibility that those already at work will work harder and longer. This, however, can be done only within limits, as efficiency may be reduced by too long or continuous work, a point clearly demonstrated in the last war.

Limited investment in new capital and depletion of existing capital (nos. 3 and 4) are sources of new production but only limited ones. Very frequently, while the direction of new capital investment (from motor car facilities to tank facilities) is changed, the total demand is not greatly altered. However, both of the above sources can contribute something.

But, clearly, the most important additional source for military production is the third one—restricted consumption. This means that people must consume fewer commodities thus liberating productive facilities for war purposes. For example, in England new car production for civilian purposes is practically ended; the car plants are all used for the production of war materials. Now, of course, restriction means just that—restriction—and as far as it is generally understood there is agreement with the principle. But the practice falls far short of the principle—mainly through ignorance and misunderstanding.

It is very important to know just what reductions in consumption contribute to the war effort and what do not, and this will vary from country to country. In Germany, a restriction of wheat is necessary, but such is not true in Canada. The wheat is here, the productive resources are specialized, slowly worn out, and might just as well be used. The same is true of many other agricultural commodities which are not wanted overseas and which do not demand productive resources other than those already sunk and which are no good for any other purpose. Apples, for example, are a product

of specialized agriculture — orchards which in the short run cannot be of much use for any other purpose. Therefore they might just as well be used to grow apples. But it may be necessary to eat wormy apples if the labour for spraying and packing becomes more necessary for munitions making. The essential part, however, is that production of certain commodities, such as cars, refrigerators and other durable consumers' goods can be curtailed with consequent gain in war supplies. Restrictions in other lines may mean little or no gain.

It is also true and important that restriction of the service industries (filling stations, personal services, and retailing) can release labour for more necessary occupations. This, however, is not easily done by taxation and a direct attack must be used. But in any western country with a high ratio of service occupations this field can provide considerable resources — labour in particular.

In this respect it might be well for the government to put out some publicity on just what should be done and what not. Among the public there exists much confusion on this matter which can be corrected only by an organized effort. There is little point in advising restriction without making clear just what should be restricted.

Although the Dominion budget is regarded as the statement of the financial position and plans of the government it is in war time something more. It is a statement of how far and to what extent the government proposes to make us contribute to the production of war materials through the above channels. Taxes on corporation income, depreciation allowances and direct control, work directly through 3 and 4; taxation of persons, and commodities, and borrowings through 2.

It may be well to urge here that too much attention can be centred on the financial aspects of the problem. Money is basically a system of counters and it is possible to do a lot of juggling with it which may have very real consequences. But

it should never be forgotten that it is the flow of goods and services that constitutes the real income in peace or war. And so it is necessary at times to go back to the underlying fundamentals. This process seems easier for those countries which have learned from the hard lesson of inflation the difference between money and goods, and doubtless it explains much of the German behaviour which has seemed so paradoxically successful to many.

The Minister of Finance anticipated that for the current year Canada would require a maximum of \$1,450,000,000 for war purposes, and \$468,000,000 for non-war expenditures; after all, a government must carry on a certain basic minimum of non-war services. This makes a total of nearly \$1,900,000,000 to be spent by the federal government. To this must be added at least \$530,000,000 of provincial and municipal expenditures. Thus for all purposes the various governments in Canada plan to spend some \$2,500,000,000 in 1941.

The national income (the aggregate flow of goods and services valued in money) as calculated for the Dominion-Provincial Conference (and one of the best estimates available) was estimated to be approximately \$4,000,000,000 in 1939, \$4,600,000,000 in 1940, and, later, \$5,500,000,000 for 1941. Thus it would seem as if Canadian governments were going to take nearly 50 per cent of the income of Canadian citizens in 1941. This figure is, however, exaggerated to some extent because of 'transfers' in the estimate of Dominion expenditures — that is counting a government expenditure (interest on unproductive debt) also as national income. The figure for Dominion expenditure on a basis of *real expenditure* might be reduced to at least \$1,600,000,000 — this is a mere guess — which means that possibly not more than 40 per cent of the national income will be taken by governments.

On the other hand the figure for the national income includes military pay and allowances which on certain grounds

should be excluded for it adds nothing to immediate and direct production. This does not mean that they are not proper and correct payments but merely that no direct economic product or service is produced because of them. So it may well be that between 40 and 50 per cent of the national income will be demanded for governmental purposes. This figure compares with the estimated 20 per cent taken under pre-war conditions.

Now, how is this \$1,900,000,000 to be raised? The Minister of Finance judged that on the basis of 1940 taxes and rates approximately \$1,150,000,000 should come through current sources.

The new taxes proposed are estimated to yield an additional \$300,000,000.

Thus the estimated deficit for 1941-2 would be around \$500,000,000 which contrasts with the deficit for 1940-1 of something under \$400,000,000. An increase of \$300,000,000 in tax revenue and \$100,000,000 in loan revenue seems to indicate a close adherence to the pay-as-you-go policy. But, as will be seen later, this is not the whole story.

So much for the general facts of the situation, but what of the economic and financial implications contained in the budget? Looking first at the national income we find that it increased in 1940 by nearly \$560,000,000. It is probably true that the bulk of the increase in this group went to lower incomes rather than higher and a good part of it came about through re-employment of the unemployed. Agriculture is not responsible for much of the increase in the national income which is an offset for the fact that little or none of the new taxation affects it much. It is primarily urban taxation. There is little doubt, even after allowing for some loopholes, that the increased corporate taxes have definitely limited the 'investment' income of the higher income groups.

A careful reading of the budget speech gives the impression that increase in the national income has increased the taxable capacity of the country and on commonsense grounds this seems as it should be. But it may be much less than it appears. In the first place the increase in national income is accruing in some spots—the low income group—which cannot contribute much to taxation, and more fruitful incomes have not shared in the increase. In the second place, as already pointed out, part of this gain in national income—interest on debt, war pay and allowances—represents no addition to direct productive capacity. To this extent it is misleading as a basis for estimating war production.

Although the Minister of Finance estimated that the national income would be some \$950,000,000 larger in 1941 than in 1940, there were no details given as in the case of the 1940 increase. But if approximately \$160,000,000 was military pay and allowances in 1940, certainly something approaching \$250,000,000 would be the guess for 1941. Allowing the same proportion in 1941 as in 1940 for investment income, and individual enterprises, the bulk of the 1941 increase would again go to wages and salaries.

The fact is that much of the additional taxation is on parts of the national income which have had little or no increase and that much of the increase in the national income has gone into consumption. Indeed, the Minister of Finance pointed out that retail sales in January and February, 1941, were 13 per cent higher than for the same period in 1940. And automobile sales almost maintained the peak position of the 1940 period. Quite clearly the incidence of the taxation increase is not closely correlated with the change in the national income and, therefore, a considerable amount of the discussion implying this is simply specious.

The increase in income tax rates—personal and corporate—is doubtless necessary, but it should be remembered that

while it may be highly desirable to make the rich pay for the war, there are simply not enough of them to carry it out. Therefore, the non-rich (middle class and poor) must contribute. Another point is that some of the added taxes paid by the middle class will come out of disinvestment—sale of capital assets and a decrease in saving in the future. Consumption will be the last thing substantially affected. For example, if an income of \$4,000 saves \$1,500 in insurance, mortgage payments and similar channels, leaving \$2,500 for actual commodities, and the income tax levy is increased \$200, it is certainly doubtful if it will be met through a cut in the \$2,500 expenditures, particularly with rising costs of living. And so although the government will get the revenue estimated, the effect on consumption will not be all that is desired. Inequality in income may be open to question but, being already in existence, certain patterns of expenditure will have been developed at all levels of income, and those patterns are now in the process of drastic revision. Now the probability is that where the income level permitted savings a substantial revision will come in this item. This is particularly true where the tax increases are substantial and rapid with drastic readjustments necessary. Possibly people should not act in such a manner, but, if the probability is that they will then it should be taken into consideration.

The essential point is the restriction of consumption whether it comes through savings or taxation. It is quite true that, from the distributional viewpoint one may be better than the other—if other things are equal. But the immediate point is the restriction of consumption and this can be done by encouraging existing saving patterns as well as new ones. There can be little doubt that the added taxes on the middle incomes are going to be met at the expense of saving. It is true that the government gets the income but consumption has not been restricted. This point seems to have had no recognition in

the budget discussions. Income tax exemptions for insurance premiums—a practice followed in England—might be quite helpful in discouraging disinvestment of savings.

Some of the increased taxation, e.g., sugar, part of the national defence tax and entertainment, will fall on low incomes. The gasoline tax will affect low and medium incomes. The other main changes, particularly succession duties, corporate and personal income taxation, will affect the middle and upper incomes. It is worth noting that even on 1940 rates the income tax (personal and corporate, and the excess profits tax) was estimated to provide 45 per cent of the estimated tax revenue.

Little need be said here about the narrowly financial or political aspects of the new taxation but the incursion of the Dominion into the succession duties field is probably inevitable, and certainly was clearly foreshadowed. As it is permanent it must mean ultimately some sort of arrangement between the provinces and the Dominion or otherwise the situation may become chaotic. On income tax matters the Dominion's suggestion is that the provinces give up the corporate and personal income tax field—in return for fixed grants—is stated to be for the war period. It is interesting to observe that the Dominion is now doing some of the important things suggested in the Sirois report and without much bargaining on the *quid pro quo*.

It may be parenthetically inserted here that the foregoing does not represent the entire situation. In addition to the above there must be provision for such supplies and materials as may be provided for the government of the United Kingdom. To the extent that goods are received in exchange there is no loss to the Canadian economy. But to the extent that goods are not received in return for Canadian exports it is a direct reduction in the body of commodities available for consumption in Canada. Now, as many of the transactions be-

tween the two economies are directly between the governments and as the Canadian government (or its agencies) is immediately responsible, it has the problem of exchanging British pounds for Canadian dollars. As there are more pounds available than dollars the Canadian government is in the position of selling Canadian dollars to the British government or its agencies and receiving in return British pounds which cannot be disposed of except for the payment of British exports and the purchase of Canadian securities held in England. Some of the sterling balances are transferred to the British government for Canadian securities which are thus repatriated. While it is true that Canada cancels its foreign debt it gets no commodities nor services—a loss to immediate consumption. In addition to repatriation the Canadian government may simply have to hold augmenting sterling balances, which is a form of lending. Before the war, sterling balances were developed in much the same way but they were sold for New York funds which were used to pay for the excess of Canadian imports from the United States. But the present British foreign exchange control now prohibits this as a general practice.

Until March 31, 1941, Britain's deficit on its balance of payments with Canada was nearly \$800,000,000. This was met by gold shipments (\$250,000,000 or 31 per cent), repatriation of Canadian securities (\$340,000,000 or 42 per cent) and accumulation of sterling balances (\$210,000,000 or 26 per cent). But no gold shipments have taken place since late in 1940 and it would seem as if this method will be of less importance in the future.

The Minister of Finance stated that the purchases of the United Kingdom in Canada for the year 1941 would be around \$1,500,000,000. British imports will cover but a small part of it and the repatriation of Canadian securities a share not much larger. Clearly, the bulk of the sum will in effect be a loan to Britain. The Minister further stated that between

the British deficit with Canada and the Canadian deficit with the United States (all on balance of payments) the Canadian governments accounts would show a further deficit of possibly \$900,000,000 which must be added to the \$500,000,000 already mentioned. This allows for new tax revenues. Thus something over \$1,000,000,000, possibly \$1,400,000,000 has to be raised by loans in 1941.

It is very important that the loans should come out of real savings and not from bank credit or any other source which will generate an inflationary cycle. The threat of an income inflation is quite real, as the raising of anything approaching \$1,400,000,000 by real saving is going to be difficult. Some capital, even if not as much as in peace time, must be provided for private industry although government license must now be obtained before fixed investment in commercial and industrial enterprises can be undertaken. Every raise in taxes or prices cannot be met with increase in income by everybody. In the fiscal year 1940-1 the government borrowed \$383,000,000 from the Canadian public, \$291,000,000 from the chartered banks, and \$349,000,000 from the Bank of Canada—a total of \$1,023,000,000. A good part of this was for refunding but, even so, the extent to which the banks were used was substantial.

When the requirements for Britain, even allowing for proper deductions, are added to the previous demand for 40 per cent of the national income, the total share of the national income to be spent by the government must be around 55 per cent. And this proportion may still have to be increased. The economic implications of the war on all Canadians becomes evident for no matter how the burden is actually distributed every group must share in it. If the public would realize the full implications of the government's proposals there would be less boom psychology abroad and a more serious appreciation that a total war depends as much on the willingness of the

population to suffer serious economic stress as on military effort itself.

One thing is clear from this brief statement and analysis—that it will take all the ingenuity and knowledge available, together with a relentless will, to prevent these aggregate demands from generating an inflationary movement of some substance.

The fundamental point in the Canadian war effort, now that our economic resources are moving towards full employment, is restriction of consumption so that productive facilities can be directed to making war goods on which the military successes so directly depend. Public policy, of which the budget is one of the main statements, must be directed towards this end. And the good citizen is the one who extends and furthers this in his own private economy.

## THE SEASON'S BOOKS

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY

**LIFE FOR LIFE'S SAKE.** By Richard Aldington. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 411. \$3.50.

**NEVER A DULL MOMENT.** By Harry and Kathleen Strange. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 373. \$3.00.

The stream of biographies and autobiographies continues, though one would imagine that the public appetite for them must now be a little jaded. An alluring title like *Life for Life's Sake*, or perhaps, *Never a Dull Moment*, seems to be needed to give such an enterprise a start, or to serve as a theme song. Sometimes the book justifies the title and again, sometimes, it does not; but possibly more readers are attracted than the old plain titles would secure. In the case of Mr. Richard Aldington, a scholar with a considerable body of translations to his credit, as well as original work in the form of poetry, fiction and belles lettres, the profession of the philosophical point of view expressed in the title of his book seems consistent with the life he describes, and with his general ideas. He fought through the last war, has known many important literary people, and can tell of a kind of life which he considers to have vanished for ever, in Europe at least. But he still believes, like the Chinese, that life is good, while one has it, without, apparently, any faith in a mystical or supernatural side to it. He loves nature, quiet places, beautiful things, good books and colourful people. He now lives in New York and seems to like America, where he is continuing his literary work. The book has commendable reticences, which will please those who feel that souls, like houses, are partly ruined when quite open to the casual eye.

Mr. Aldington has much of interest to relate about D. H. Lawrence, whom he valued greatly, of Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, W. B. Yeats and many of their contemporaries. His book will repay more than one reading, so full is it of all sorts of literary and political observations, made by a keen intelligence and narrated with distinction.

Mr. and Mrs. Strange's book justifies its title also, as far as the life it tells of is concerned. Mr. Strange seems to have an unfailing zest for life which has led him into many parts of the world. He has fought in two wars, seen many parts of the world, and practised various professions. One of his most thrilling yarns is the story of the German ship Geier at Honolulu, but many of his personal adventures make good reading. Possibly they make even better hearing around a congenial fireside. Such tales form a record of a type of life (in the Klondike, to take one instance), which if no one writes of it soon becomes quite mythical.

E. H. W.

QUEST, THE EVOLUTION OF A SCIENTIST. By Leopold Infeld. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc.; Toronto: McLelland and Stewart; 1941. Pp. 342, \$3.75.

This is a remarkable and a timely book. Ostensibly it is an account of the successful struggle waged by the author to win a place for himself in the field of theoretical physics, against apparently insuperable difficulties. There is more to it than this, however, because of the light that is thrown on some of our present-day problems.

*Quest* is divided into three main parts. The first is entitled *The Ghetto*, the second *Escape*, and the third *Search and Research*. Depending on the point of view of the reader, one or the other of these sections will appeal the most. Throughout the book we have a discussion of the Jewish problem which can be read with profit by anyone interested in international affairs. We are given, for example, an intimate description of life in a ghetto in Cracow, Poland, where Dr. Infeld was born. It is easily understood why the author desired so strongly to escape from this environment and how difficult it was to do so. He found it full of misery, dirt and sadness, without so much as a spark of fight. It was all the more interesting, therefore, to read in the New York Times Magazine of April 26th last that the Germans had not been able to drive the Jews out of this very same ghetto.

It was not easy to escape, and it was only due to a strange combination of circumstances that, even with the possession of an unusual tenacity of purpose, the author was enabled to do so. Sent to a business school, he taught himself mathematics, physics, and other subjects, passing his matura (matriculation) with first-class honours just after he had been conscripted into the Austrian army. This was in May, 1916, when he was 18 years old. Because of the appalling and pathetic corruption in that army, he was able to attend lectures in the University of Cracow. Some time after the armistice he spent several months in Berlin, and returning to Cracow was awarded in 1921 the first Ph.D. in theoretical physics granted in free Poland. Being a Jew, there was apparently no place for him in a Polish university, so for many years he taught in Jewish schools, thereby losing interest in physics.

In 1928, however, he went to Wilno to attend a meeting of the Polish Physical Society and thus became acquainted with his first wife. Encouraged by her, he began once more to think of a scientific life. An opening was found for him, an assistantship in theoretical physics, in the University of Lwow. Later he obtained what is called a docentship, a necessary step for one who wished to become a professor. The tragic death of his wife unsettled him, but fortunately he was given a Rockefeller Fellowship making it possible for him to work at the University of Cambridge. Here he spent a profitable year, working in collaboration with Born, the

distinguished physicist, who had been expelled from Germany. On returning to Lwow he found that anti-semitic feeling, which had been growing in intensity, had become so strong that he felt obliged to leave Poland. Through a letter to Einstein, whom he had met on his visit to Berlin, he obtained a Fellowship in the Institute of Advanced Study in Princeton University. The third section of the book deals with his life in Princeton, where he worked in collaboration with Einstein for three years. As his Fellowship was not renewed, this was made possible by the writing of a book, *The Evolution of Physics*, which became a best-seller, largely because Einstein was co-author. Dr. Infeld is at present a professor in the department of Applied Mathematics in the University of Toronto.

The fact that the author is a specialist in theoretical physics need not deter anyone from reading this book, because when reference is made to it, the subject is expounded so clearly that it is not difficult to understand it. Indeed, the book as a whole is written so well that the author is to be highly complimented, particularly as he has only been thinking in English for a few years.

*Quest* is recommended on account of its evident sincerity, for the evidence it affords one of life in a country where there is a strong feeling of anti-semitism, and for the descriptions of conditions in universities in Poland, Germany, England and the United States, but to many the most fascinating part of the book will be the account that is given of Einstein and his views and methods of work. Parts of the book will be found somewhat frank for the taste of many people, but it has to be remembered that it has been written by a man brought up under conditions differing widely from those encountered here. It is important that we should understand something of these conditions.

J. A. G.

### ECONOMICS

**THE UNEMPLOYED WORKER.** By E. Wight Bakke. A study of the task of making a living without a job. Published for the Yale University Institute of Human Relations by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1940. Pp. 465. Price \$5.00.

**CITIZENS WITHOUT WORK.** By E. Wight Bakke. A study of the effects of unemployment upon the workers' social relations and practices. Published for the Yale University Institute of Human Relations by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1940. Pp. 311. Price \$3.75.

These two volumes by Professor Bakke report the results of an investigation into the effects of unemployment and the methods of public relief on the morale of working men and their dependents made by the Institute of Human Relations of Yale University

amongst the unemployed population of New Haven, Connecticut, since 1933. The author's conclusions are based upon his analysis of data gained by interviewing a relatively small sample of workers, and especially by close study of the fortunes of twenty-four families over the last seven years. Some of this investigating was done by mixing with workers as if one of themselves, and the rest, one infers, by skilled handling of the delicate problems involved in continued study of particular families over a period of years. Much of the space in the two volumes is given to actual quotation of statements made by workers, and to setting out typical family histories. This material is perhaps the most interesting part of the books. It is skilfully presented and supports the conclusions reached. Their value, therefore, will depend upon the representative character of the information obtained from the workers studied, and upon the validity of the sociological interpretation placed upon them. To the reviewer the sample seems representative and the psychological interpretation plausible. The author uses his hypotheses judiciously, and his exposition is always clear.

Acceptance of Professor Bakke's conclusions is not likely to be by any means unanimous amongst middle class readers of his work. They do not 'sit well' with our presuppositions and our perhaps too ready views about workers and how they have been affected by unemployment and public assistance. Despite the fact that many excellent summary paragraphs in his books cry out for quotation, it would be unfair to the author to present even his more important conclusions apart from the evidence presented which lends them such powerful support. But, whether his views be accepted or not, the more 'non-workers' who read these volumes the better will be the community's treatment of its unemployed in the future.

The particular question in Professor Bakke's mind during his investigations was the widespread belief that public assistance lessens the 'self-reliance' of workers thereby unfitting them for a normal life when jobs are once more available. This common view arises because in given circumstances workers fail to act as would self-reliant middle-class people. But this is too hasty a conclusion. Self-reliance is displayed when the individual acts in such a way as to make progress to goals of endeavour which are within his reach under his circumstances. In the first part of *The Unemployed Worker* the 'world of labor' is studied to discover the predominant characteristics of the life of workers who have jobs; the limitations which such life places upon the goals which they may reasonably hope to attain and the habits they have formed in relying upon themselves to adjust their lives to their circumstances. The feature which differentiates the lives of most industrial workers, and so the problems in solving which self-reliance will be revealed from those of other classes, is the small size of the average annual

earnings and their uncertainty. In such circumstances some of the habits which are characteristic of the bourgeois type of life are soon discovered to have slight value in helping the worker to 'get ahead' in the fashion and toward the goals which are possible to him. Economic insecurity in fact forces upon him even in 'good times' habits of adjustment which are specifically working-class—habits which make the results of unemployment a new experience only in its severity. The distressing effects of unemployment arise from the sudden reduction in the size of income and the increase in its uncertainty. This change enforces drastic reappraisal of the worker's life goals and the development of new methods of working to their attainment. Some of these methods, though natural and inevitable under the circumstances if the worker is not to lose his 'self-reliance' completely, are not such as accord with bourgeois habits and conceptions of 'proper' conduct. They nevertheless, according to Professor Bakke, reveal that self-reliance has not been lost entirely and that there remains in the unemployed worker the capacity to assert it in more conventional forms as soon as the opportunity arrives.

This conclusion is then applied in these volumes to a fresh analysis of the effects of the various forms in which public assistance is given; of the attitude of the worker to the 'help' offered him by religious and philanthropic agencies; of the reason for his surprisingly slow response to radical propaganda and tardy development of class consciousness; and to the way unemployment has affected family life and the relation which the individual worker stands to his community. Professor Bakke makes it quite clear that neither private employment nor social security payments will build good citizens unless they also create situations which develop the worker's self-respect as well as providing him with the means of subsistence.

F. A. K.

ECONOMIC FACTORS AFFECTING INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS POLICY IN NATIONAL DEFENCE. By Sumner H. Slichter. New York: Industrial Relations Counselors, 1941. Pp. 112.

Good industrial relations are of vital importance in this war because of the great importance of industrial production to military success. At the moment the outburst of strikes is causing concern to all those interested in a maximum war production at the earliest possible moment. This monograph by one of the foremost economists of the United States is then most opportune. It is published by a private American research foundation whose investigations in the field of industrial relations were directed by Bryce M. Stewart until he became Deputy Minister of Labour at Ottawa.

The first part of the book is devoted to an analysis of the size and character of the American defence programme and the prob-

able effects which it will have on the demand for labour. Possible methods of increasing the supply of labour are discussed and the probable effects of this new scarcity of labour on industrial relations are considered. The volume concludes with a discussion of public economic policy as it affects industrial relations.

Professor Slichter does not accept the easy optimism of the 'guns and butter' school who believe that the needs of national defence can be adequately met without any restriction in the standard of living of the working classes. He would concede that given plenty of time the level of production of American industry might be so raised as to provide for rearmament without much restriction in the flow of goods to consumers or without great sacrifice of leisure. But he argues that where time is the essence of the matter this is not so. Then it is a case of 'guns or butter'. A great output of war materials at an early date must be secured from existing supplies of labour and plant and equipment already in production; some fall in the production of non-war goods is inevitable. This restriction will come about moreover not at some future time when 'full' employment of all plant and labour has been attained but immediately by the transfer of the current output of raw materials such as steel and of machine tools and other essential equipment to the satisfaction first of war industry. This shortage of essential materials for the production of any type of commodities will result in unemployed labour and idle plant in many industries which have no war business. That this paradoxical situation of idle plant when the demand for consumers' goods is higher than it has been for a decade is no figment of the academic imagination is shown very plainly by the grim struggle now going on behind the scenes in Washington for the control of the administration of 'priorities'. He who allocates the machine tools and raw materials essential to production of any sort holds the fate of whole industries and the cities dependent upon them in his hands. If the American production of war materials is to be in time Professor Slichter thinks that dislocations and sacrifices of this and other sorts must be accepted not only by the rich but by the workers themselves. He favours the severe restriction of the rate of growth of money incomes by high taxation on low incomes and a high rate of saving by low income groups. The prices of consumers' goods may thus be prevented from rising unduly.

Public impatience with strikes in defence industries has led to a widespread demand for their prohibition and for the repeal of the "Fair Labor Standards Act" which requires payment of time-and-a-half for all hours worked over forty per week. Professor Slichter doubts the expediency of either of these simple solutions of a complex and difficult set of problems. He agrees that strikes called as episodes in the war between the A. F. of L. unions and the C.I.O. group in defiance of the Wagner Act should

be prevented. But men cannot be forced to work efficiently. They should be permitted therefore to express their dissatisfaction with conditions, if necessary by striking, in order that they may be remedied if possible. Moreover, when a large increase in a particular type of production—such as munitions of war—is required the dilution of managerial capacity may become very great. One hears a great deal about the inefficiency of labour caused by the sudden increase in the demand for skilled men; one hears much too little about the decline in the efficiency of production and in the conditions of labour which may also result from the use of unskilled managers of but modest capacity who may have to be used. It was shown quite clearly in the last war, in the United States, that under such circumstances co-operation between labour unions and management could, if it was genuine, achieve a degree of efficiency beyond the reach of management alone whether under private or public direction. To permit such co-operation strong labour unions able to hire able officials are a necessity; in many war industries they have yet to be organized. To facilitate that organization may be the shortest road to maximum war production.

In his concluding chapter Professor Slichter has some equally acute and well-balanced observations to make on the more general problem of post-war adjustments. His book is written without the use of economic jargon and is as easy to read as serious discussion of such problems can be made. There is a very useful summary of the argument of each chapter.

F. A. K.

### HISTORY

ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY MAINLY SINCE 1700. By C. R. Fay. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Pp. vii+253. \$1.75.

It is a pity we lost Dr. Fay. He used to be on the staff of the University of Toronto, but we were deprived of his lively historical intelligence in Canada when he was poached away to Cambridge. We might have had a greater cause for grief, however, but for the astonishing benefit of the printing-press, an invention which in the course of time may have revolutionary effects on higher education. The day may not be far distant when every student will be able to read for himself and avoid the tedium of having the manuscripts read out to him according to the method of the Middle Ages. Such a development would also emancipate the lecturer, who being released from the sloth of repetition in perpetuity, would be forced to learn something new. The results can be seen already. It is unnecessary for us to follow Dr. Fay to Cambridge for a distillation of his subtleties. He now sends it to us in book, as the Scots do theirs in bottle. Here are his lectures, with nothing lost of their informing informality as when they were used to

stimulate an audience of war-time undergraduates, whose thoughts must often have had a tendency to stray to the history they would soon be called upon to make. Their brief respite appears to have been made as attractive as the most critical scribbler of notes could demand. They were given a very adequate view of the stuff and statistics of economic history translated for them into witty letters to explain their country's getting and spending and the consequent improvement of her powers. Their survey of the subject could hardly have been better done.

But in making his argument such an attractive one, Dr. Fay does not avoid the hard *materia economica* of money. He takes the stuff aboard as ballast to give his vessel an even keel, and prepares us for the voyage with a *Prolegomena* clearly charting the shoals of 1776 and the submerged reefs of the Mercantile System. He sticks navigation lights on the Historical Significance of Money and the meaning of Medieval Moneys, sets a fog-horn on the Standard of Value, makes a sketch map of the Search For Gold and Silver, and keeps a log of the Stages in Economic History.

Thus prepared, he launches out into Parts II and III, through eight chapters on Fiscal Policy and Agriculture, thirteen on Trade and Industry and three valuable appendices, the second of which, by Mr. C. E. R. Sherrington, the authority of railways, brings the development of inland transport up to date for the present century.

In the main the voyage might be described as in the nature of a pleasure cruise along a fairly familiar route on which we are presumed to have consulted one or other of the better-known guide-books. But it is as useful to view the older landmarks in the perspective of the literature of the last ten years as it is interesting to be taken on some new excursions ashore: a dive into Chinatown on the subject of Drink and Drugs in Economic History; a ride through Trevithick's Cornwall; a trip through Agricultural Scotland. This is not to say that the book tends to be local or even insular, for a large part is devoted to the expansion of Britain on and over the seas, to include within the terms of Policy and Enterprise a discussion of the difficult question of the Export of Capital and a chapter on the Migration and Emigration of Labour.

For the ardent mind which is not content to review merely what is known of a subject, but is curious about the gaps and the queries, the unresolved chords, Dr. Fay gives some instances of the things he would like to know and of books that ought to be written. If any young scholar were in search of a theme, he might do well to look for one here.

Dr. Fay's exposition as a whole is informed with a faith that history, while remaining true to itself, can show us where we are going and even where we ought to go. In these days of our obscurity, most of us feel the need of such enlightenment.

I have read the book with profit and pleasure. I have tried it on one of my long-suffering students. He is dutifully enthusiastic. We are agreed that it is a book to recommend.

W. E. C. H.

THE UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND BRITISH NORTH AMERICA FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF PEACE AFTER THE WAR OF 1812. By A. L. Burt. (The Relations of Canada and the United States: A Series prepared under the direction of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Economics and History.) Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1940. Pp. vii+448. \$4.25.

Those who know the past work of Professor Burt or have heard him discourse on a new "find" in the Canadian Archives (of which he is now as much a part as the Colonial Office Correspondence) will expect scrupulous scholarship lightened by enthusiasm, and they will not be disappointed. His new book is the best thing he has yet written. Patience, intelligence and a zest for research will move mountains; and Mr. Burt has brought perspective and order to the most difficult diplomatic terrain in Canadian history, the period from 1783 to 1818.

In the early years after the Revolution, when the new United States was still a weakling, British policy was aimed at crippling the infant before she gained strength. Indeed the weakness of the Republic was responsible for most of the diplomatic troubles which smote her during the first stage of growth. The retention of the western fur posts by Great Britain in defiance of treaty obligation is one example, but Mr. Burt refuses to accept the Bemis thesis that they were retained because of the value of the fur trade they attracted. In his opinion fur profits were as dust in the scale as compared with the weight of the Indian problem, and his case for a British policy of placating the Indians whose territorial interests had been betrayed in the Peace of 1783 is a substantial one. War between the two countries came close in 1794 following the defeat of the redskins at Fallen Timbers. "Rarely have two countries come so close to war without plunging into it." Yet in the same year, Jay's Treaty brought about a settlement, and ushered in a new era in the history of diplomacy. Mr. Burt has done for John Jay what Professor C. K. Webster has done for Castlereagh—removed a century's accumulated burden of distrust and misunderstanding. Jay's Treaty (and it was properly the American envoy's treaty) inaugurated the modern use of judicial processes in international affairs. It was "a happy circumstance", according to the author, "that this innovation occurred so early after the establishment of the United States. Nowhere else has it been so useful as in the regulation of Canadian-American relations, and here it has been indispensable".

Thereafter began the great American immigration into Upper Canada and the Eastern Townships. "With the single exception of its government, Upper Canada was becoming more and more American in character"; and this peaceful invasion by land-hungry immigrants lasted until 1812. Chapters XI to XV, which discuss the issues and outcome of the War of 1812, are the freshest and most revealing in the book. No final conclusions are ever possible in history, but Mr. Burt submits a fairly strong case for revising the current interpretation of the causes of the war. While admitting that the relentless advance of the western American frontier threatened Canada and thus provoked Indian resistance, which British authorities were almost bound to support, he contends that the fundamental issue was maritime grievances. Britain was supreme at sea; hence the unwillingness of the eastern coastal states to risk war. But the West, equally roused by British impressments and immune from British attack, could afford to be bellicose. In the event of war Britain might take New York and New Orleans, but they could be recovered at the peace by an exchange of conquests. In other words, "the conquest of Canada was anticipated as the seizure of a hostage rather than as the capture of a prize".

A stimulating contribution to the War Hawk group, it is worth noticing, was made by the Irish, "these second founders of the Republic" as Randolph of Virginia dubbed them. Most people have assumed that the anti-English influence began with the mass migrations in the middle of the nineteenth century; but a good many embittered Irishmen came to American shores after the Rebellion of 1798, "talking about American spirit", and contributing chiefly through the press to the fuels of war.

In these dark days when the fate of the world hangs on America's final decision, the problem of British-Canadian-United States relations has assumed overwhelming importance. The crisis in our lives has led thinking Canadians as never before to search out their past and grapple with their prejudices in the light of history. Students of contemporary international affairs will be grateful to Professor Burt for the sure foundation he has laid.

G. S. G.

#### OUR ENGLISH TONGUE

THE STORY OF OUR LANGUAGE. By Henry Alexander. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1940. Pp. vi+242. \$1.00.

In view of the existing works on the history of the English language by Jespersen, Baugh, Lounsbury, Bradley, Emerson and others, Professor Alexander set himself no easy task in writing *The Story of Our Language*. He has succeeded, however, in producing a compact volume, written in a friendly and engaging style, which adequately reviews (for both the undergraduate and the

general reader) the causes and directions of the changes that have taken place in English, including vocabulary, sounds, forms, syntax and meaning. In the fifteen short chapters of this book, he considers his subject with the close scrutiny of the specialist, the experience of a practised observer of contemporary habits and variations of speech, and the liveliness of an alert mind and a quick humanity.

The two preliminary chapters deal with the principle of change in language and with some characteristic features of English. Then, in rather less than half the space made available for the whole work, the author examines the structures of Old English, Middle English and Modern English. It is remarkable that he has managed to pack so much indispensable information into such brief compass and in a manner so clear and unforbidding—the result, no doubt, of his long acquaintance with the difficulties of students in the class-room. There are few hurdles here even for those readers of average intelligence to whom the subject may be largely or entirely new. The treatments of semantics, of language-levels and of the various processes affecting the creation and growth of words provide three of the most enjoyable chapters; and the comparisons in structure and vocabulary between British and American English are skilfully presented. The last chapter deals with the project of charting North American speech by means of a *Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada*, a valuable undertaking to which Professor Alexander has made and is still making his own scholarly contribution as recorder of habits of speech in Eastern Canada and elsewhere.

The author sums up the meaning of the present book's adventure in his final paragraph:

We see that the story of our language does not close when we have investigated its past. The speech of the present takes on many forms and varying patterns. If our ears are alert and we cultivate our powers of observation we can detect all around us those signs of change that make language appear almost like a living organism with a capacity to survive and to adapt itself to a continually altering environment. Originally a crude and primitive means of communication, it has developed through the ages into a medium by which mankind can express the most profound emotions, the most subtle intellectual concepts, and the highest achievements of artistic creation.

There are two appendices—the one explaining Grimm's Law, the other comparing British and American spelling—and a useful bibliography and dual index.

G. H. C.

## FICTION

RANDOM HARVEST. By James Hilton. Toronto: Macmillan.  
Pp. 327. \$2.75.

MANHOLD. By Phyllis Bentley. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp. 413.  
\$3.00.

TWILIGHT IN DELHI. By Ahmed Ali. Toronto: Macmillan.  
Pp. 318. \$2.50.

HE RIDES THE SKY. By Irene Baird. Toronto: Macmillan. Pp.  
241. \$2.25.

A new book by the creator of *Mr. Chips* is an event eagerly awaited, but the present work has found severe critics, as well as ardent admirers. Some criticism is legitimate. While this is an example of the type of mystery novel we are all looking for, (namely, a mystery without sordid details and horrible murders,) it shares the defect of most mystery novels, in that the ending is unsatisfactory, since the mystery is solved in a way which does violence to our sense of reality, however much it pleases our sympathetic feelings. But some praise is also legitimate. The book contains very penetrating searchlights, which reveal the state of mind in England in the years which we now regard as eaten by the locusts. Much that is spiritually medicinal accompanies this diagnosis of past errors, otherwise it would hardly seem worth while at the moment. The characterization is good, the two main characters particularly good, and the book is interesting to the last (well, almost the last!) page.

*Manhold* is said by Miss Bentley to "complete, at least for the present", her "series of studies of Yorkshire history in fiction form". A fitting climax to the series, it deals with the now familiar Yorkshire background of cloth weaving, strong harsh characters, dialect, the eighteenth century's bitter economic struggle, and the rise of an able and rather unscrupulous man from the ruck of poverty, while some unusual and untypical characters provide some degree of variety. A Nemesis, originating in the harshness of the father, and later fostered by the weakness of the son, dogs the Horsfall family, and leads to the ruin of their home, *Manhold*. Rather a sombre book (for literary Yorkshire tends to be sombre,) but of well sustained interest.

*Twilight in Delhi* is an original and unusual book, showing a side of life among Indian Moslems which could not have been so well understood by anyone but an Indian. The book has received some well-deserved praise from Mr. E. M. Forster. It is a chronicle of middle-class family life, similar, *mutatis mutandis*, to some others in our libraries, such as *A Fortnight in September*, or *Mrs. Miniver*. Not a great deal happens, but the thoughts and feelings of the characters are exquisitely expressed. The sense of poetry in life, of human destiny as a sad and moving affair, full of frus-

trations and grief, but with a short-lived beauty, fills the pages with charm. The details of the life led by the Moslem household have for us the interest of great frankness and complete novelty, even if a shade of impatience at the fecklessness and inadequacy of some characters crosses the mind. This is a good piece of work.

*He Rides the Sky* comes as a tribute to the boys of the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F., and their parents, and as an expression of gratitude for their gallantry and courage, an intention with which we all sympathize. It is written in the form of letters from a young Canadian airman, of English descent, who is shown as having been one of those who went over before the war at their own expense, and with the possibility of rejection, to join the R.A.F. His parents and general background are clearly and skilfully indicated in these high-spirited letters, which reveal also his own modest but sprightly and daring personality. The whole book has an almost unbearable poignancy, and certainly does indicate what we well know—the amount of our debt to such lads.

One might venture to hint a doubt whether the same result, or a better one, might not have been achieved by a much shorter and less repetitive book, but the avowed intention of a tribute to those few to whom we owe so much makes one unwilling to criticize.

E. H. W.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE. By Sinclair Ross. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. Pp. 296. \$3.00.

This is Mr. Ross' first novel. We have been awaiting it with eagerness. For some years now we have watched his progress in the pages of the QUEEN'S QUARTERLY. We have been stirred by his short stories and sketches, *Snow*, *Wheat*, *Not By Rain Alone*, *A Day with Pegasus*, *The Cornet at Night*, *The Painted Door* and others. He has depicted faithfully the conditions of farm life in Western Canada with great understanding and vividness. His power of description is inimitable. He reveals a complete knowledge of the conditions he describes with such sympathy and so fitting a command of words, so discriminating a taste in their use.

His work has always dealt with the more unfortunate phases of those agricultural communities with which he seems best acquainted—drought, sand-storms, crop failures, destruction of crops by hail, of devastating blizzards, of poverty, misery and frustration, but yet nearly always revealing an indomitable courage and hope, of better times to come. The trials of the wheat farmer in the more arid regions of the West are only too familiar to all of us. Mr. Ross tells us nothing of the good years that enable the farmer to spend the winter in California. Nearly all of the author's works may, in a sense, be taken as a powerful plea in favour of "mixed farming", which is even now being practised more and more.

The present work, with its scriptural title—also a tale of blackest frustration—is in the form of a diary covering the period of one year in the life of a clergyman's childless wife, Mrs. Philip Bentley; we do not know her Christian name. The husband is the illegitimate child of a waitress and a young 'student preacher', and this disability casts a sinister reflection on his whole life. The scene is laid in what must be the most dismal of all towns in the West, or anywhere else, Horizon. The stores have 'false fronts' for one thing. The small outbuildings lean many degrees out of the vertical, and are often blown down. The very houses themselves lean over in the devastating wind. During the sand-storms the visibility is only a few yards and the world is enveloped in an orange murk. The dust settles half an inch deep on the window sills and has to be removed twice in the day; it covers the poor geranium plants which Mrs. Bentley tries to cultivate. The snow-storms are no less savage; the force of the blizzard is barbaric. The rain has its own peculiar ferocity. It would seem as if every aspect of nature were wholly inimical to the inhabitants of that much afflicted town.

The domestic life is of the meanest. The putting down of linoleum and the putting up of stovepipes are invested with more than their normal viciousness. The roof leaks from beginning to end, and the drip must be caught in a pail. The Bentleys are always in debt; being unable to collect the stipend of a thousand dollars a year, as well as being owed money from the various parishes where they have laboured three-year periods for fifteen years. Philip is himself in debt to the Church for the expenses of his college education. The couple becomes estranged, the husband unfaithful. But the main trouble is that the husband is an artist who has talent but cannot make his pictures live; he goes on year after year with his drawings and paintings when he ought to be writing his sermons, and as often as not tears them up as soon as they are finished. There is the scene, and it is one to wring the heart. In the book the neighbours are depicted with a sure touch; the social life of the town is scored unmercifully. Here are displayed meannesses and vices that are most hateful, malice, backbiting, envy, jealousy, pride, indeed nearly all of these so faithfully catalogued by the Apostle himself.

Through it all, however, redeeming the book from ugliness, runs the golden thread of the wife's undying love, absolute loyalty and unfailing devotion, which in the end achieves a measure of contentment for the pair. The book should gain a large success, as it deals with elemental things, with misery, hardship, frustration, such as are noted in *Grapes of Wrath* and *Tobacco Road* and so much in vogue in these days. One cannot praise Mr. Ross too highly for the skill and beauty of his work.

A. M.

## SCIENCE

THE SOCIAL RELATIONS OF SCIENCE. By J. G. Crowther. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1941. Pp. 665. \$4.00

THE WORLD AND THE ATOM. By C. Møller and Ebbe Rasmussen. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.; Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons, Ltd. Pp. 199. \$3.00.

In 1938 the British Association for the Advancement of Science created a new section whose specific object was the discussion for the social and international relations of science. Originally founded to interpret for the layman the findings of science, the Association in taking this step has emphasized another and extremely important aspect of science. When the present war clouds have disappeared and problems of a new order are tackled in earnest, satisfactory solutions will not be obtained if adequate consideration is not given to the social implications of science. The action of the British Association and co-operative steps taken by the American Association for the Advancement of Science give grounds for hope that the day is past when politicians can continue to neglect the scientist and his work in any planned economy for the nation.

Crowther's book on *The Social Relations of Science* gives an admirable picture of the interdependence of science and society. It is a history of science in which facts and discoveries, interesting as they are in themselves, are subordinated to a discussion of their significance in the light of man's activities and environment. It is an analysis of the conditions, social, economic and even political, under which science develops and scientific discoveries are made. One encounters such familiar historical names as Thales, Hippocrates, Archimedes, Roger Bacon, Francis Bacon, as well as a host of others, but always their scientific contributions are estimated and analyzed in relation to the social background. For example, in his analysis of Greek scientific thought, Crowther maintains that the failure of the Greeks to test by experiment their speculative ideas is a direct result of a social system in which all manual labour was done by slaves. Under such a system, it was undignified to work with one's hands, hence experiment was out of the question. In the case of Archimedes, this prejudice against manual labour created an obstacle which prevented his full development as an experimental physicist.

On the other hand, "generalized thinking is apt to appeal to a governing class whose only labour is thought preliminary to command", and Crowther discusses in detail the effect of social barriers between classes in early society on the trend of scientific development.

Throughout the book many examples are given to show that the conditions favourable to the discovery of scientific principles are dependent on the social activities of the community. "These advances in the theory of mechanics and physics during the Alexandrian period were deduced from the study of machines that were already more than a thousand years old." Much of Galileo's work was based on the analysis of facts provided by the tools of his and earlier generations, and the heat discoveries of Count Rumford arose directly out of the armament industry. Even in the present period, scientific research in some branches of physics is interlocked with the developments and needs of industry.

All readers will not agree with Crowther's views on the relation of scientific investigation to freedom and the state. According to him, "complete freedom of thought is not the chief condition for the progress of science", and the scientist, if he wishes to enjoy freedom, must study politics to make sure that he chooses the progressive side. There may be reactionary elements in a free state as well as when inquisition is in the saddle.

As might be expected, the author devotes considerable space to a discussion of the motives underlying research. He recognizes the importance of the fundamental urge to satisfy innate curiosity, but does not belittle the more prosaic motives of a desire for reputation or for more enjoyment and the need to earn a living, nor the altruistic aim of seeking to serve humanity.

*The Social Relations of Science* is a fine piece of work which should enhance the reputation of a well-known popular scientific writer.

*The World and the Atom*, by Møller and Rasmussen, falls into a different category. It belongs to the group of books which aim to give to the layman popular accounts of the results of scientific investigations. Written by men connected with the Copenhagen centre of physics and sponsored by the world figure Niels Bohr, this book is much more than a mere popular account of twentieth century atomic physics. It is an authoritative description of the advances in this field since the golden age when radium, x-rays and electrons were discovered, to recent years when nuclear bombardment of atoms has produced so many startling results. In places the average layman may find the going a little difficult, but the story is so fascinating that he will be amply rewarded for persevering to the end. Some forty illustrations, including eight plates of half-tones, add to the interest and to the ease with which the book may be read. It is recommended to readers who are more interested in acquainting themselves with the stimulating discoveries of modern physics than in their social significance.

J. K. R.

## ESSAYS AND STUDIES

THE ROMAN USE OF ANECDOTES. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1940. Pp. ix +189. \$3.00.

This is the fourth of a series of studies in Roman fiction by the distinguished professor of Latin at Vassar College. Through earlier work Professor Haight came to the conviction that the anecdote "had in Latin literature extended the art of narration to a far wider scope than that of recognized fiction, (that it) was indeed an art form in itself"; and in this new study the anecdote, which was used by Latin writers "not only to enliven their literature but to convey great truths", is examined in the highly divergent work of seven Latin men of letters: Cicero, Livy, Horace, Phaedrus, Martial, Persius, and Juvenal.

With a profusion of charming illustration, two main points are established: "that the essence of the Latin genius for story-telling lay not in the long novel but in the short story", and that "the anecdote, though a miniature in dimensions, came to have a recognized place in literary art in as widely different fields as the philosophical dialogue, the moral epistle, the oration, history, satire, fable, and epigram". But not infrequently the author's enthusiasm has permitted the illustrations to get rather out of hand, as in the account of Livy, where his technique in the use of the anecdote is discussed in a brief paragraph (p. 77), preceded by some thirty pages of "Tales from Livy". This mild criticism, *nimirum parum lucis*, must be made, too, of the treatment of the anecdote-technique in Martial and in Juvenal, where the central theme is somewhat obscured, however pleasantly, by much that is irrelevant.

On the other hand the introductory chapter on the art of writing anecdotes might surely have been extended, both to give further light to the student of literature, and to avoid the sullen snarls of the specialist in Latin rhetoric. For example, if the detailed Lampsacum incident in Cicero's oration against Verres is relevant to this book, why is the *chria* not referred to Antiphon, rather than to "the practical schools of Greek philosophy", and why are we told that "the *chriae* gradually passes from the schools of the philosophers to those of the grammaticus and of the rhetor"? Again, no reference is made here or elsewhere, except for two words on p. 82, to the very great influence of Menander on Latin *narratio*, in spite of the strong tributes of Quintilian and of Cicero; and the terseness of pp. 6-8 bristles with similar exciting points.

But this is a highly useful work; and although one may grumble that there is no discussion of the anecdote in Cicero's Letters or in Lucretius, and that the only reference to Suetonius, whether on the Caesars or on Rhetoric, is apparently in the index, it is to be hoped that this volume will not conclude Professor Haight's industrious and penetrating comments on Latin fiction. A. A. D.

## GOVERNMENT AND JURISPRUDENCE

THE BRITISH SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT. By W. Robson. Longmans, Green & Co. 35 cents.

This small booklet gives in its thirty pages a clear and concise outline of the government of Great Britain. The subject is a complex one but the author has picked out the essential features leaving a discussion of the complexities for some more extensive work. A smaller book would fail to give the essentials. A large one would necessarily become involved.

The author is careful to point out that this system, with no written constitution, is workable only on the basis of certain common assumptions made by the vast majority of the inhabitants of Britain. The impression left on the mind is that any system will work given the proper spirit but the converse is also probably true, that no system will work without that spirit.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that in which certain conclusions are drawn. The writer points out that the greatest obstacle to true democracy in Britain is the deep cleavage of class. His deduction that the people of Britain do not greatly desire equality because certain members of the well-to-do classes are zealous in their attacks on privilege is hardly the deduction most of us would draw. However, much may be forgiven a man who has done such good work in other respects. As an exposition of British life and thought the book is excellent. It is drastic condensation without distortion.

H. L. C.

BRITISH JUSTICE. By Sir Maurice Amos. Longmans, Green & Co. 35 cents.

In forty-one pages only the briefest outline of any system of jurisprudence is to be expected. The author has condensed to such an extent that the picture is distorted. The greatest defect, however, is his uncritical attitude.

We are discovering that the greatest bulwark of democracy is criticism. One of the reasons for the amazing fortitude displayed by the English seems to be the feeling that they are fighting to establish their own new order which will conserve all the best of the old order without its injustices. "British Justice" is a phrase that has been used by generations of orators to evoke a picture of absolute impartiality. In theory all systems are impartial. In practice the numerous British systems are probably as impartial as any other system but we may as well admit they are far from perfect and the English branch has recently been subject to savage criticism. The whole field of law administration is an open field for some reformer.

Since this booklet could not cover the whole of that field in the Commonwealth the author has confined his remarks to the administration of the criminal law in England omitting the less

creditable aspects. In confining himself to England he leaves the suspicion that he feels the rest of the commonwealth is of a negligible importance. However, we are used to that.

He starts with a eulogy of the accusatorial system in use in British countries in contrast with the inquisitorial system in almost universal use elsewhere. However he does admit, somewhat grudgingly, that the inquisitorial system "had in its origin a considerable claim to represent good sense." He also notes the tendency of the police to become inquisitors and elaborates on the complicated rules laid down to govern such inquisitions. Since we know that this police interrogation goes on, why not admit that it is sensible and necessary and throw around it some real safeguards for the accused? The theory of the accusatorial system is that the accused is innocent until proved guilty. In Ontario police courts at least that rule is in practice reversed. Anyone coming into such courts must prove his innocence in order to escape.

Three pages are then devoted without criticism to explaining the classification of crimes. We find this statement—"the distinction between larceny which is, and obtaining by false pretences which is not, a felony is often very subtle; both would be called theft by any but lawyers. This distinction still complicates criminal procedure". Does the layman realize that he is paying a tremendous price for deciding such fine distinctions? Don't blame the lawyer for that. He has sunk so gradually into the bog of legal rigmarole that he doesn't realize he is in it.

When he comes to coroners the author permits himself some mild suggestion of criticism. Here we find the inquisitorial system in full flower. A person about to be accused is frequently subjected to a most gruelling cross-examination. Thus the law takes away with one hand the safeguard it has given with the other. Mr. A. P. Herbert recently published some rather pointed criticism of the coroners' courts.

After dealing with the organization and history of the police force the author elaborates on the rules under which the police may question accused persons. Here we have our inquisitorial system sneaking in again by the back door. The safeguards to the accused are adequate if fairly observed but who will believe the prisoner's accusation of unfairness if it is denied by a platoon of police constables?

Five pages are devoted to the Justices of the Peace and there is no hint of the almost unbelievably bad conditions that have aroused such a tide of complaint in labour circles. A man *might* sit and be competent at the age of 101 but when over one-third of the Bench suffer from serious deafness there surely is ground for complaint. These Justices sitting at the Quarter Sessions and Petty session try more than 90 per cent of the criminal cases. The majority of the accused persons coming before them are poor,

since there is a definite relation between crime and poverty. Labour's criticism has been that these men, besides being incompetent on general grounds, are utterly out of sympathy with the average prisoner and quite unable to understand his mental reactions. Crimes against property tend to be regarded severely.

For an example of a criminal trial the author takes a murder trial. Such a trial is had before a judge of the High Court and the accused is represented by counsel paid by the crown if he is too poor to pay his own costs. The glare of publicity is on all the proceedings and the most scrupulous care is taken that the accused shall have a fair trial. This end is usually achieved for the standards of the English bar are high and the High Court judges are probably as competent a body of their kind as exist. To balance the picture, however, we should also have the story of the trial of Tom Jones, the village poacher, before Anthony Markham, J.P., for snaring pheasants on the preserves of Mr. Markham's neighbour and crony, Lord Alton.

The author's conclusion appears to be that "all is for the best in this best of possible worlds". That Tom Jones might disagree with him is not worth mentioning.

This booklet seems a fair sample of English pre-war smugness and self-satisfaction. It is the truth and apparently nothing but the truth, but it is so far from being the whole truth that the picture it gives is misleading in the extreme. As an example of English life and thought it should be classed as a failure.

H. L. C.

### SOME CANADIAN POETS

ARTHUR STRINGER. By Victor Lauriston. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1941. Pp. 178. \$1.75.

NORTH STAR. By Leo Cox. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1941. Pp. 56. \$1.50.

CANADA SPEAKS OF BRITAIN. By Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1941. Pp. 15. Twenty-five cents.

CALLING ADVENTURERS! By Anne Marriott. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1941. Pp. 8. Fifty cents.

Mr. Lauriston, himself a novelist, has written a useful little book about Arthur Stringer, novelist and poet. It contains a short biography; two appreciative essays on the verse and the prose, respectively; selections from each of these; and a bibliography. The story of Stringer's life is adequate, though necessarily tight-packed in the telling. The specimens of his work have been chosen with a view to representative range and balance, although better results might have been achieved by using fewer prose passages and presenting more ample examples, and also by limiting the number of the too

facile Irish verses included. *An Epitaph in Antrim*, however, deserves high praise. The book is intended as an appreciation rather than as an appraisal, and in his final sentence the author points out that "Time, and the more intimate and leisurely study time permits, is needful to determine Stringer's place in literature, and even in the literature of his native country".

Leo Cox is gaining ground as a poet. Perhaps he has included too much exercise work in *North Star*, but a few lyrics in this collection are among his best. He loves his Canada and makes us feel this love in *Father Point in August*, *Ode after Harvest* and *Angelus at St. Irenée*. He loves Scotland (*Retreat Played by the Bugle Band of the Ottawa Highlanders at Connaught Ranges*), and Ireland (*To an Irish Girl*). And he can think as well as feel, as in *Tomb of an Unknown Soldier*.

Sir Charles Roberts's brochure contains eight poems relating to the present war, three reprinted lyrics of the Great War, and three recent miscellaneous poems. Among those of the first group readers are likely to prefer *Canada Speaks of Britain*, a finely patriotic sonnet; from the second, perhaps, the well-known *Cambrai and Marne* and *Going Over*; from the third, *Twilight Over Shaugamauk*, which first appeared in QUEEN'S QUARTERLY. The War Services Library Council is to benefit by the earnings in royalties and profits.

The twelve parts of *Calling Adventurers* reproduce the choruses from *Payload*, a radio drama in prose and verse in which Miss Anne Marriott and Miss Margaret Kennedy have collaborated, the musical settings being supplied by Miss Barbara Pentland. The choruses without their context hardly succeed in evoking the spirit of the new world from commercial aviation, because the frame of the subject is too mechanically precise for the writer. Miss Marriott in this instance mistakes energetic rhetoric for emotional release, and this is the more regrettable because in *The Wind Our Enemy* (reviewed in these pages a little over a year ago) the tone is nearer its theme and the style more capably controlled. The present lines shout stridently and sing hardly at all.

G. H. C.

### INDUSTRY

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN CANADIAN MINING. By E. S. Moore. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. Pp. xx+135. \$2.25.

Most Canadians are not aware of, or do not stop to think of, the great influence American capital has had in the development of Canadian mines. We more or less take it for granted and look to the United States for much of the capital we require. After eight pages of geological background Dr. E. S. Moore in his book *American Influence in Canadian Mining* has set down for us in 74 pages

the companies in which Americans are more or less interested in financing.

He deals with his subject from a regional background but at the same time provides a historical and geological setting. The history of the events leading up to the financing of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, the large asbestos companies, the International Nickel Company and the Consolidated Smelting and Mining Company are interesting and apt to be forgotten.

Our modern mining started with the discovery of the Cobalt silver mines. Canadian capital was busy with railroad, colonization and other developments and loath to come in and develop the mines. The large supply of American capital was then called upon to develop this field. The rewards were generous so it continued to come in though Canadian capital had a greater part in the development of the Porcupine, Kirkland Lake and other goldfields.

The next 51 pages deal with the influence of American capital and equipment, labour and labour unions, and with the export trade. We find that a little over half the capital employed is Canadian, with American second and British third. Canada entered the mining industry at a relatively late date and with so much American capital employed and American mines so near at hand it is not surprising that we followed world practice as modified by Americans in developing our mines. In spite of this, American labour is not an important feature in our mining, particularly our metal mines.

S. N. G.

### GEOLOGY

**THE LAST MILLION YEARS.** By A. P. Coleman. The University of Toronto Press, 1941. Pp. 200. \$3.50.

This survey of geological events that have occurred since man's appearance on the earth is a most fascinating one for both the scientist and the layman as well. A bibliography of "more than a thousand titles" already exists treating of this interesting period; why then should we welcome so gladly another book on the subject? I think the answer lies in the personality of the author, a man who visited more glacial exposures, the world over, and could therefore speak with more authority and conviction than anyone else. To this should be added his simplicity of writing and his clearness and homeliness of simile. These add a charm to his descriptions that is rarely found in scientific writings.

In this little book of only two hundred pages is a story of events covering a million years, told with a scientific accuracy, yet with picturesquely artistry that makes it a book of technical reference for the geologist, glaciologist, zoologist, and geographer, and at the same time reads almost like a novel to the intelligent general reader. To cite only one example, after describing in detail the fossil contents of the Don beds near Toronto he summarizes thus:

With a little imagination one can see the ancient forest of maples and oaks and many other trees on the river shore, with deer coming down to drink, bears tearing open a rotten log for its small inhabitants; and at some creek mouth the giant beaver fells a tree with a splash to feed on its branches; while openings in the forest show buffalo grazing. A thunderstorm comes up, lightning strikes a blasted tree, and fire runs along the river bank, stampeding the forest dwellers which rush to the water for safety—all recorded with many more features not referred to, in the sand and clay beds between two sheets of boulder clay.

This is but a single paragraph, but whole chapters, e.g., Chapter X, and the post-script after Chapter XI under the title "What of the Future?" are written in a similarly popular manner, that will please the enquiring reader.

For the scientist there is a particularly good description and presentation of paleontological evidence of the inter-glacial Pleistocene beds, as well as physical evidence for the ice advances covering the Nebraskan to the Wisconsin. The lists of preserved fauna and flora are very complete, and show most strikingly the indispensable value of these evidences in the correlation and sequence of such easily perishable formations as sands, clays and gravels. Chapter IV is particularly valuable in this respect.

The author of the book was a scientist, a clear and popular lecturer and writer, but he was also at heart an artist. The very title of his book "The Last Million Years" is intriguing, and throughout the book are such picturesque word pictures as are not thought of by other writers on scientific topics. We read, e.g., of a "desert of ice" when one naturally associates deserts with anything but ice; and again we read that parts of the continent have come through "the purgatory of ice sheets, tremendously changed in their physical features . . . but on the whole the work of the glaciers has been one of renovation and improvement". Again, "the whole complex jumble of lakes and rivers would be incredible if it did not really exist, and no serious engineer would plan such an absurd arrangement of water routes". These and many other descriptions coupled with an artistic selection of cuts and photographs, illustrate the very marked æsthetic character of the author.

To Dr. George F. Kay of the University of Iowa, who edited the manuscript of the late Dr. Coleman, the glaciologists of the present day owe a debt of gratitude, that this excellent contribution to the library on glacial phenomena was not lost. The reviewer has only one suggestion to offer, namely, that if or when a second edition of this book is issued, it should contain a simple stratigraphic table at the opening of Chapter II.

M. B. B.

# QVEEN'S QVARTERLY

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AUTUMN : 1941

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## THE STAMP OF QUEEN'S

By D. D. CALVIN

THE annual dinner of a branch of the General Alumni Association, with the Principal as guest of honour—all Queen's graduates can supply their own setting for it. The Principal has spoken, and has given the alumni—of Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa or wherever it may be—his ideas of how the University stands at the moment in its unending upward struggle, in a highly competitive world, towards the goal of ever greater achievement.

Fyfe liked to tell a story of one such occasion. He was saying good-bye to the wife of the president of the alumni branch—she happened to be a graduate of the University of Toronto. Holding her hands over her ears to lessen the impact of a final “Oil Thigh” from three hundred throats, she laughed and shouted to Fyfe, “Queen's is not a university, Mr. Principal, it's a disease.”

Now diseases are of many kinds—none pleasant, some repulsive—yet no Queen's graduate would resent that saying. Why? Because he knows that he does bear upon himself the marks of Queen's. If they are playfully likened (by outsiders) to the symptoms of what the Concise Oxford Dictionary calls a “deranged or depraved state of mind or morals”,

well, no harm is done. Let us acknowledge it, then, Queen's is a disease, in the sense which her graduates will joyfully read into the words of that "Varsity" graduate.

But let us also be on our own guard. This article, one hastens to say, is not to be about that rather unreasoning and rather overworked imponderable, "the Queen's spirit". No. When the present writer was beginning to work at the Centenary history, an outspoken U. of T. friend expressed to him a hope that the book "would not contain *too* long a section on this (sanguinary) Queen's spirit". Which shows that the over fervently or over frequently expressed loyalty of Queen's graduates can be boring—not to say offensive—even to our friends and well-wishers.

Nevertheless it may be of interest to try to discover some of the sources of this endemic infection which runs through life at Queen's, and the life of Queen's, and which unquestionably sets its seal upon almost every graduate. Those few who have not the mark upon them are not the true product of Queen's University, one feels.

The earliest traditions of Queen's, obviously, were based upon the Scottish-Presbyterian origins of the University. Added to this is the fact that the Founders were protestants, in the primary sense of the word—they were protesters against the bigotry of established privilege. Scottish "protesters" are not easily put down; the Scots do not readily give up a struggle, as a hundred battlefields have proved. Nor, when they have won their fight, are they reluctant to admit that fact. Both things have been true of Queen's folk. The late Dr. Jordan, sixty or more years after the foundation, used to delight in listening to a group of Queen's people "exceeding" among themselves about their University, and noting their more extravagant claims. When his turn came to speak, he would apologize for being a mere Englishman, an interloper, and then bring the talk back within more reasonable limits.

By Dr. Jordan's time, Queen's had outgrown the early Scottish-Presbyterian tradition. From the disruption of 1844 until the Presbyterian union of 1875, the Kirk wing of the Presbyterians was in close control of Queen's; but from 1875 down to "separation" in 1912, the ties between Queen's and the Presbyterian Church in Canada had become less and less important in the life of the University. These ties were even more completely broken by the passing of Queen's Theological College to the United Church of Canada in 1925.

The later tradition, therefore, which carries on into our own day, is not so much an inheritance from Scottish-Presbyterian origins as from the clan feeling of the Scot. Only a very small minority of her graduates and friends felt that the changes of 1875, 1912 and 1925 were disasters—devotion to Queen's as *Queen's*, not to Queen's as the child of the Kirk, carried her triumphantly through them all.

Our inquiry narrows down, then, to an attempt to discover the reasons for this gradual change. What caused it? How and why has the attitude of the little body of graduates and supporters of the 1860s and the 1880s been replaced—first, by that of those who carried through separation, and who hoped that Queen's would somehow remain Presbyterian in spite of it; second, by the loyalties of to-day?

One source, undoubtedly, is the tradition of continuity in the administration of the University; Queen's has never favoured short-term leadership. It cannot be without significance that three consecutive principalships, those of Snodgrass, Grant and Gordon, cover fifty-two years of Queen's first century. This continuity is even more marked in the Board of Trustees, where three consecutive chairmanships—those of John Hamilton, Alexander Morris and James MacLennan—cover sixty-two years. It follows that the terms of both Principals and Chairmen must of necessity have carried on over the changes from one period to another. They did not resign be-

cause of difficulties, these leaders, but fought through to solutions of them.

Closely bound up with the long service of the senior officers is the long service of the rank and file of the administration. Among the trustees, down to very recent years, there has been a dwindling band of tried veterans who in their youth had seen the financial crisis—almost disaster—of 1868-69 successfully overcome under the stout-hearted leadership of Principal Snodgrass. These same men, in their early maturity and in middle life, had stood behind Grant and his successors through thick and thin. They did not talk overmuch about the old days, these veterans—rather, in their later years, they took a sober pride in the progress of the University under the guidance of a younger generation of loyalists. The refusal of the Board to accept the resignations of two or three of these “old-timers”, when they could no longer usefully attend their meetings, is further proof of the value set upon continuity in Queen's University.

Among members of staff the same continuity may be found. The average tenure of their appointments by seven men — Williamson, Ferguson, Dupuis, Watson, Cappon, Shortt and Maegillivray—is more than thirty-nine years. And there are men on the staff to-day who have held office for equally long periods.

A different and special element, in the growth of the traditions of Queen's, is the national position which Grant filled, almost from his coming to the University but particularly in his last fifteen years as Principal. His standing and influence in the educational and political life of Canada could not fail to be reflected in a very natural pride in him and in their institution, among the graduates and friends of Queen's. As for those who were students at the University in Grant's day—they thought of “Geordie”, without any question, as the great Canadian of his time.

A sense of their partnership in the long-drawn-out and successful struggle, whether they had been directly engaged in it or not, is another thing which has bound Queen's people together. For example: might not those whose memories, in the middle 1890s, could go back half-a-century to the deep discouragements of the early years—to 1846, say, when Principal Liddell resigned in a mood approaching despair—might they not well believe that the Founders had “builded better than they knew”, and that they themselves had somehow had a share in adding to the fabric? The graduates of more recent years, most of whom do not know the details of Queen's long fight for independence as their forebears did, feel themselves none the less to be inheritors of the fruits of victory.

Deep down in this sense of survival through long-continued struggle against heavy odds there is a subconscious “David and Goliath” feeling—with Queen's cast in the rôle of David and the bigger universities . . . well, if not Philistine giants they were at any rate bigger than we. Insofar as this is true, it runs perilously close to the modern psychologist's “inferiority complex”; it is not unconnected with the North American standard, bigger *therefore* better, and it emerges in such things as the almost unholy glee of the graduate of Queen's when his team wins an important football game in Montreal or Toronto. A story, perhaps, will best illustrate the feeling. Some years ago the son (and grandson) of Queen's graduates, a freshman at Queen's—he had spent ten years in Toronto schools—was taking some of his U. of T. contemporaries about the grounds. Queen's was looking her best on a fine autumn day; “Nice place you have here”, said one of the visitors. “I'd no idea . . .” His tone was too much. “What the devil did you think we were, a rural High School? We've been teaching longer than U. of T.”

That remark referred to teaching in the Arts Faculty. Yet a freshman in Science would have been equally ready with

a similar retort to such a bit of patronage, even though the Faculty of Science was not set up until Queen's had passed the mid-century mark. The slowly developing traditions of the place have, in spite of his strong loyalty to his Faculty, set the seal of the University upon the Science man. (Indeed the engineering graduates are perhaps the most belligerently loyal group in the whole constituency of Queen's University.) The same thing is true of the medicals, notwithstanding the twenty-six years during which their Faculty was a separate college—to-day, "Royal am a-moverin', a-moverin' along" as a living part of Queen's.

It remains to glance at some of the influences in the formation of tradition which grow out of the conditions under which the students live, in Queen's University at Kingston. Let it be granted that very many of them—it would be interesting to know the exact proportion—go to Queen's with the tradition of the place already strong upon them, since they are the children and grandchildren of Queen's folk. Yet it is also true that each successive generation must come to terms with the college-life of its day, and that this life has varied through the years. For instance: the graduate of forty years ago looks back upon Convocation as a ceremony at which, as in the Scottish universities, the students threw away restraint and made it the annual occasion when professor and student heard the truth spoken in jest. To-day, Convocation is the exact reverse—all frivolity is out of place, and the effect upon the air of Convocation depresses the old-timer not a little. Is the modern way copied from "Commencement" at American colleges?

The convention of conduct at graduation, however, is a small matter. Underneath it, and underneath a hundred other differences—of dress, habits and "student activities"—life at Queen's has some unchanging fundamentals, which are closely akin to the continuity of tradition in the University itself. Some of these long-term influences will occur at once to the

graduate of Queen's. Most of the students have the same social background; there are no fraternities to divide them; they enjoy a very large measure of self-government. Kingston does not offer the manifold distractions of a big city; and there is the fact that most of the students come from outside the Kingston area. All of these things have contributed to a sense of corporate life, in both University and student-body, which is scarcely possible in a big city. Groups of students live to-day, in the same boarding-houses, a life substantially the same as that of their forerunners. And one sometimes wonders whether they will not regret these time-honoured places when Queen's at last achieves residences for men-students. Will not something of their traditional independence be lost? There is a good deal to be said for the day when the student (without aid from lists of approved houses in the Registrar's office) found his own lodgings, made his own way of life, and at the end of the session had his reward—or his punishment. "Sink or swim", as at the ancient Scottish universities, was the old rule at Queen's, and it is still broadly true that the student must work out his own salvation.

These, then, are suggestions of a few of the ways in which Queen's has in the past, and still does, put her mark upon her sons and daughters. It is not a process which can be described in exact terms, but its result is that graduates become part of the University, once and for all—very few of them ever forget their promise at graduation, that they will "cherish a generous loyalty" to Queen's University.

## THE DESERT

BY FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

**A**LICE left the west-bound train at Medicine Hat and, placing her suitcase of black-enamelled duck on the platform, looked about her. The sunken valley in which the city stands seemed somehow to indicate the natural level of things. Was it not the level at which she had been travelling in coming from the east? Up there, at the height of the hill-tops, she knew, stretched a plain probably no more than a few hundred feet higher than the floor of the valley; yet it seemed vastly nearer the sun and open to the winds of the mountains which reached into the clouds.

She smiled wistfully to herself and revisualized a thousand things at once: things which had happened only a few days ago and things which had happened in the faraway past. Many threads — the threads that made the woof of her life — were gathering into the tangled knot of the present. Half an hour ago she had played with the idea of going on, of not alighting from the train before it reached Banff. At Banff he was waiting for her; he would meet this very train. He knew of all her perplexities. She liked him; she loved him. If she did not go on to join him, her failure to do so would be tantamount to telling him that she loved something else more than him. Only a few minutes before she had reached Medicine Hat she had suddenly understood what it meant that he was waiting for her at Banff. It meant exactly the same thing; he, too, loved something else more than he loved her; that something was his career. In an impulse of rebellion she had alighted.

Standing on the long platform of the open station, she frowned as she thought of that. She knew that at this very moment her trunk was being unloaded from the baggage van. Remaining, going on—that was the question of the moment. These few minutes while the train waited were a tragic crisis in her life. She was subject to conflicting impulses. If she

took a few quick steps and secured a ticket, six or eight hours travelling would reunite her with him; if she stood still, she would have to let things take their course.

All about her now people were boarding the train; others were rushing into the refreshment rooms and returning with sandwiches, cones of ice-cream, lunches done up in cardboard boxes. By a sort of second sight she seemed to see herself standing there, undecided, the battlefield of conflicting impulses. She wondered which one would carry the day.

The minutes sped. There was a sudden change in the tempo of the movements about her. The conductor had come forth from the station building, watch in hand. At the front of the train, the baggage truck was being pulled away from the van. On that van her trunk reposed. Perhaps there was still time.

But no. "All-aboard!" The chaotic movements about her crystallized into a sort of order. Knots of people divided themselves into those who mounted the steps of the cars, turning back when they had reached their platforms, and those who were to remain behind and whose faces now were raised.

A little nervously, Alice shrugged her shoulders. In the corners of her clear, grey eyes stood tears. She picked her suitcase up, turned to the station building, went to the wicket, and drew a pad of telegraph blanks to herself, holding her pencil poised. What was she to tell him? To come? What would he say? What think? That, after all, she wanted to eat her cake and have it, too? Or that she wanted to make herself precious by withholding herself?

This thing lay deeper than that; and it could not be expressed in a few words. Besides, she had told him before. It was useless to hint at it again. He must either divine it or he must misinterpret her.

Yet, unless she helped him, she could not help herself. She might be sowing regret for the rest of her life. Him she

understood only too well because she understood herself. Well, then, he must understand her in the same way. If he did not, perhaps she was merely misunderstanding him?

A slight jerk of her well-shaped head, a motion backward—these seemed somehow to help her in making up her mind. She put the pencil down. At the same moment she became aware of the fact that behind the glass of the wicket a young man had been waiting and watching her, ready to receive her completed message. She smiled apologetically, nodded, and said, "I've changed my mind, thank you!" And, after having checked her suitcase at the parcel room, she issued quickly from the building into the street.

Within an hour she had had a lunch, made a number of purchases, and had engaged a car at one of the numerous garages of the little city. In this car, driven by a grimy young mechanic, she made the rounds from the station to the various stores to pick up her baggage and her parcels, some of which were bulky and heavy. When she had checked the last item on her list, she said to the driver before she re-entered the car, "That's all. We can go now." It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

A few minutes later the car began, from the northwest corner of the city, a steady climb along the steep slope of the river-valley. Then came a turn and a twist in the road, through a ravine, and they were on the plateau of eastern Alberta. Ahead of them loomed the smokestacks of the brick-kilns of Redcliffe. The car soon left them behind; and when they had crossed the track to the north there remained no trace of industrial activities. They were in what the eastern Albertans call "the desert".

The road led alternately north and west for from ten to twenty miles on each leg of the journey. And at the same time it swung up and down, incessantly, over bare, treeless hills which, near their tops, were stony and rough. Everywhere the

soil was covered with the sparse grass of the dry country which did not entirely hide the grey-yellow clay.

Again Alice re-experienced the prevailing impression of her childhood, that she was here on the roof of the world, nearer to sun and stars than anywhere else in this country except perhaps on a mountain-top. Even the air seemed strangely rarefied; and the sun burned down with unimpeded heat. Was this beauty? She could not tell. But she felt at home in it. This country had borne her. The woods and valleys, the closely settled districts, the towns and cities were alien to her. In them she had always felt as if in exile. Here was her home. Life might be poor and monotonous; it might pass close to the no-man's land of death and extinction; but it was life in a familiar atmosphere, her atmosphere!

Here and there she saw the remains of abandoned irrigation ditches—how prematurely old they looked, prehistoric, like the ruins of Cyclopean earthworks. She almost rejoiced in these ruins. Had man prevailed when he tried to change this country of soil and sky into human settlements, he would have spoiled it for her. It would be what the irrigation district beyond Brooks was now: the home of a race different from her own. Yes, for more than ten years she had lived in exile; she had come home.

They went on for two hours after they had left the first straight northwest stretch of the road, driving fast. Twice they passed through little towns, Suffield and Alderson; then they were suddenly in a more familiar neighbourhood.

It was after four o'clock when Alice bent forward to give the driver some directions. He slowed down. They left the main road and made several turns; and then they were on a trail along which, at almost regular intervals, stood abandoned homesteads. Alice felt as if her heart were rising into her throat. She knew that these people had all left. Especially when, on the crest of a hill, she looked through the upper win-

dows of a house right into the sky beyond—the house was unroofed—she felt that she was undertaking what was, after all, beyond her human power. Little panicky waves ran through her.

Then they topped a sharp ridge with steep flanks; and suddenly the next hill, a dome-shaped expanse, higher than all the others, showed her the familiar buildings among which she had spent her childhood. Nearest the road stood the house, painted a pale, washed-out green, with dark patches scattered irregularly over its straight wall. These were the boards that had been nailed in front of the windows after the death of her parents.

The long struggle between the easy life in the great city and her homesickness was at last decided; she was coming to live here, definitely, for the rest of her life! Intensely that thought held her; and poignantly another thought pierced it. She was thirty-two; and she had just now thrown away the prospect of another sort of happiness, a warm, human companionship the offer of which had come to her late in life and had been received by her with a sober sort of joy, making her forget for a moment what had always been in her veins, the longing for the landscape in which she had grown up.

They shot up the hill, which, though higher, was of gentler approach than most over which they had come. Again it seemed to her as if, in that climb, they were being lifted above the abodes of other men. To their left, the line-fence had sprung up, in good condition. In this dry country posts did not rot; nor was wire purloined by those in need of it from any place not known to be definitely and finally abandoned; for of such there were plenty.

“This is the place”, Alice said.

“Eh?” the driver asked in astonishment.

“Just stop at the gate. I’ll open it.”

The direction was obeyed; and, Alice having alighted, the car swung into the yard, to come to a stop in front of the nailed-up door. The driver sat and stared blankly.

Alice, in sudden nervous haste, took her suitcase from the seat, put it on the ground, and produced a hammer. "I'll try to open the door", she said. "I'd like you to put the baggage inside."

This galvanized the driver into activity. He vaulted out of his seat, took the hammer from her, and began tearing the boards down.

Then Alice unlocked the door and entered the dark hall. The floor creaked; she breathed air that had not been renewed for years and years.

"If you'd be kind enough to put the boxes and the trunk in here, I'll be all right", said Alice.

"Are you going to stay here alone? Aren't you afraid?" Alice laughed. "What is there to be afraid of?"

"Well . . ." And then, "Would you like me to open a window or two?"

"If it isn't imposing upon you." Seeing his readiness, she pointed out two windows to him, one in the parlour, piercing the south wall, and one in the kitchen which formed a lean-to in the west.

Soon the light penetrated the dark interior. In the parlour, the ordinary furniture of a little-used room was covered with huge sheets of packing paper. The smell of moth-balls was strong. In the kitchen the bare table, the range, the sink, the cabinet were covered with a fine sandy dust to the depth of an eighth of an inch. Alice meanwhile explored odd corners of the ground-floor, for only now had a number of difficulties occurred to her. When she had first thought of returning she had, in spite of her better knowledge, instinctively pictured the place as surrounded by neighbours. The neighbours had pulled up their stakes to a man. Yet, when she had opened

the gate, she had noticed one place, perhaps two miles north, from the house of which smoke was rising into the clear blue of the summer afternoon.

One of these difficulties was fuel; the other, water. As for fuel, the back-shed contained a not inconsiderable quantity of coal. As for water, she would have to see. Just then the driver entered.

"Thanks", said Alice. "I believe I have everything except water. There's a well in the back yard. I found the old rope and pail. Do you know whether it will be safe to use the water?"

"When was it used last?"

"Ten years ago."

The driver laughed. "Should be cleaned out first, I suppose."

"Well", she said, a little helplessly, "I'll walk over to the Watsons' place."

"How far's that?"

"Two miles."

"Have you any vessel? I'll take the bus and drive over."

"Oh, would you? I found a cream-can. I wonder whether it's clean?"

Having been tightly closed, it was clean, though the air imprisoned in it had a peculiar smell. "I'll rinse it", said the driver.

Alice picked up courage again. The man was hardly gone when, in exaggerated haste, she divested herself, in the hall, of her travelling suit and, having taken a housedress from her suitcase, donned it, watching the road meanwhile. Then, fetching rope and pail, she went to the well and drew a pail of water. It smelt 'sloughy'. But she took it to the house, got soap, and began the work of cleaning the kitchen. The car returned and the young fellow carried the cream-can into the house.

“Fellow said he’d be over to-night and give you a hand.”

“Thanks”, Alice replied. “I think I can manage now.”

And she dried her hands in order to pay him. Then she stood for a moment, pensive. “I wonder”, she asked, “would you be kind enough to send a wire for me?”

“Sure.”

She found a piece of paper and wrote. It was no message, just the township and range of her location, signed by her name, Alice Whitney, and addressed to Dr. Thomas Ashmole, Banff.

Five minutes later she stood in the door, looking after the car as it sped south, on its way back to the city.

By evening she had got things in the house into such shape that, as she said to herself, she could ‘camp’. Kitchen and parlour were clean. In the latter stood a large Chesterfield which she would use for her bed. She felt now that she could face the night. Through the door suddenly she saw a man on horseback coming from the north. It was Mr. Watson.

He was forty years old, stout, sunburnt, massive; about his neck he wore a red bandana handkerchief; a grey moustache adorned his unsmiling face. As he reached the gate, he greeted her as though she had been absent for only a few days. But he looked her up and down.

“You are the only one left, Mr. Watson?” asked Alice.

“The only one this side of town. That’s five miles.”

“But why?”

“They won’t learn. They think they can farm here and find they can’t.”

“They won’t take to sheep? Is that it?”

“They hate sheep, they say. They leave and give up. Anything I can do?”

“Hardly to-night”, Alice said. “I was wondering whether you’d take the boards down from my windows. There’s no hurry, of course. Any time.”

"To-morrow morning?"

"Very good. And if you'd be kind enough to let me know when you go to town so I can get supplies. Till I get a horse of my own."

"Sure. Going to stay?"

"For some time at least."

"Still teaching?"

"I have been till day before yesterday."

Mr. Watson sat and looked around without moving. Then he said, "Well, if I can't do anythnig, I'll be moving."

"Much obliged for coming over", said Alice and smiled.

In the light of the sinking sun Alice, having put on a light coat, went westward across the yard with its long, low sheds, its small horse-stable, and its sheep-run, and out on the open prairie beyond. Yes, she thought, this is that sparse, hard grass! The light, powdery soil under and between the tufts felt to the foot like the matted dust of unaired and unswept subterranean quarters. Here and there, embedded in it, lay huge granitic boulders. For more than ten years this soil had not been trodden upon; yet it looked as if it had been stirred by the small, hoofed feet of thousands upon thousands of animals, though nothing had touched it but the wind of the plains.

The sun for a moment lay on the horizon, heatless, rayless, the colour of a blushing rose. In the whole vault of the sky there was not a wisp of cloud. All around, the horizon was even with the hill on which she stood. This bare and apparently cheerless landscape was exalted. When she stood still, she seemed to see and almost to feel how the earth was swinging eastward. The sun was suspended over the edge of the world, hanging over a bottomless abyss into which all living things had to plunge sooner or later—an unknown beyond.

Then, a moment later, the sun, half hidden by the edge of the world, was no more than a rose-coloured spot, and in an-

other minute the whole world grew grey. This was a moment filled with an intense emotional content almost painful. "Here I lie", the landscape seemed to say, "indifferent to the seasons. Summer or winter—to me they are both alike. They come and they go; and I remember them though I do not distinguish between them, for there is nothing to distinguish them by. There is no past and no future; there is only a present; a present that changes and yet remains ever itself."

But it did not remain itself. Time flew. Within half an hour the first stars leapt out of the firmament and the landscape lost its apathy. During this darkening of the night which delayed, yet, when it came, seemed more sudden than elsewhere, the hills were raised towards the firmament as though by an inner urge, lifting themselves higher and higher till they aspired like altars, upward. The smoke from what there might be of human habitations rose like the incense from sacrifices; the light of the stars streamed down to meet that incense and the thought of man.

Alice let these varying moods enter her being, as if through the pores of her skin. When the cosmic night reached its fervour, she shivered and turned. To her right, on the very summit of the dome, she saw a grey granite boulder half embedded in the soil. It looked like a sheep crouched down for the night. She approached and sat upon it, huddling there to preserve the heat of her body in the air, which was rapidly cooling.

Her thought now became concrete: she considered her past life. How she had grown up here with the regret that she was a girl and not a boy; how her parents had worked and planned, with that indefeasible confidence in the power of education to perform miracles for their children; how they had sent her two brothers to school in the city and later to college, denying themselves the most common comforts in order to give them what they had not had themselves; how the war had

broken out, her brothers enlisting, and how they had both been killed in action; how, then, the parents had transferred to her that longing to give their children all possible advantages, sending her to the city; how she had become a teacher; how the parents had died of typhoid here in the wilderness; and how, after their death, too late for them to know and be proud of it, she had taken her place in the work of the world as the principal of one of the large schools in Winnipeg. After that she had gone on, in perpetual homesickness for the scene of her childhood: for this next-to barren prairie of the west, living in exile, but still doing what her parents would have wished her to do. And then she had met Thomas—not in passion, but in something which had seemed deeper and greater: in a liking and a love as between brother and sister. But he had lived in the city; and, being unable to face the prospect of a lifetime there where the days went by like fever-pulses, apparently filled with life, in reality empty, she had never consented to be his. Till, a few days ago, he had broken through her restraint and had told her that he must now do one of two things, either make her his own or leave her and try to free himself from her bond.

The train which she had left at Medicine Hat was at Banff now; and so probably was her wire. What message would he read out of it?

As she sat on that stone, till late into the night, in fact, till a half-waned moon rose in the east as if to meet the projecting eminence of the world on which she was sitting, she called for him with her soul, with all the powers of her heart. She had been unable to go to him because it would have meant the surrender of her own true life; but she wanted him to come to her; she wanted it more fervently than she had ever wanted anything before except to live out her natural life on this spot of the world which, in the pale, bluish radiance of the moon, she embraced with her half-unseeing look.

During the days that followed, she put the house into order, till it would have been clear to any casual observer that whoever lived there meant to stay. On Wednesday she went along with the Watson children, who drove daily to town, where they attended school. At the local "Sales and Feed Stable" she bought a horse and buggy and drove herself home.

The train from the west passed through Alderson late at night. And, though she tried to persuade herself that she expected nothing whatever, invariably in the morning, when she went about her work in the house, she stopped from time to time at one of the windows looking south, over the trail that connected her with the rest of the world.

Meanwhile Mr. Watson had opened all her windows for her; he had cleaned the well, and hauled a few loads of hay to the yard. She had written to a well-known breeder of sheep and awaited the foundation of her future flocks. When they arrived she hired two men in town to drive them out to her place. On her way home, she felt for the first time that house and yard had resumed the air of a settled homestead which had never been abandoned. You could not see from the road that the downstairs floors in the house were warped, so that, in walking over them, she sometimes had the sensation of going up a hill; and the next moment felt her strides lengthened by a corresponding downward slope; nor could you tell that, upstairs, the boards having shrunk, the floors rattled when they were crossed.

That night, naturally, all her thoughts were confined to the welfare of the flock, which was scattered over the huge west slope of the dome on which the house stood. For several hours she had to lift water from the well and pour it into the trough which reached through the yard-fence into the pasture beyond. Already she was planning improvements. She would install a pump. She would replace the barbed wire of the line fence by woven wire, which would turn the coyotes. She

would improve the native pasture by sowing the seeds of such grasses as had been proved to flourish under these arid conditions. While she gave herself over to these thoughts, she was half aware that she did so, partly at least, in order to keep another thought submerged: the thought of what apparently she had lost.

For that she had lost that other thing which life seemed to have promised her, it now seemed impossible to doubt. He had not come; he had not written. There was only one explanation: he had taken her message to mean a definite 'no'. That settled it, did it not? Was it not her own well-considered doing? But when she reached her house, she sat for a while in the dark parlour and wept.

The weeks went by; a regular routine had become established. The fifty-odd sheep were beginning to feel at home; already they knew her. She rose very early in the morning and did her housework. Then, putting on a wide-brimmed hat to protect her from the glaring summer sun, she went for a walk of inspection over the half-section of land that was hers. She knew by this time that the half-section adjoining hers in the south had been 'proved up' before it had been abandoned, and was for sale at a ridiculously low price. Already she included it in her walk; for she planned its purchase. When she had done so, she returned along the high ridge next to the dome.

Another few weeks went by; and the end of August came. There had been one or two short rains, but on the whole the weather had been dry. Alice tried to persuade herself that, with the expected increase in her flock next spring, the sheep would be the better off for a doubled area to graze over. The truth was that she began to find her life just a little empty, in spite of the fact that meanwhile her books had arrived. In Winnipeg, another had stepped into the place which she had given up. To that city, no doubt, Thomas Ashmole had re-

turned; for there was no reason any longer why he should stay away. Defiantly she told herself that she had found what she had been looking for; that already—and this was no more than the truth—she had recovered zest in the trivial things of her life: the joy of mere walking and stretching her limbs; that all she needed was a widening of her activities, so that she could feel that what she was doing was worth while.

She wrote at last to the owners of that half-section adjoining hers. She would secure the land and then, perhaps, double her flock that very fall. All the time, however, she was half-conscious that this was a mere illusion, the same illusion from which the hurry and fever of city life sprang. But she could not help herself. The letter had gone off to Calgary, and she felt committed.

It was a week before the answer came. The people regretted that the land had just changed hands. Whether the new owner intended to live on it or not, they could not tell. If Miss Whitney wished to write herself . . . The name of the purchaser was Dr. Thomas Ashmole.

Her heart missed a beat, and she felt herself blushing all over. Then she laughed—a curious laugh, almost shamefaced, in spite of the fact that she was all alone, standing by the gate of her yard where she had met the Watson children on their way home from school.

What did it mean? Well, what could it mean except one thing? Namely, that her great wish was coming true after all? That she could live in her native element and yet not remain alone?

That night, for the first time in weeks, she went to the summit of the dome behind her yard and watched the sun set and the night rise over the hills; strange to say, it no longer seemed to her that these bare, barren hills lay apathetically waiting for summer or winter, indifferent to their succession. If the hills remembered the seasons, this one would be dis-

tinguished from all the others because a human being had gone over them, happy at heart.

As often happens in life, no waiting was needed now. Once the fret and fever were gone, events moved fast enough. That very night Alice was, towards morning, awakened by the hum of a passing car, and when, a few hours later, she rose to begin her morning's work, and went out for a moment to take the air, she saw, to her astonishment, a tent pitched on the land north of hers, and behind it the car which she had heard passing. It was land which had fallen back to the crown, the former settlers having left before they had proved up. There was only one explanation: it had been homesteaded again, by new settlers; and apparently, since the car looked to be of a good make and new, they came supplied with what they needed till they could get established.

Alice went back into the house and prepared her breakfast. After that she would have to pump water for an hour or so. Meanwhile she wondered. Yes, it would be a little less lonely. Once or twice, during the last few weeks, she had felt oppressed with the solitude of the hills, and she had walked over to the Watson farm. There, she had found relief by listening to the complaints and troubles of others. It was Mr. Watson who, throughout the long years, had held on to the homestead, slowly and by dint of many privations forging through to success. Mrs. Watson would long since have given up and joined the trek to the city; she hated the barren hills. Alice, in looking at the man, had seen that in his eyes which betrayed to her that, like herself, he was susceptible to that sort of almost incomprehensible beauty which, for man, or for some men, attaches to the grandeur of wide, desolate spaces. Perhaps she could be useful to these new settlers in cautioning them against the mistakes made by the first generation that had tried to make a stand against the frugal soil!

With such thoughts in mind, consciously focusing her attention on the new neighbours to the north rather than on the hypothetical one to the south, she made ready to do her morning's work at the pump. But she had not been at work very long, in the first rays of the rising sun—rays which at this height seemed to come almost from below—when she saw the figure of a man emerging from the tent. He was tall, clad in military breeches and army-shirt, with a wide-brimmed felt hat on his head. He looked about, surveying the landscape. Then, just as she had caught sight of him he, over the intervening valley of half-a-mile or so, caught sight of her and lifted his hand in greeting.

The handle of the pump sank from her hands. The man was Thomas Ashmole!

For a moment she felt faint. Then, as a day ago, she blushed from head to foot. Like an automaton she walked down the north slope of the dome to meet him. Two fences intervened, those of the winter run of the sheep which connected with the sheds. Through these she stepped with still mechanical motions. And then they met at her line-fence.

He looked at her with his peculiar smile. She felt alternately hot and cold.

“Unexpected?” he asked. “I have acquired a section and a half of land in this district. That is, I am homesteading this quarter and pre-empting the one to the west. I have bought the quarters east and west of yours and the half to the south. They told me at Calgary, at the land-titles office, that a man needs two sections for a thousand sheep; and that nothing less than a thousand pays in this country. So I made up my mind to take the plunge.”

“Two sections?” Alice asked. “You said you had only one and a half.”

“True”, he replied. “I counted your half section in. I thought you might by this time be willing to sell. Or, consid-

ering what passed between us at our last interview, to give it to me or to loan it, at least."

"Thomas. . . ", she began, but could not proceed.

"I know", Thomas Ashmole nodded, leaning an elbow on a fence-post. "I didn't write. I'll tell you why. When you failed to come, I made up my mind to forget. I had your wire. But I was not going to be stampeded. I was going to find out whether I could live without you. I found I could not. So I did what I have done. I interpreted your wire to mean that if I cared to come and to stay, I should find you willing. Will you tell me whether I was right?"

## THE VIKING SHIP

(Bygdö, Norway)

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

OUR boat thrusts steadily through the blue water;  
Pulsing with life of engines, she leaves behind  
The city surmounted by the flashing glass  
Of modern buildings, edifices without eyebrows,  
And glides to rest below tree-dotted streets  
Which mark a town of country residences.

Bordering this world of pleasant life and leisure  
Stands the great building we have come to see,  
Entrance to Nordic folk-antiquity.  
After the brightness of the village street  
The shaded whiteness of the plaster walls  
Dazes with sudden coolness. Time whirls away  
As though a myriad clocks were racing backwards  
And our bewildered minds annihilated  
Space and distance. Surrounded by an age  
Of early history, we seem to hear  
The sounds of progress faintly; tempest and fire,  
The sea, the avalanche are immanent  
With terror, overshadow us. Above  
Our heads black woodwork of a curving prow  
Looms like a threatening crag until we see  
The graceful lines of man-made symmetry.

Huge, without motion yet ever moving forward.  
The ship is like a leashed animal held  
In check for centuries. From the broken mast  
The sail rises in imagination; rowers  
Again are bending to the oars, which waves  
Almost tug from out their hands as lightly  
The vessel sweeps from foaming crest to hollow  
Dark with the shadow of the wave to come.

Fierce cries and clank of metal punctuate  
The windy air; above them sound clear-voiced  
The heartening phrases of the fair-haired queen  
Who dominates her vassals.

Token of man's

Dependence on a might unseen, the serpent  
Wrought from the toughness of the forest oak  
In semblance of the Midgard Snake circling  
The earth and swallowing his tail, rivets  
Our gaze upon the towering bow  
Slender and strong.

Touching, this ancient trust

In crude mythology, this giving form  
To forces known and yet beyond control,  
Perennial dread of final devastation.  
The simple wonder of an earlier day  
Lacks the stark horror of our modern dread;  
The Midgard Serpent bears the trace of man's  
Unconquerable imagination. To-day  
The Snake of War is product of cold thought  
And mechanized capacity; we sink  
Beneath our cleverness, our age-long cry  
To God, without avail from emptying churches,  
And we at last about to be confounded.

## A FORT THAT WENT ABROAD

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

THE story goes back to the years 1817 and 1818, when certain tracts of land on or near Rouse's Point, at the northern end of Lake Champlain, were purchased by the Government of the United States, to be used as the site of a masonry fort. Why it was thought desirable to fortify this particular point on the long international boundary need not be considered here, but it will be remembered that Lake Champlain was the scene of a naval engagement in the War of 1812, and that Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River had been for many generations the road of war, as well as of peace, between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence.

Soon after the land had been obtained work was begun on the fort, but before it could be completed a careful survey of the forty-fifth parallel, which here formed the international boundary, disclosed the embarrassing fact that the fort was no longer on United States territory. It had gone abroad.

It is necessary to go back even farther into the past, to see how Fort Montgomery — to give it its official name — or Fort Blunder, as it was known to the people around Lake Champlain, managed to be so indiscreet.

It transpires — as the genteel writers say — that the niggers in the woodpile were two well-meaning surveyors, Thomas Valentine and John Collins, who ran a line from the upper waters of the Connecticut to the St. Lawrence, at or about the Long Sault Rapids, touching briefly *en route* at the foot of Lake Champlain. This was in 1772 or thereabouts. The line they were supposed to be running was the forty-fifth degree of north latitude.

Valentine and Collins put what they had found, or thought they had found, on a map, and not only they but their contemporaries and those who came after them believed that the

waving line they called the forty-fifth parallel was the forty-fifth. Unfortunately that was not the case. The Valentine and Collins line was, in fact, what might be called a topographical jog. Rather an extravagant one, too, as it involved the well-being of a million-dollar fort, not to mention the feelings of a score of million citizens of the United States.

American feelings were not harrowed until a couple of professional busybodies named Tiarks and Hassler, spurred on by Commissioners acting under the authority of the fifth article of the Treaty of Ghent, were ill-advised enough to run another line along the forty-fifth parallel. They found the true parallel and managed to stick to it. And when the Tiarks and Hassler line had been added to the map, and it was found that not merely did the Valentine and Collins line waver disgracefully about the Tiarks and Hassler line, more or less like a grapevine, but that there was left an ominous gap of three-quarters of a mile between the two lines at the foot of Lake Champlain, and that in the gap stood the all-too-solid mass of Fort Montgomery,—then indeed the fat was in the fire. Fort Montgomery was now in the embarrassing position of having wandered or been cajoled into alien territory.

What was to be done? Fort Montgomery was no use whatever to the Americans on Canadian land, and it was, if that were possible, of even less use to the Canadians. And no very convenient way has yet been found of moving a million dollars' worth of solid masonry half a mile or so over land and water. Many British and American brain-trusters took their turn at the problem, examining it as an economic thesis or a proposition in logic. Finally, with various other matters that were tangled up with the international boundary, it was referred to the King of the Netherlands, whose name was William.

We do not learn from the diplomatic papers that William was particularly pleased with the task, but he tackled it like a

man, and, in due course, sent in his award. So far as the misadventure at Rouse's Point was concerned, he said that the Tiarks and Hassler line, as it happened to be much more correct than the Valentine and Collins line, should be accepted as the true forty-fifth parallel (which seemed reasonable); but he recommended that the United States should be left in possession of territory within a circle of one kilometre radius from the fortifications at Rouse's Point (which was also reasonable).

One might readily suppose that the matter was now settled to everybody's satisfaction, but a tradition was growing up in the Senate of the United States that it was unlucky to approve of any treaties or other diplomatic arrangements entered into by its own with other governments, and it threw out the award of the King of the Netherlands.

It looked as if Fort Montgomery would have to languish in eternal exile. And so it did until 1842, when the astute Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton (less gullible than some Canadians have supposed) set to work to disentangle the snarls in the northeastern boundary. Proposals and counter-proposals were sent back and forth, relating for the most part to matters other than the Rouse's Point situation. Webster and Ashburton did not seem to be getting anywhere. But these notes were, of course, nothing but diplomatic window-dressing. And as the two eminent members of the International Boundary Commission say in their historical summary of the negotiations,

The two plenipotentiaries then apparently abandoned written communications and met in private, coming to an agreement on an avowedly conventional boundary as described in the treaty of 1842, but just how or why the exact terms were decided upon can only be surmised.

The Treaty of 1842, stripped of verbiage, provides that, rightly or wrongly, the Valentine and Collins line is to be accepted as the forty-fifth degree of north latitude and therefore the boundary between Canada and the United States from the

Connecticut river to the St. Lawrence. And so, if one could imagine masonry forts doing anything so frivolous, Fort Montgomery must have heaved a ponderous sigh of relief in 1842.

One or two minor questions remain. I have referred to Fort Montgomery as a single fort, but there is documentary evidence that it is, or they were, twins. And it is equally uncertain whether the two Fort Montgomerys stood on the same site or on different ones. These points, however, will not be examined here.

The reader may wish to get one or two later glimpses of the fort. A traveller, writing in 1913, said: "A little to the north of Rouse's Point are the ruins of Fort Montgomery, built by error on what was then Canadian soil, and often called on that account 'Fort Blunder'." And in 1926 the *New York Times* reported that Fort Montgomery had been sold at auction, and was to become a hotel for tourists. Either this rumour, like that of the death of Mark Twain, was a gross exaggeration, or the venture proved unremunerative. One can readily imagine the ghost of General Montgomery haunting the guests. At any rate, the present United States Boundary Commissioner tells me that the fort was sold to the contractor who built the causeway and bridge across Lake Champlain. He tore down some of the walls, but they had been so stoutly built that he finally decided that it would be cheaper to bring in stone from the quarries. Stone from the fort now forms part of the causeway. From the bridge the fort has every appearance of being intact, but this is the south wall only. The west wall is in fair shape, but the walls on the north and east have been completely demolished.

The next time any reader drives his car along the Lake Champlain highway he may reflect that he is probably driving over the grave of a portion of Fort Montgomery.

## IN NOTHING ELSE SO HAPPY

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON

IN a well-run universe it would be possible to choose one's own private heaven. In such delightful circumstances the historian would find at last his lost manuscripts unmildewed, the anthropologist his primeval monster intact, and the biographer his great man ready to talk and full of scandals. My own taste would be not for brushes of comet's hair but for the privilege of listening to the words and watching the deeds of painters and craftsmen gone by. Miss Viola Meynell has, however, saved me the trouble of dying by presenting me with a large chunk of my own particular heaven in her edition of letters to Sir Sydney Carlyle Cockerell: *Friends of a Lifetime*.\* Here speak the voices of a vanished age, that time so near that one's own generation has actually overlapped it, and yet so nostalgically far-off. A time known to me through my parents who were of it, who moved among these people in a London full of elegance, when the artists lived in St. John's Wood and Campden Hill was only a suburb; when the Sunday before Sending-in Day was Show Sunday and people in the know progressed in a froth of parasols from one crowded studio to another, and the Royal Academy's Spring Exhibition opened the London season like a fanfare.

Nearly all the people who were thinkers or doers in the art and literature of four decades are to be happened upon in these letters, and provide for the reader almost four hundred pages of indulgence in eavesdropping. What could be pleasanter than to be *licensed* to overhear private and confidential communications, and to observe the contrast between a man's cautious public statements and his unreserved private outpourings?

\* *Friends of a Lifetime*. Letters to Sydney Carlyle Cockerell. Edited by Viola Meynell. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. Pp. 374. \$5.75.

Few men can have had more friends or grappled them to his soul more successfully than did Sydney Carlyle Cockerell. He is revealed here as a very fount and source of friendship. Through his own genius for giving he becomes the recipient of everyman's love. A more modest, self-effacing genius it would be hard to find; neither he nor his editor mentions a word more of himself than is necessary to give continuity to the letters, and yet he it is who emerges as from a life-size biography. Letter after letter tells warmly of gratitude for one or another kindness. From the number of friends whom he sat by, living and dying, you would think he had unlimited time at his disposal, whereas in fact he was the busy Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Musing, however, must have been the least of his delights. I picture him in a perpetual atmosphere of goodwill sending off parcels and letters for all sorts of occasions; sometimes a book, sometimes one of his precious manuscripts, but inevitably a perfect choice. His abounding kindness found expression in other things as well: his presence for sympathy or rejoicing, his advice and practical assistance in times of stress, and the initiative which could set going a process that might end in a cottage for someone to retire to, or a Civil List pension. So painfully necessary it is in one's relations with one's fellows to "guard . . . against falsity with a mailed covering of good-humoured doubt", (as Philip Webb wrote to S.C.C.), so rarely that one *can* "accept the loveliness of love fearlessly" that here is a twofold pleasure; not only a man who cherished his friends, but friends who seem to have been worth the cherishing. One can observe the "mailed covering" in Philip Webb's first letters in 1896 gradually giving way to acceptance of this unusual man, this friend who persisted in good works. In 1896 it was "yours truly"; two years later "till I think otherside, yours truly"; in March 1900 "yours truly, so long as you use me as you have done"; but by May of the same year he was sure and could write "yours

thankfully" and acknowledge himself S.C.C.'s without qualification.

The earliest of these powerful friendships began when he was about twenty and a clerk in his father's business as coal-merchant. He wrote to Ruskin and sent him some rare shells, a foreshadowing, perhaps, of his tastes both in studies and in persons to cherish. How this love of his for the great man was returned and what an influence flowed to him from Coniston are the subjects of many letters. They tell, too, of the visits to Ruskin of sister and brother Cockerell, and of the ecstatic holiday in France shared with the young Detmar Blow, when the day would begin with talk, continue with talk and end with talk, all laced and leavened by the sun and the story-steeped architecture of Beauvais.

S.C.C.'s first major achievement as peacemaker came when he managed to argue Ruskin into a reconciliation with Octavia Hill. That splendid woman had for ten years been glowered upon or ignored by him because of a piece of misconstrued gossip. This was the more to be deplored since before that time they had been the best of friends, and he had even lent money for her activities as a social worker. But S.C.C. by first gentle and then passionate persistence broke down the barrier of dislike which extended rather childishly even to the way she dressed, and in the end Ruskin wrote to ask forgiveness for the wrong he had done her.

After four years of earnestly trying to make the coal-cart a suitable vehicle for his abilities the young Cockerell abandoned it with some relief. His friend William Morris needed a secretary, and in August of the same year he began the work that was to give him a share in the new Renaissance. Now began his association with people whose very names bring back that time in all its vividness. They were members of a brotherhood whose faith was sincerity of endeavour, and whose goal was beauty. Not the beauty that has its place in life merely

as a luxury, but a beauty inherent in the fundamentals of life: town-planning; architecture that relied on "hardness, facts, experiment" as well as good taste; the opportunity to live decently and to learn; beautiful things to live among, at prices that people could afford; in fact, a beauty that was also good socialism.

Morris's great enterprise, the Kelmscott Press, where the Chaucer was printed, now became the centre of S.C.C.'s life. All the enthusiasm and energy of that group seemed to centre round it too: the plans, the drawings, the books, the projects and the continual stimulus of discussion. There were frequent changes of scene: now it was Gatti's in the Strand (unhappily no more), where every Thursday night would meet for food and fellowship Cockerell, Philip Webb, W. R. Lethaby, Morris and Emery Walker, who were concerned not only with creation of new beauties but with the preservation of old ones under the banner of Antiscrape, their *petit nom* for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Now it was the more rarefied atmosphere of Burne Jones's house, the Grange, where Rossettis and Morrises, male and female, came and went in all their vitality and beauty, and you might meet Swinburne round the next corner. Or his other retreat at Rottingdean, North End House, where each room is on a different level, and small odd staircases crop up whenever a door is opened, and a salty gale off the Channel blows in at the windows. Here we have glimpses of the harvest of talent fathered by the Reverend G. B. Macdonald. Georgiana, who became Lady Burne-Jones, and her sisters would converge on this Sussex village every summer, and we are given a hint at a Rudyard Kipling, (the son of one of them); and a candid camera-shot of a future Lord Baldwin of Bewdley (son of another one), lying on the floor and groaning because Morris's daughter aged twelve had just gone and he would "never see that lovely creature again!"

One after one they died. Morris first, and Cockerell was beside him; Burne-Jones next, and Cockerell's kindness made poor Georgiana less desolate. And then Ruskin died, but for him Cockerell could give no more than his love and the realization that "a mighty spirit had gone out", for at the end Ruskin knew no one and did not even remember Beauvais.

Then comes the partnership with Emery Walker and the secretaryship to Wilfred Scawen Blunt, and the stage enlarges to take in Egypt and Arabia and international reputations of all kinds. Leo Tolstoy appears with a background of peasants in their bright clothes, and talks through a long summer evening of his work, his friends and his doctrines. Ouida, writing vividly from Italy, says: "Tolstoy is dangerous because he is misleading. He is an educated Christ. If he had been born in France he would have been a very great man, but the frightful life of Russia has disturbed his brain."

When in 1907 S.C.C. announced to his friends his engagement to Miss Kingsford, herself a calligrapher delighting, like him, in all the processes of manuscript, mediæval and modern, Ouida did not echo their congratulations. With deep gloom she regretted "the irreparable error" and denounced it as suicide. "No woman, were she the loveliest of living creatures, is worth the sacrifice of a man's life . . . *Dans l'amour il n'y a que les commencements qui sont charmants!*" She was, happily, quite wrong, and S.C.C. began a new phase of life as the husband of a charming intelligent woman and as Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum.

In 1909 started that strange quarrel between two of his friends in which S.C.C. was to play his second major rôle of peacemaker. The belligerents on this occasion were Emery Walker and T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, and the cause was the fount of type (along with the punches and the matrices) of the Doves Press. For nine years these two had been partners in the production of beautiful books, worthy successors to those

that Walker and Morris had made together at Kelmscott, and now the partnership was dissolved and a quarrel begun because of a disagreement as to the ultimate destination of the fount. It was a particularly fine type based on that of Nicholas Jenson of Venice, and Emery Walker, not unnaturally, wished to have the right to use it at his pleasure if and when he and Cobden-Sanderson parted company. This claim, however, upset Cobden-Sanderson's long-formed plan to devote the type solely to the Doves Press itself. He at no time fully explained what form this devotion might take but argued as "a Visionary and Fanatic" (his own words) against Emery Walker's having his way. The quarrel grew louder and proceedings were instituted. Cockerell, dismayed at the sight of two such dear friends and eminent personages carrying on in this way, wrote first to one and then to the other in an effort to reconcile them. At last his kindly mediation solved the problem: Cobden-Sanderson was to have the type for his lifetime and Walker was to have it thereafter. The matter was duly arranged and confirmed through the lawyers and for eight years all went well.

Then came a shocking disclosure. On March 13th, 1917, was issued the final publication from the Doves Press, a *Catalogue Raisonné* of books printed and published there during the sixteen years of its existence. This ended with an announcement in somewhat flowery phrases, as might become a Visionary and Fanatic, that the Doves Press fount of type, punches and matrices were now reposing on the bed of the river Thames, having been thus devoted "forever and ever to be untouched by other use". It appeared that Cobden-Sanderson had secretly night after night dumped consignments of Nicholas Jenson into the river, with, no doubt, suitable incantations.

This curious method of abiding by an agreement was airily dismissed by Cobden-Sanderson (himself a barrister) in a let-

ter to his lawyers, who, not being visionaries themselves, had ventured to question it. Certainly, he said, when he entered into the agreement he had sincerely meant to keep to it, "but as time wore on, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson was irresistibly returned to his original intention, to consecrate the type solely to the use of the Doves Press. This Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has now done". So there it was, and he now offered friendship on a new basis, and "he knows not why, if both will it, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker should not come together again, and again, as of old, aim at the highest". What Mr. Emery Walker thought is not recorded.

The remarkable part of the whole story is the fact that S.C.C.'s indomitable goodwill survived even this test, and though all his efforts at reconciliation had been jettisoned he was still able to write:

It has always seemed to me that you combined in one person one of the most rational and one of the most irrational of beings. Your letter, like the action to which it refers, appears to have been dictated by the second of these two. But I cannot hope now to persuade you of this, any more than you can persuade me that it was the rational and admired and level-headed C.S. who was guilty of breaking a solemn compact in what most people would regard as a very mean way—with the stars for his only witness. They have been the only witnesses of many a stealthy misdeed which the doers afterwards regretted—and I believe that you will come to see that your sacrifice to the River Thames was neither a worthy nor an honourable one, and will cry peccavi and desire to make reparation. So much faith have I in the rational C.S. to whom (and not to his irrational counterpart) I am still affectionately Sydney C. Cockerell.

Throughout the years of the first World War S.C.C. was the recipient of many opinions and comments on its progress. May Morris, daughter of William and the beautiful Jane

Burden, is the first, writing on August 6th, 1914, of her anxiety for the precious manuscripts and embroideries on show in Paris, now being hastily packed and stored away from possible destruction by the Hun. How little they knew or could guess then of the bestial depths to which his lust for destruction would lead him when not only the treasures of art but the artists themselves would become the objects of his hate. Charles Ricketts, that exquisite, wrote too, of the maddening slowness of the London authorities to make safe or remove the more irreplaceable art treasures, "I believe, if bombs are dropped on London, that nothing will be hidden save possibly the Crown jewels. Antwerp managed to protect the cages in the Zoo. . . ."

In 1911 W. R. Lethaby had written: "We have no ambition; one sees in Germany that for 30-40 years they have a clear national ambition to lead in *everything*", but when the war came he was quite overwhelmed by the logical result of that ambition. "This war in a hazy way has always been a fear in my bones"; "I am torn and torn, I get careless when there is a respite and frightened when there is not—but I don't get clear views except the general one that if good wars are defended then every nation defends its wars as good. But not to do so is to lie down and be no nation and so the circle goes." We can agree with him that "the idea which some good pacifists have that lying down in itself brings consideration and immunity seems opposed to all history and observation", when we remember what happens to neutrals in Hitler's war.

A great deal of criticism of Asquith and Grey and all their works was forthcoming from Wilfrid Blunt, who from his Sussex home urged isolation and thought that the war could have been prevented had Grey refused to have anything to do with France. He did not see, of course, what we with our longer perspective can see, that the British by fighting actually delayed for twenty-five years the coming of the present world tragedy—a German-dominated continent of Europe. He did

not understand the German mind, which, becoming intoxicated with power, transmutes its fine qualities of earnestness into fanaticism, its energy into ruthless oppression, and its idealism into crazy self-delusion. He quotes Hilaire Belloc, his neighbour from Shipley, who took a “gloomier view than ever” of the war in France, and had “no confidence in the French continuing the war if honourable terms were offered them, even at the expense of Belgium, and we should then find ourselves with the war on our backs alone”. This was in October, 1914.

There are several witty letters from Arthur Christopher Benson, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, written in 1916, in one of which he says: “In England I think our instinct is far more civilized than our reason—in Germany reason is infinitely more civilized than instinct”, and one of the first of Thomas Hardy’s many letters to S.C.C. points out that “among the other ironies of the time is the fact that all the nations are praying to the same God. There was a gleam of reason in the old nations when they prayed for deliverance each to his own god, but that reasonableness is gone.”

The thirteen years of quiet content which were the years of Hardy’s second marriage are revealed in a series of letters from him and his wife. The life at Max Gate and of the surrounding countryside is made vivid for us, and there are delightfully intimate glimpses of the great man. We see him at a rehearsal of one of his plays “grasp a fiddle and play a dance tune for the dancers”. We see him entertaining a dreadfully solemn tea-party: “the Rector of West Stafford and his wife, the Vicar of Stinsford and his wife, an elderly and religious peer, Lord Ellenborough, and our neighbours at Syward Lodge—all good Conservatives and staunch Anglicans. T.H. declares that he understands that type of person better than any other, and he prefers to know the rather narrow, churchy, conservative country person to the brilliant young writer who is always popping in and out of the divorce court. An inter-

esting statement from the author of *Jude*, and *The Dark-Eyed Gentleman . . .*" Again we see him "writing a poem with great spirit: always a sign of well-being with him. Needless to say, it is an intensely dismal poem".

The last great man in the book is T. E. Lawrence, as enigmatic as ever, but showing something of himself in spite of the armour-plating. Most of the letters are about the reprinting in a strictly limited edition of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Lawrence's own comments on his book differ somewhat from the generally accepted view: "What a mass of muck it is"; "a stodgy mess of mock-heroic egotism", and so on. His determined solitariness is well illustrated by a description of a Christmas at Cranwell, where he was the sole survivor of 'B' flight, who had all gone on leave, so that he had the hut of sixteen beds to himself, and enjoyed it. That was in 1925; in 1923 he had refused to go to the Hardys for Christmas because "it is not good to be too happy often", and elsewhere he wished he were in the happy position of being near enough to Cambridge "to refrain from the pleasure of week-ending there". A curious kind of flagellation, and one certainly not indulged in by S.C.C.

He, if ever a man did, made an immortality for himself out of his own awareness of mortality. He seized his moment. Like his first master Ruskin, he "could not but believe that death was the end of all things" and therefore with a rare urgency made his heaven all about him. For to all such comfortless but mercifully unshackled sceptics that is the real meaning of life: to taste each moment as it passes; to make friends; to enjoy them; to be remembered by them. How much to be preferred to a harp!

## A UNIVERSITY FORTY YEARS AGO

By P. G. C. CAMPBELL

MEMORIES of early manhood, however pleasant and happy they may be, are oft-times treacherous; while the impressions formed by the young are not of necessity correct. Yet on looking back one can generally form a finer judgment on what were at the time vivid, even if imperfect impressions. So, for what they are worth, certain memories and impressions of Queen's in 1902 are here offered, with some apology for the unavoidable intrusion of the first personal pronoun.

Naturally, as will appear, such a retrospect inevitably leads to comparisons between the Queen's of then, and the Queen's of to-day; and also, more broadly, between the modern University and that of forty years ago; most of such comparisons however will be left unsaid.

The very first impressions formed by a new member of the Staff coming from an older, a larger and a very different University, were those of friendliness, of diminutiveness and of *Scotchery*, to use Horace Walpole's word.

The buildings were painfully few: the New Arts Building had just been completed, Grant Hall was still unfinished—the first Convocation I attended was held in the City Hall, for Convocation Hall itself was now outgrown; there were on the Campus but five buildings in all, solid and severe in aspect, together with two quaint wooden erections, one well known as the "Toolhouse"; the two are still to be seen in their second glory; and there was a Rink, of many memories.

The number of students in the four Faculties—Theology was then a Faculty—was correspondingly small, 825 with 28 of what were vaguely known as "General Students"; of that total almost a quarter came from the City of Kingston. But, if the number of students was small, that of the Arts Staff at first sight seemed painfully inadequate; there were 24 of them,

where today, for the same Departments, we have some 69; in line with the paucity of their numbers was the meagreness of their salaries and the lack of any pension scheme. There was however the one consoling feature that, in accordance with University custom in the Old Land, they were appointed *aut vitam aut culpam*. I believe that I was the last to be appointed under this comfortable arrangement—I was Grant's last appointment. For all this, one characteristic was common to them all, their devotion and loyalty to the University, they all felt that their life's work was to be done there; they did not look for preferment elsewhere; and their devotion communicated itself in large measure to their students.

Of Scotchery it behoves every man to speak with caution; the word covers a multitude of sins and virtues, and would require a volume to illustrate; at Queen's it was distinctly pervasive, and one point may perhaps be safely mentioned—the Presbyterian flavour. Was there not a caption in the Calendar that caught my eye when I was handed a copy for my edification?

*Attendance at Church.* All students are expected to attend the Churches to which they profess to belong, and produce certificates of attendance from their Clergyman, when required.

And did not John Watson, with some reason, open his class in Moral Philosophy with daily prayer?

Yet this small staff, very few of whom are alive today, was one of which one was soon proud and happy to be a member; it was a family that was ready to welcome a newcomer, spite of his youth and complete inexperience, full of hospitality and fatherly advice, just as it was to the student body. Looking back one is tempted to think that some of them were not great scholars, nor always quite up to date, but with hardly an exception they were great teachers, in the sense that they possessed marked personality and impressed themselves on their students. *Eheu fugaces:* every one of them lingers fresh

in the memory; and although this is not the place to characterise them all, nor even to name them all, yet some personalities stamped themselves more than others on the mind. John Watson, calmest and most gracious of men to meet, but at times terrible in class, so I heard, and with a heat of passion that was easily aroused by those who differed from him in politics or philosophy. James Cappon, forceful, almost overwhelming in the Lecture room, the most dogmatic man of culture I have ever met, who loved to call his colleagues in Practical Science "educated plumbers" with a slight hesitation on the first word. G. D. Ferguson ("Beak"), patient and skilful collector of mediaeval facts; for him History really ended with the Fall of Constantinople. The Rev. A. B. Nicholson ("Little Nickie") who, on a net salary of less than \$1000.00 had brought up a family of twelve. Nathan Dupuis, kindest and most patient of mortals, and clearest of expositors whether of Mathematics or of more human topics, with but one weakness, the playing of a violin in the calm of the evening. Many older graduates will also remember D. H. Marshall, Professor of Physics, who had come to us from Tokyo: a typical Professor, if there is such a person, as the following true story may suggest. He and Mrs. Marshall, having decided on a trip to Scotland, each packed up a suitcase and walked 300 yards up the street to catch the street car for the station; while waiting for it, they suddenly began discussing whether they should go on or return home. Marshall finally clinched the argument with the remark, "Well, as we have got so far, we might as well go on to Scotland." And they did. There was the forceful personality of Adam Shortt, of a political rather than an economic mind, who planned and built on solid foundations what is to-day so important a department of the University. Partly in Arts, partly in Theology stood that great spiritual force, W. G. Jordan, whose influence spread more than that of most beyond the walls of Queen's and whose fine discernment extended

to the world of pictures. A. P. Knight, who may be regarded as the great populariser of Science in an old-fashioned University. And, not least, John Macnaughton, my first host in Kingston—it was only after staying at his house for some few days that I discovered that he was an ordained minister of the Established Church of Scotland; he could preach most powerfully in Gaelic—the centre today of our academic legend, the joy of three Universities, a pleasure to listen to on the golf course, and master of invective and sarcasm; was it not he who semi-publicly characterised one of his colleagues as a cross between a porcupine and another animal with a shorter name? And that reminds me of another characterisation he once gave, this time of an eminent divine, “an alabaster box of soft soap.”

To turn now to that without which there can be no University, the students. They also, in their own larger way, formed a family; practically every one within each of the Faculties knew every one else, and knew him pretty well; they were a family with all the levelling and polishing process that is involved in family life. Indeed there existed an organisation, which, I believe, called itself the “*Levellers Club*,” whose self-arrogated function it was to bring down those of “a proud look and high stomach.” Their unwritten records would fill an entertaining volume, for they performed their function well. The present Assistant-General Manager of the International Nickel Company could, I suspect, supply many a detail of the excellent work they did, work which reflects the spirit of those democratic times.

This family feeling must have been one of the factors in the formation and maintenance of that undefined and indefinable solidarity known as the “Queen’s spirit”; they were united against the outer world. Another factor was, I think, the old Scottish tradition of “hard living and high thinking,” which still prevailed. It is probably correct to say that a majority of the men students of that period were obliged to “work their

way" through college, and they valued therefore to the full all that they got there, thanks to the sweat of their brow. And there was a third factor: Principal Grant had been a great missioner for the University; his theme was that Queen's must survive and must grow. Sacrifice, hard work and singleness of mind alone could bring this about. These ideals he fostered by precept and example in both staff and students, so that most of them developed a crusading spirit, a determination to live and succeed against all difficulties and all rivals. Thus there had grown up a University individualism which is still so marked a feature of the "Queen's spirit."

A Professor's impression of their life and thoughts will probably be called in question by those same students who are now in their maturity. The student's mind is a sealed book to the Professor; such is the common undergraduate belief. It were wise therefore to confine oneself mainly to facts; here are some of them.

A very large number of them came from the country, perhaps with an exaggerated idea of what a University could give them; but they came in most cases with enthusiasm, with a determination and eagerness to benefit to the full by what it offered; I well remember the feeling, almost of awe, that came over me when I was listened to so intently, and saw many a foolish thought of mine so carefully noted down. One does not see so much attention paid in this year of Grace.

As compared with the youth of today, they were less critical, more ready to accept the *ipse dixit* of the Professor; less critical also in their view of life, more ready to accept things as they came and to take the rough with the smooth. In that respect they were perhaps less of a stimulus to their instructors, but certainly more restful than one finds today. Were they harder working? That should remain a secret; on the whole they were certainly, with all their pranks, more serious minded, and, may I add, more pious in the broader

sense of the word. In any case one has to remember two things about them; they were in many cases older than the student who comes now to the University, and were therefore more mature both in mind and character; and further, what counts for much, that there were in those far-off days far less distractions: no motor cars, no radios, no films, few telephones, and of dances very few. These last were usually held in the room above the office of *The British Whig*; a few were allowed within the University itself; they were not however called dances and came to a close around the hour when the giddy youth of today begins to wake up to pleasure. Until shortly before my arrival no dancing was allowed in the University buildings, though at the Annual Conversazione couples were allowed to walk around hand in hand—this may have been part of the Scottish tradition.

Moreover, ungallant though the suggestion may sound, the distraction of women students was infinitely less. Whatever the arguments for and against their presence within a University, it has always been impossible to ignore the distraction as well as attraction of their presence. The University did its best to cope with the problem; a number of out-of-town girls were semi-isolated in Queen's first Women's Residence, placed strategically opposite a Church, and known to all and sundry as the "Hen-Coop." That they worked well and truly seems established by the number of distinguished women who were graduating about that time.

It is interesting to note that there was not a word in the Calendar of 1902 dealing with students whose work was not proving satisfactory. The kindest inference to draw would be that there were no such students, that they required no prodding, no sword of Damocles dangling above their heads. But one is tempted to think that the general feeling "higher up" was that numbers must be kept up, and that a long sojourn at this particular seat of learning would in the end prove the

student's salvation. Of course Guy Curtis was *sui generis* and hardly constituted a University precedent. Yet there were others; I found on my arrival that there were plenty of Arts undergraduates in their Sixth year, and there comes to mind the case of a man who entered in 1889, and after a continuous performance took his degree in 1904; true he had tried the three Faculties of Arts, Medicine and Science; and his after career was a success. Such records give rise to much thought. One last point: to all outward appearance the average student of these days thinks more of pleasure than did his parents; but whether that is merely outward show, an affectation, and not a bitter fact, must be referred for decision to those parents or grandparents whom one had the pleasure of teaching forty years ago.

A retrospect, such as the one just attempted, invites comparisons. What development has taken place at Queen's, and probably at many another similar institution? The history of Universities, ever since the foundation of the three oldest of them, Bologna, Paris and Oxford, has been one of constant change: that is a question of fact and is therefore not so debatable. Discussion and difference of opinion begin when the value of the change in each case is weighed.

To take Queen's as an example, as *multum in parvo*, it seems clear that one has to distinguish between two very different points, which are not necessarily related: increase in size and change in aim or ideal. The advantages of the small University are manifest; the family-like relation between the students has already been mentioned: but it is at least as important to note what may be called the "parent and children" relation between instructor and his classes. In most Departments all the classes, from lowest to highest, were taken by a single Professor; for three or four years, therefore, a student would, in the case of his major subjects, be in constant, daily contact with one mind, would be learning from one man all that could

be encompassed in that space of time. It was not, as must be the case at the larger University, a question of "getting off" a number of classes, coupled with a bowing acquaintance with a number of instructors, but rather one of being trained by an instructor who through the years got to know his students' minds, their strength and weaknesses, and *vice-versa*.

This really personal contact, which Queen's inherited from its Scottish prototypes, which smaller Universities still prize, and which Oxford and Cambridge perpetuate in their College system, must gradually disappear as the University grows in size. And it cannot be denied that there were and are in such a system risks and dangers which the larger institution will in principle avoid: narrowness of outlook, intolerance at times of other opinions and theories, with a certain dogmatism which often strikes others unpleasantly, but which may prove a tower of strength to the culprit himself.

The aim or ideal of University education will naturally vary from time to time, as well as from place to place, still more so from country to country. That of Queen's, as it seems to me, has changed somewhat, whether consciously or unconsciously, it is difficult to say with certainty. Generally speaking, and it is only of the Faculty of Arts that I am in some measure qualified to speak, the older aim was one of a general rather than a special education, the preparation of youth along fairly broad lines for ordinary, average life in the community, avoiding on the one hand overmuch specialisation, and on the other too much diffusion over many subjects.

Two new tendencies are now growing stronger right across the Dominion; the Universities feel, to a varying degree, that they have specifically to meet various new demands, technical as well as cultural, as they emerge from the community; such a policy seems to be attended by the danger of the older type of University being submerged beneath a number of semi-professional schools. They also feel that they should prepare

those whose abilities are warrant for their ambition, for really advanced work to be taken later in a given subject. In this latter case it does seem that the first-class Honour graduate of today is more highly qualified in his special sphere than he would have been forty years ago. How does he compare, taken from every angle? It is difficult to see how he can get it both ways, in what may be called the depth of education as well as in its depth. And may I finally beg of my readers, Queen's men and women at least, not to apply to me what seems so painfully true, Horace's characterisation of the older and the aged: *Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti,*

*Se puer.*

## THE BALKAN COMMITTEE

BY L. S. STAVRIANOS

IT is a curious paradox that so little is known of the organization which has played so prominent a rôle in Balkan affairs from the date of its establishment in 1903 to the present, and which has included among its members or collaborators the late Viscount Grey, the late Viscount Haldane, Dr. G. P. Gooch, Sir Arthur Evans, the late Lord Aberdeen, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, Lord Ponsonby and Sir Herbert Samuel. The origins of the Balkan Committee are to be found in the widespread and uncomfortable feeling which existed at the turn of the century, that British policy was primarily responsible for the pitiful plight of the Balkan Christians. Disraeli, in fear of Russian influence in the Near East, had torn up the San Stefano settlement and restored Macedonia to the sovereignty of the Sultan. It was in Britain, therefore, that the agitation and protest against Turkish misrule and Turkish unconcern for reform pledges reached its height. Gladstone campaigned passionately on behalf of the oppressed Christian races, and when he took office in 1880 he vigorously demanded reform from "that arch-liar and arch-cheat called the Sultan, one of the greatest calamities in himself, with which Turkey has been visited."

Behind Gladstone was strong Church support, especially among the powerful Nonconformists. This public opinion was strengthened and rendered effective by Mr. Noel Buxton, who conceived the idea of forming a permanent association of writers, statesmen, historians, and travellers, who would formulate views about Balkan affairs, create an informed opinion, and attract the support of influential people. Thus the Balkan Committee was founded in 1903. It was loosely organized, possessed no funds or headquarters, and met in the House of Commons at irregular intervals. With the acceptance of the

Presidency by Lord Bryce in July, 1903, it quickly secured support. The Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops, the chief leaders of the Nonconformist churches, the heads of some of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, members of both Houses of Parliament, ministers, consuls, travellers, and scholars all took part in the opening national campaign.

The first problem tackled by the Committee was the administration of Macedonia, which at this period was in a state of anarchy. The reform articles of the Berlin Treaty had been ignored and the Macedonian peasants were suffering from the inefficiency and brutality of Turkish administration and the violence of Bulgarian, Greek, and Serbian nationalizing methods. The general revolt and Salonika bombings of 1903 attracted the attention of the world but the resulting Mürzsteg Programme merely permitted reactionary Russia and Austria to act as the mandatories of Europe and increased the rivalry of the conflicting nationalities. The state of the Christian population thus went from bad to worse.

The position taken by the Balkan Committee on the Macedonian question was presented in a joint statement issued by Lord Bryce and Mr. Buxton in 1904. They pointed out that

English public opinion never approved the policy of a mandate to Austria-Hungary and Russia to settle the Balkan question. . . . The two Empires have now had the field to themselves since February 1903, a whole year. . . . What has been the result? . . . The answer is, nothing.

The solution, they maintained, lay in the appointment of a Christian Governor, not himself a Turkish subject, for Macedonia. . . . This Governor should, when appointed, be independent of Turkish control, and responsible, not to the two Empires alone, but to the six Great Powers.

This agitation of the Balkan Committee strengthened the hands of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, at a moment when Austria-Hungary and Russia were reluctant to press for the reforms embodied in the Mürzsteg Programme.

Accordingly he urged the creation of a commission which "would be given administrative and executive power and would in the first instance be instructed to frame without delay schemes for the effective control of the administration of finance and justice". In the midst of this attempt the government changed and the matter was dropped.

Lansdowne's successor, Sir Edward Grey, was generally indifferent to the Macedonian question, for fear that any action taken might offend Mohammedan feeling in Egypt. By 1907, however, the agitation of the Committee plus the continued disorder in Macedonia had so aroused public opinion that the government could no longer ignore it. Moreover, Grey laid himself wide open to attack by consenting to an increase in the Turkish customs without obtaining a *quid pro quo* in the form of Turkish assent to Lord Lansdowne's earlier plan. The protests culminated in a vigorous attack by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the government policy of merely "echoing the wishes of Austria and Russia" in Macedonia, and a demand that the "anarchy come to an end." In his reply to the Archbishop, Sir Edward Grey did not promise any specific action and he maintained that any attempt to procure the appointment of a Governor-General of Macedonia responsible to the Powers "by isolated action on the part of this country would, I am convinced, result in failure and European complications." Grey made several efforts to secure a revision of the Mürzsteg Programme, but nothing was accomplished because of the apathy of the Powers.

The overthrow of the old regime in Turkey in 1908 and the accession to power of the reforming Young Turks altered the situation completely. For a time the Committee was at odds as to what stand it should adopt. Many were sceptical of the promises of the new government, but the non-Turkish communities welcomed the change with enthusiasm. Bulgarian comitadji chiefs ceased their revolutionary activities and

strolled in the streets of Salonica while in Athens a crowd gathered before the Turkish embassy shouting, "Long live the Ottoman Empire, long live the Sultan". The Committee therefore decided to give qualified support to the Young Turk government, and Mr. Buxton and other members of the Committee accepted an official invitation to visit Constantinople. They were warmly received by the Young Turks, who welcomed their views as indicating honest and widespread sympathy for Turkish liberalism. Europe at this time, however, was in the midst of a grave crisis precipitated by the annexation of the Turkish provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, by Austria-Hungary. The Young Turks declared a boycott of Austrian goods, while the Serbians, furious at the absorption of their brethren in the annexed provinces, clamoured for war. In the midst of this confusion the Buxton party, to its surprise, found its activities suspected by the Central Powers. Baron von Marschall reported from Constantinople that Mr. Buxton, "who let himself be fêted here like a Turkish national hero", was encouraging Turkish resistance to Austria, while Aehrenthal even asserted that Buxton "disposed of considerable funds and that he employed a large number of agents in the nefarious work of propagating aspirations among the ignorant Servian population". Grey, however, defended Buxton's activities and informed his ambassador to Vienna that "I have now discovered that he [Buxton] told the Servians not to expect any support from the Balkan Committee for British naval assistance in case of war between Servia and Austria, and seems to have endeavoured to exercise a moderating influence".

On his return to England Buxton gave Grey a summary of the situation in Turkey as he saw it. There was a possibility, he pointed out, of a return to the old ways, so that he deemed it "essential that the eyes of the Young Turks should be kept on England. They are inclined now, to use a slang phrase, to play up to England, and even if we do no more we may keep

them in this state of mind, which forms the necessary influence in their reforming ambition, without risky or expensive sacrifices". The Foreign Office, however, despite an official visit to London of the Young Turk leaders, Talaat and Djavid, was too hesitating and half-hearted in its tactics, and British prestige, which had been paramount at the beginning of the revolution, gradually declined.

Despite this fact the Committee continued its qualified support of the Turkish government, not without grave misgivings. Almost from the beginning the Young Turks began to divide into Liberals, who favoured full representation to all the races of the Empire, and the Nationalists, who were much stronger and who demanded the rule of Turkey by a strictly Turkish party. With the triumph of the Nationalist faction the Committee withdrew its support and reverted to its former rôle as critic of Turkish administration. As a final effort the Balkan Committee recommended and secured the appointment, by the Turkish government, of a commission to assist the administrators in Macedonia to establish a better order. Unfortunately, the Italo-Turkish War broke out at about this time and put an end to these feeble efforts at reform.

The war also furnished the Balkan peoples with an opportunity to unite and to strike for the liberation of their racial brothers still under Turkish rule. Russia actively encouraged the *rapprochement* of the Balkan states in the belief that a Balkan bloc could be utilized as a weapon against the Hapsburg monarchy. Thus in the summer and autumn of 1912 Montenegro, Serbia, Bulgaria and Greece banded together to form the Balkan League. Russia's hopes were not fulfilled. The Balkan states quickly took advantage of Turkey's weakness and, despite the protests of Russia and of the other Great Powers, began hostilities on October 8th.

The allies surprised all but a few well-informed experts by the rapidity and completeness of their victories. On May

30th, 1913, the Turks were compelled to sign the Treaty of London, by which they surrendered all their European possessions with the exception of Constantinople and its immediate environs. During these months the Committee strongly supported the Balkan League. Assured by the support of public opinion and by the statement of the British Prime Minister that "the Powers would not oppose the territorial changes resulting from the victory of the Allies", the Committee then devoted itself to a campaign in London in favour of a peace settlement based on the national claims of the populations. Disquieting reports, however, now reached London of allied dissension over the division of the spoils. On April 20th, 1913, Bourchier, the well-known *Times* correspondent and an active member of the Committee, wrote to Buxton from Sofia:

I am horrified by the state of feeling I find here and at Belgrade. . . The Serbians cynically say they will not keep their treaty with Bulgaria, because "the balance of power must be preserved in the Peninsula". The Bulgarians are very indignant, and say they will give them "a taste of the bayonet". The only remedy for the situation is arbitration in some form or other; another campaign would be a scandal and a disgrace.

Two months later the "scandal" and "disgrace" took place. Bulgarian troops, acting on orders from King Ferdinand and General Savov, attacked the Serbs, and immediately Bulgaria was invaded from all sides by her former allies. The resulting Treaty of Bucharest handed most of Macedonia to Greece and Serbia and thereby destroyed all hopes of permanent peace and stability in the peninsula. The Committee campaigned desperately against the terms of the peace settlement, but to no avail. "As to the Treaty of Bucharest", wrote Bourchier to Buxton on July 28, 1914, "it is the *fons et origo malorum*, and so long as it stands there will be no peace in the Balkans".

With the outbreak of the World War the main preoccupation of Buxton, Bourchier and other leaders of the Balkan

Committee concerned the part that Bulgaria would take in the war. Noel Buxton and his brother, Charles Roden Buxton, were sent on a semi-official mission to the Bulgarian government in the autumn of 1914, while Bourchier used his influence with the Bulgarian statesmen and King Ferdinand to bring Bulgaria over to the side of the Entente Powers. The Allies, however, did not see their way clear to put sufficient pressure on Serbia to make territorial concessions to Bulgaria, whereas it was easy for the Central Powers to promise, at the expense of their enemies, all that the Bulgars desired. Moreover, Ferdinand had never forgotten the defeats of 1913 and the humiliation of the Treaty of Bucharest. Accordingly Bulgaria cast in her lot with the Central Powers.

In the post-war period the Balkan Committee has concerned itself with various problems in the Balkans, the most important being that of Bulgaria. The Treaty of Neuilly, which at the end of the war mutilated Bulgaria still further and left Bulgarian minorities stranded in Greece, Yugoslavia and Roumania, was regarded by the Committee as unsatisfactory. This consistent championing of Bulgarian claims led some to accuse the Balkan Committee of being pro-Bulgarian. Sir Edward Boyle, chairman of the Balkan Committee since 1924, when Mr. Burton resigned from the position, has replied that if undue attention has been paid to Bulgaria, "it has been because the Committee believes that only when a satisfactory solution has been found for the various questions—internal and external—which concern Bulgaria can we hope to see a peace of general understanding in the Balkans which will admit of that economic and industrial development throughout the Peninsula which is so long overdue".

More specifically, the Committee advocated that Roumania return at least a portion of the Southern Dobrudja to Bulgaria. Sir Edward Boyle urged this matter earnestly upon the Foreign Office, but the British Government, having treaty rela-

tions with Roumania, was unwilling to press such unpalatable advice. In addition the Committee urged that Greece should give to Bulgaria a suitable freehold port on the Ægean, and that the port should be linked to Bulgaria by a railway under a mutually agreed international control. Finally the Committee recommended that, as a gesture of goodwill, Yugoslavia should return a portion of Macedonia. It was further urged that the large Bulgarian minority in Yugoslavia be granted the right to use its own language in the schools and churches, and the right to elect its own local officials.

It should not be imagined, however, that the Committee was interested only in the claims of Bulgaria. It was opposed to the Italian penetration of Albania.

We have always supported Albania's independence because, poor though the country is, the Albanians, all through history, have kept their identity. Neither the Romans, the Greeks, or the Turks could ever absorb them. We hope they may be an element in the future Balkan Confederation, though such small trade as they do will no doubt always be with Italy.

Similarly the Committee has taken a stand against the Italian annexation of the Dodekanese Islands. When these islands were first occupied the Committee protested and formed a special Ægean Island sub-committee. The latter subsequently assumed an independent status and became the Anglo-Hellenic League, which has remained active to the present day. According to the chairman of the Balkan Committee,

It is our strong hope that Greece, as a result of the War [*i.e.*, *the present war*] will regain those Islands which are hers by right of history and of race, and I think most of us would like to see the proposal considered by Lord Grey at the time of the last War whereby Cyprus should return to Greece, we retaining full rights in her Ports.

In retrospect, the wisdom of the proposals of the Balkan Committee is self-evident. As late as the spring of 1939 the

Committee publicly urged the adoption of these recommendations. "Neither Bulgaria nor her neighbours can afford to haggle; the times are too serious. The Balkan countries must get together, and they must do it now". For one reason or another nothing was done. Thus Hitler was able to use not only the threat of overwhelming force, but also the promise of the fulfilment of long-frustrated ambitions. Consequently King Boris, like his father before him, cast in his lot with the Axis Powers, and thus cleared the way for the conquest of the whole peninsula.

In conclusion, it is apparent that the great days of the Committee have passed. The first five years of its existence were the most effective. The support that the Committee then attracted was so widely representative of British national life that no government could dismiss the agitation as the artificial product of a propagandist society. The reputation of the Committee spread to the continent, where, especially in Central and Eastern Europe, it acquired a legendary fame which lasted to the outbreak of the war. In the years just preceding Sarajevo, however, Balkan problems became so inextricably intertwined with European diplomacy and the conflict of alliances became so clear and sharp that public opinion became less and less effective. Moreover, British diplomats were generally hostile to the Balkan Committee. When the Committee representatives visited Turkey in 1908, the British minister in Vienna described Noel Buxton to his German colleague as "un imbecile" who was not to be taken seriously, while Tyrell, Grey's private secretary, assured Mensdorff, the Austrian ambassador to London, that Buxton was an honourable and able man, but a visionary, "an intelligent ass". It is not surprising, therefore, that the proposals of the Committee were ignored in the peace settlements of 1913 and 1918. Conditions were even less promising in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Balkan affairs seemed distant and trivial during this period as

against unemployment, disarmament, collective security, and the host of other problems with which the whole world was confronted. Besides, the Balkan states and republican Turkey were much less susceptible to outside pressure than before. Thus the Balkan Committee in recent years has served chiefly as a medium of expression for enlightened British opinion rather than as an effective force influencing Balkan developments.

### NIGHT SONG

BY CHARLES E. EATON

I saw the moon unwind  
A cloud-coifed skein of light;  
The world within my mind  
Wore colours of the night;  
The trees thatched close with dark  
Shadowed the day unspun;  
Breath's golden glistening arc  
Had spindled like the sun;  
The bird whose song was caught  
Bright-coiled within his throat  
Sang to the stars and sought  
The last releasing note.  
And hours held in the hand,  
Furled glinting in my keep,  
Moonwise upon the land  
Unwound a skein of sleep.

## THE HIRED MAN

BY DESMOND PACEY

**I**N the middle of spring seeding our hired man had left us. He had gone to bed a bit earlier than usual the night before, but as he had had a hard day—seeding is a long succession of hard days—we had thought nothing of it. Otherwise he had acted just as usual. There had been no hint of a squabble, but in the morning when dad called him there had been no answer. He had gone. We never knew why. It couldn't have been money, for farmers don't begrudge a few extra dollars at seeding-time. For some reason or other known only to himself he had gone, and he had put us on the spot. It is hard to get a man of any kind in the spring.

That left all the spring work to dad and me. We set out from the barn that morning, each with our team of horses, and as we went up the lane we looked at all the land there was still to work up and to drill and we wondered how we would ever get through with it. All that to do—and a team of horses standing idle in the stable. It was maddening. But it was no use thinking about it. We had to set to work and hope for the best. Dad hitched on to the disc and I hitched on to the harrows, and we started going up and down the field.

We had been at it about an hour when I caught sight of a man walking up the lane. At first I took him to be very old. He was coming at a good pace, but he shuffled rather than walked, his eyes on the ground and his shoulders hunched, and there was something about him that made me feel as one feels about an old dog that hasn't got a home. I was at the headland along the lane when I saw him, so I waited there till he came up. It was already getting hot, and the horses could stand a bit of a rest.

“The missus says you're wanting a man.”

“Yes, we are. Looking for a job?”

"Yes. Will you hire me?"

"Think you can handle it? It's pretty tough till we get the seeding done, you know."

"Sure. I'm not afraid of work. I'm a real good worker. You won't be sorry if you hire me." He straightened up as he said this, and I got my first look at his eyes, and again I had that feeling one has for a homeless dog. I could see now that he wasn't as old as I had thought at first, although he was no chicken. Still, there were those horses in the barn, and seeding-time is no time to pick and choose. It might be weeks before we found a really good man.

He was still looking at me in that appealing way, so I said to him, "You'd better go over and ask dad about hiring you. But you can tell him I think we ought to take you on." He gave me a queer half-smile as I said this—just the merest suggestion of a smile that was gone almost as quickly as it came, but which lit up his eyes while it lasted. Then his face went back to what it was before, very sad and strained somehow, and the eyes lonely, like that dog I spoke of. He turned and started off up the lane, with that queer shuffling gait. I watched him start off, then started my team.

I made a couple of rounds, and then I noticed dad giving him the lines. I wondered at him starting in to work right away like that—he might have wanted to change his clothes or something, though those he had on certainly weren't very fancy. I asked dad about it when he passed me on his way down the lane to get the other horses, and he said it was the way the old man wanted it. He said he didn't have any other clothes, and the sooner he could get to work the better he would like it.

He didn't say much at dinner. Dad always tries to make the men feel at home right from the start, and the way he does it is to get them talking. It was plain that this one was not going to be drawn out easily. He told us his name, John—

we always called him old John—but that was about the only word we got out of him other than yes and no. I had a good chance to look at him across the table. His face was heavily lined—withered, I'd call it, rather than wrinkled. His hair was greyish, and kind of close-cropped. His hands were rough, but not big or coarse—more like a city man's hands except for the roughness. As for his clothes, they were a mixture of the kind you see on a down-and-out in town and what most farmers wear to work in. They were bleached almost colourless by the sun, and there were buttons off and tears clumsily mended and the cuffs of his shirt were frayed as if he hadn't had anybody to look after him. Maybe I got that idea more from his eyes, for they struck me most. There was such a hurt look about them, as if he'd been very scared by something once. It was a hurt look, not a hunted look, the kind of look a dog gets when you whip it for stealing a piece of meat that the cat stole, not the look it gets when it has really stolen it. All this and more I was thinking as I watched him over the dinner table, but I was just as mystified when the meal was over as I was when it began, and even more interested. I felt sure he had a story to tell.

Soon after dinner we went back to the field, and whenever my team wanted a rest—and sometimes when they didn't—I would look over at old John. He was nearly always tearing either up the field or down the field, dragging his feet in that queer shuffling walk he had, but getting over the ground in a great hurry. He hardly ever stopped to rest. It was a boiling hot day such as we occasionally get in early May, which really feels hotter than a 95 in the shade July swelterer, and which always means there's thunder about. Every half-hour or so I would stop my horses on the headland and let them rest while I smoked half a cigarette, but old John kept at it as if it were as cool as February. That sort of thing is no good for the horses, and after a while I saw dad go over to him and tell him to let

the horses rest once in a while and to hold them back a bit instead of giving them their head. I guess that's what he told him, anyway, because for a while after that he did go slower. It wasn't long, though, before he was tearing along again. I never saw a man work like him.

At supper he was just as quiet as he'd been at dinner. He'd answer yes or no if you asked him a straight question, but that was all we could get out of him. After a while we gave up trying, and we just ate and talked as if we weren't there. I didn't like to stare at him too much, but I was mighty curious and I couldn't help throwing a glance at him every once in a while. He ate at just about the same rate he went across that field—he wasn't piggish, or untidy, but he gave you the feeling that he had to be doing something all the while and doing it fast. I've seen young colts like that, so full of beans that they had to tear right into things as if their lives depended on it. But they're young, and it's only natural. It didn't seem likely that it was sheer animal spirits in old John.

No sooner had he finished his supper than he murmured, "'Scuse me", very politely to mother, and went out. He didn't hang around outside either, but started rattling the milk-pails right away. He was out in the barn milking a cow before dad and I got there. He wasn't a very fast milker. You have to learn when you're a kid to be a really fast milker, and I don't think he'd been doing it very long. I would have liked to know what he had done before he started working on farms, and when we happened to be milking cows next to each other I dropped a few hints in the hope that he would tell me. I thought he might be more talkative in the barn, but he wasn't. He wasn't insultingly silent, but he didn't tell me anything either. I wasn't a bit farther ahead.

After milking, dad and I had the few set jobs that we did every night. Dad told John that he could quit, that we would

finish up. I fed the cows salt and let them out into the paddock where they slept, shut up the hens and chickens for the night and went down to the mailbox for the mail and paper. Meanwhile, dad was cooling the milk and sealing the cans ready to ship to the city in the morning. He was taking off his boots when I got back from the mailbox. We washed outside, where it didn't matter how much water we splashed about, and then went round to the front veranda where mother was sitting.

I had expected to see John around the house somewhere, so I said to mother "Where's John?"

"I don't know where he is", she answered, "I've not seen him since he left the supper-table. Hasn't he been helping to milk?"

"Yes, but the milking's been finished half-an-hour now. Dad told him he could quit, and I thought he would be around the house. I wonder where he is?"

"What are you so curious about?" said dad, "you're not afraid he'll run away, are you? I don't suppose he's far away, and it's his own business."

That made me feel rather silly, so I didn't say any more. After all, maybe I was being a bit too curious; but there was something about John that fascinated me. How was it he had to go around looking for work on farms at his age? What was it that gave him that queer scared look in his eyes? What drove him over the fields at such a breakneck speed? Where had he come from, where was he going to? Why had his face that tired worn look, as if it had just withered like an old leaf?

Just then there was the noise of wood being dropped into the wood-box beside the stove in the back kitchen. "Gosh", said dad, "has he been splitting wood at this time of night, after seeding all day?"

"Well", said mother, getting in a dig at dad and me, "it's a good job somebody notices when the woodbox is empty." I could see that mother was really pleased, both at getting the

wood and at being able to get one in at us like that. Neither of us was very fond of splitting wood, and we usually made busy times like seeding an excuse for getting in as little as possible. What with his table manners, his politeness, and now the wood, John was going to be a great favourite with one member of the family, anyway.

Dad went round to the back, and I heard him telling John that he shouldn't have bothered splitting wood at this time of night. "You must be tired after walking this morning, and then working all day. I told you you could quit for the day, you know."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm not tired. I noticed the woodbox was empty at supper-time, so I thought I'd fill it. I don't mind splitting wood—like to be doing something." This was much the longest speech John had made since his arrival, and, as if he felt that he had said too much, he gave dad a hint to leave by saying, "Well, I guess I'll have a wash now and go to bed."

"Won't you come and sit with us for a while?" dad asked him. "It's not very late yet, you know."

"No thanks, I'll be getting to bed now." And with that he started to take his shirt off to wash and dad had to leave him.

The next morning John got up first and had the cows in the barn and their udders washed when we got there. All that day he followed the horses up and down the field, resting the horses sometimes because of what dad had told him, but always doing it reluctantly as if he himself were tireless and was annoyed that the horses weren't. While the horses were resting he always found something to do—he would oil the implement, or fix the harness, sometimes even knock a loose staple in a fence-post or tighten a section of sagging barbed wire. Again that evening he filled the wood-box. Dad tried to persuade him that he had done enough, but it was no use. At meals he

was still quiet, unwilling to make conversation except on matters directly connected with farming routine, but very polite and eating quickly and tidily.

As the days passed he became a familiar and accepted part of our daily life on the farm. Mother and dad were both pleased with him. Never had we had such a willing worker. It made dad feel good, he said, to see the rate at which the work was finished. And when the grain-seeding was all done, and it was time to get the corn-ground ready, old John worked away at it with the same vigour. As for mother—well, she was extra happy. Usually at this time of the year she had to threaten to go on strike as cook before she could get us to fill her wood-box; now every evening saw it piled to the brim. She liked John's manners at the table and around the house. It was not that she was especially fussy, but some hired men we've had have been rather crude. It's nice to have a man who doesn't spill food on the tablecloth, who asks politely if he wants a second helping and who keeps his bedroom tidy. These things count with a woman. I was the only one who wasn't satisfied. I liked John well enough as a worker, but I wanted to find out something more about him. But I just didn't get anywhere. He never dropped the slightest hint about his life before his arrival on the farm, or about his plans for the future. He seemed to take each day as it came, each meal as it came, each trip up the field. If there wasn't a trip up the field to be made or a meal to be eaten, then he'd find something else to do and put all of himself into it. There didn't seem any of him left over from his immediate job that could talk to you. Other men can be milking with their fingers and thinking and talking with their head, but not John. And at odd moments when I did catch him not doing anything—sometimes we would get to the headland at the same time and there would be no oiling to do or fence to fix—he seemed all turned in on himself, and harder to get at than ever. It was then that the pain in his

eyes would be most noticeable. And just when the pain looked greatest, and you felt that he must be about to break down or cry out or do something to let you in, to let you know what was there hurting him—why, just then he'd suddenly jump up and pick up the lines and shout “Get up!” and be off up the field faster than ever.

After about three weeks we began to notice a change in John. He would go up the fields even faster than before, but the stops at the headlands were more frequent. During these stops he would start to do something like oiling the disc, and then he would seem to get tired of it and quit. Then that look would come in his eyes and he'd sit there a long time as if he had forgotten the horses altogether. Suddenly he would jump up and urge the horses on like a madman. At meals he ate less. He'd bolt down his first helping and then when mother asked him to have more he'd seem not to hear her and if you looked in his eyes you'd see that he wasn't really with us at all, but all turned in on himself and distant somehow. One night he sat on the milking-stool with his head on the cow's side for about ten minutes after he had squirted the last drop of milk into the pail. I happened to go past the wood-pile behind the barn one night and he wasn't splitting wood at all, but just staring at the axe. Several times after that he didn't even try to split wood, but just sat on one of the logs till it got dark and then crept off to bed without saying goodnight.

He was still a good hired man. After all, he did more work than most, even if he did stop on the headlands for quite a long time occasionally; as for the wood, we could always get that split ourselves sometime. And we all felt sure he would snap out of it soon. When the end of the month came, and John's pay-day, dad handed him his money and said, “Of course, you'll be staying on with us, John?”

“Eh?” He seemed to come out of his trance with an effort, as if his mind was a long way off and had a lot of obstacles to pass to get to us. “No. I must go on.”

Dad was obviously taken aback. "But surely you'll stay, John. Aren't you happy here?"

"I'm all right", said John.

"Then why don't you stay? We need you. You're the best man we ever had." At these words there was just a trace of that smile John had given me when I told him I thought dad would hire him, but it was gone even more quickly than before. Thinking he guessed the trouble dad went on more quickly, "Is it more money you want? We'll give you anything in reason."

"No. It's not money. And it's not the work—it's not you at all. It's—well, it's just me, I guess. I've got to go, that's all."

He went. Before he left, mother tried her hand, but she did no better than dad. His mind was made up. We never saw or heard of him again. In a way he was just another hired man—they come, they work—some well, some badly—they get paid, and they go. But he was different, somehow. Most of them, you don't know much about, but it doesn't seem to matter. With him it did matter. He was the best hired man we ever had, but it wasn't that that made him matter. It was that look he had—I don't know how to explain it to you any better than I did before—you know, like a homeless dog that's been whipped by somebody and doesn't know why.

## THE LEGACY OF THE PAST: TWO CONFERENCES

BY A. E. PRINCE

**H**E spoke for six or seven minutes only; but he spoke like a man inspired, as if, from some mountain summit high in air, he saw beneath him the far-winding path of human progress from dim Cimmerian shores of prehistoric shadow into the fuller yet broken and fitful light of the modern time. The eloquence was splendid; but greater than the eloquence was the penetrating vision which discerned through all the events and in all ages the play of those moral forces, now creating, now destroying, always transmuting, which had moulded and remoulded human institutions, and had given to the human spirit its ceaselessly changing forms of energy. It was as if the whole landscape of history had been suddenly lit up by a burst of sunlight. I have never heard from any other lips any discourse like this, nor from his did I ever hear the like again." This is the famous passage in which Lord Bryce described the way in which the great historian-publicist Lord Acton expounded to him his vision of a history of liberty and how it might be made the central thread of all history.

Two valuable Conferences have just been held at Queen's University, one of historians, economists, journalists and businessmen on "Canadian American Affairs" and the other "Conference of Canadian Artists", the first ever held, to which various American artists of note were invited. The personnel of the two meetings was almost entirely different, but both from differing angles sought to promote the true democratic way of life during wartime and in the post-war period. As is usual and imperative in all conferences nowadays, economics bulked large in the discussions. The Canadian-American Affairs deliberations dealt with the various important aspects of the British-Canadian-American economic entente and its possible

basis of a new world order. Mr. Adolf Berle, Assistant Secretary of State, gave an illuminating exposition of the recent economic philosophy of the U.S.A. Government which envisages social welfare as a significant factor in its policy of financing through the R.F.C., etc.; whilst Mr. Owen D. Young on behalf of the old capitalism crossed swords with him as impressively as the grand old employer portrayed by Galsworthy in his play "Strife". We patted our potentially bulging pockets as we contemplated increasing trade with Latin America, yet in the interest of more effective prosecution of the war we resigned ourselves to the prospect of gasolineless Sundays and the curtailing of "consumers' goods" (at this Conference the professional economists refrained from indulgence in their wonted orgies of technical jargon—perhaps Mr. Churchill's advice to the British civil servants has crossed the Atlantic). Political and military considerations involved in the present situation and the shape of things to come in post-war reconstruction were also ably and even brilliantly presented in the deliberations of the Canadian American Affairs Conference. And moreover in the Conference of Canadian Artists economic considerations occupied hours of discussion. The plight and lot of the painter in Canada, like that of the poet, is not a happy one. To make ends meet he has to burn the candle at both ends, eking out mere subsistence by recourse to applied art or oftentimes uncongenial teaching. He has to lean on private patronage or maybe philanthropic corporations for the purchase of his pictures. And too often the person of wealth ignores contemporary art and buys one or two "Old Masters" at fabulous prices, actuated possibly by motives of social prestige, publicized possessiveness and a collector's selfishness rather than by profound admiration and understanding for the genius mirrored in the classic painting. When the question was raised in the Conference as to whether the proposed Federation of Artists' organizations should, or should not, include

members other than practising professional artists, one argument adduced by a lady artist crystallized itself in the frank blunt statement, "What we want from laymen is their money." But numerous sensitive artists shrink from anything that savours of "gold-digging" and touting or hawking their own wares on the doorsteps of private plutocrats. Many would prefer to be commissioned by the community and execute their works of painting and sculpture for the adornment of public buildings. The extraordinarily interesting experiment of State subsidy of art in the U.S.A. "New Deal" commissioning of murals and sculpture for official buildings was described by Edward Rowan, Assistant Chief of the Section of Fine Arts, Federal Works Agency at Washington; the widening social implications of this movement to promote economic security and justice (where some of the guardians of the human spirit are concerned) were impressed upon members of this Artists' Conference. The artists came out of their ivory tower and grappled with the political and even the military significance of their lifework. A thoughtful address by Walter Abell of Acadia University dealt specifically with "Art and Democracy"; he and Thomas Benton, the great American painter, contended (in the latter's words) that in our "democratic society, art, to be representative and culturally real, must itself be democratic. If it is to be democratic it must somehow touch the interest of plain people"; by portraying the common interests of the people of the earth who do the earth's work, it will "become a part of general life and of interest to people in general". The artists also studied the ways in which they could use their talents to help on the war whether in the field of posters, machine draughtsmanship or more effectively in that of recording the war-effort in painting and sculpture.

In the realms of economics, politics and war strategy, including the vital matter of propaganda, then, these two Kingston Conferences enjoyed fruitful deliberations. But the two

addresses in two memorable sessions which deeply moved and thrilled the hearers were strikingly similar in import, that of Charles McIlwain to the Conference of Canadian-American Affairs and that of Thomas Benton to the Artists' Conference. Leonardo da Vinci is said to have "sung hymns to Causation"; McIlwain and Benton sang hymns to Tradition, each in his own tongue or idiom, patrician, scholarly Harvard or that of the lusty Missouri Ozarks folk.

In the opening paragraph of this article appears James Bryce's eloquent description of Acton's philosophy of history as he listened late at night in Acton's library at Cannes. Dr. McIlwain himself would deprecate any comparison of his address to Acton's unique inspired revelation, but to one of his hearers at least, it does not seem hyperbole to suggest the parallel, at all events in the method of approach, the survey (from a lofty eminence of knowledge and understanding) of the grand sweep of human history and a penetrating vision of the play of moral forces. With masterly bold strokes he traced our precious heritage of freedom and democracy from the dawn of society to the present day when it is being challenged and menaced as never before in recorded time. He conjured up the "Glory that was Greece" under the dewy-fresh impulse of democracy, albeit limited in scope. In recalling the "Grandeur that was Rome", he corrected the erroneous popular concept that Roman Law, one of the noblest contributions of Rome to the progress of mankind, exalted the principle of autocracy and absolutism, that "the will of the ruler is the supreme law". He reminded us that the central principle of Roman Law was better expressed, for example, in the maxim of Papinian that law is not the will of the prince but the "common engagement of the republic", i.e. that rule was not despotic but constitutional, that kings should rule according to law which is the creation of the people. This Roman Law has helped to build the great "Common Law" which has

done so much to fashion society in England and America; it strengthened those safeguards of the rights of the individual which had their origins in local English customs and feudal liberties. These rights are not so much Roman or British as universal, applicable to all men at all times. One of the most impressive aspects of the modern history of the British Empire and of the United States is the way in which men of the most varied racial origins have been admitted into the enjoyment of and become "sharers of our Anglo-Saxon ideals of individual liberty. Our inheritance has become as much theirs as ours". Dr. McIlwain instanced the British policy in South Africa which by magnanimously granting autonomy to the Boers turned bitter foes into devoted friends such as Botha and Smuts. Nowadays Nazi Germany has avowedly repudiated Roman Law and Anglo-Saxon ideals embodying these universal principles of liberty. There can be no "better proof of the universality of the principles for which we are now fighting or of the fact that these universal principles can never live in the same world with the tribal totalitarianism of our enemies. These enemies have proclaimed as their object a 'New Order' in the world in which the traditions of the race in culture, law, morality and religion are all to be thrown down and supplanted by a complete *étatisme* maintained by brute force and designed . . . to override every individual right, and to substitute for the law in which that right is enshrined the naked will of the ruler alone", represented as the "Leader" of "a race of masters with a divine although heathen right to rule over a subjugated world of slaves. The 'New Order' would indeed be a cultural as well as a political and economic revolution. It would destroy at a blow traditions honoured and cherished, even if not always lived up to, for more than two thousand years. Against them we are fighting for an order that in many respects is very old, but unlike theirs it still retains the principles of individual liberty and national

honour. In the end, I firmly believe, these universal principles of liberty will triumph. But even such principles do not triumph of themselves. They must be fought for even to death if need be."

Thus spake Charles McIlwain from New England. The shade of Acton of Cambridge in the Old Land may have hovered approvingly over this product of the new Cambridge across the seas. Maybe he would approve, too, the talk to the Artists' Conference of Thomas Benton, a product of the American Middle West, although the Catholic nobleman's first impression of the personality of the speaker would have been a little puzzling. About "Tony" Benton there is a volcanic atmosphere of egotistic showmanship, impish antics and a gargantuan gusto. He could not sit still and listen while someone else, an art critic, was reading a paper; he had constantly to interject remarks, some frivolous and even ribald. When a commentator was reciting the names of great men of art, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Mantegna, Rubens . . . , he broke in with "Add Tony Benton to the list". But the *alter ego* in him came out in a subsequent half-apologetic explanation, "I meant that I have sought to assimilate the spirit of the Great Masters". Recently he had seen Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" for the first time; he commented that he had for many years studied the picture (in reproductions) so deeply, knowing it from sinuous locks to big toe-nail, that on actually seeing it he felt that he himself had painted it and behold it was good! Behind that veneer of egotistic buffoonery was a solidity and sincerity of purpose, a wealth of knowledge, theoretical and practical, of art and life, and a warmth of human sympathies that rendered his brilliantly illustrated talk a memorable experience. This great painter of the contemporary American scene in murals and easel pictures elaborated the thesis of the significance of tradition in the field of art. As if from some mountain summit high in air, he sketched the unfolding pano-

rama of the history of art, tracing the far-winding path of artistic progress from the dim shores of prehistoric Cro-Magnon shadow and of the Egyptians into the fuller yet broken and fitful light of the modern time. He paid particular attention to the passage through the classic groves of the Renaissance, especially that cultivated by Rubens. Upon Canadian artists he explicitly impressed the vital necessity of prolonged and profound study and analysis of the works of the supreme masters with their expanding revelation of universal principles. Great art should hold up the mirror to nature and to the way of life in the prevailing society; nowadays that means the portrayal of the life of the people by the people for the people—if we may adapt the Lincolnian phrase. But Benton argued that this creative folk-art should be disciplined and moulded by structural mechanisms derived from the classics of art. This would eliminate preciosity, dilettantism and detachment from ordinary folk and from the good earth; the abstract technical cults of esoteric coteries would wither away. This advice of Thomas Benton should be most salutary for many Canadian artists. It challenged the Galomania rife among them. Modernistic French art developments from Cezanne downwards have become a warping obsession where too many on this side of the Atlantic are concerned. Benton himself served an art apprenticeship of four years in Paris, but the man from Missouri did not have his head turned by heady French *apéritifs* and sparkling effervescent champagnes.

In these two exciting sittings, then, the historian and the artist sketched the radiant figure of Tradition. The records of history must be devoutly studied to wrest the secrets of life and growth. Someone has said that “despising or misunderstanding *yesterday*, a man who labels himself a progressive is totally unfit to appreciate the forces that are gathered up into *to-day* to help the advance towards *to-morrow*”.

## BACKGROUNDS IN NORTH AMERICAN FOLK ARTS

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

**F**OLK arts too often are dismissed because of their presumed unimportance. Yet their very name should accredit them to anyone interested in the daily lives and pursuits of the people, for these arts form part of their texture. They are the fountain-heads of culture. The growth of the arts, to be vital, must also rest upon sound cultural foundations, for true art begins at home.

The field of folk arts on our continent is comprehensive, both for geographic compass and materials. As elsewhere, it includes such essentials as habitation, the making of tools, equipment, furniture, agricultural machinery, foods, costumes, vehicles and boats, wood and metal work; it also comprises such important accessories as weaving, pottery, glass and leather work. Among a people with a cultural past, it extends to decoration and social entertainment, which opens the door to fine arts in the form of music, tales and literature, printing, dance, pantomime, drama, embroidery, painting and sculpture. In geographic and racial scope, it embraces the contributions of the early occupants of the land—the Indians, the Spanish, the French, the British, the Scandinavians of the northeastern seaboard, and of the Slavs on the North Pacific Coast. This is too big an order even for a bird's-eye view. It can be summarized only by means of illustrations or samples suggesting the wider vistas of the whole.

The subject of habitation covers the igloos of the Eskimos, the domed semi-subterranean huts of the Athapascans tribes in the Northwest, the pointed tipis of the northern nomads, the elm-bark long houses of the Iroquoians, the terraced adobe villages of the Pueblos, the *estancias* of the Mexican border, the log-houses of the ancient Norwegians on the lower Delaware, the stone houses and *colombage* of the early French settlers in

Canada and on the Missouri and the Mississippi, the frame cottages of New England, the old churches of New England, New France and New Mexico. Then it expands into modern structures: grain elevators, flour-mills, lumber and paper mills, sky-scrappers, and even to pleasure yachts, boat-houses and automobile trailers.

Until about a century ago, the character of our habitation was purely racial and geographical. Each group or area followed ancient traditions and individual forms. But cultural contacts then began to open up frontiers and bring about new developments. The most conspicuous instance of this process of cross-fertilization was the spread of the log-cabin type of construction from the early Scandinavians — particularly the Norwegians of the lower Delaware — to the North American settlers of other extractions in the borderlands, including the New Englanders, the French Canadians and the Eastern Woodland Indians.

Although the log-cabins of the Norwegians had stood for more than 150 years close to the Atlantic seaboard and were better suited to northern forest surroundings than the draughty frame houses of the British settlers, they failed for a long time to gain favour outside of their own restricted area. But the western expansion of the early nineteenth century helped to break the bounds after it had thrown varied people together for better or worse. Then everybody — Scandinavians, British and French alike — built log-cabins with dovetail corners in the wilderness.

The oldest log-cabin at Dubuque, Iowa, now preserved at Eagle Point Park, is said to have been built about 1827 by a French Canadian trapper and to have passed into the hands of the Blackhawk Indians. The Loyalist settlers of the Ottawa River, in northeastern Ontario, built log-cabins and dependencies after 1830, making the Stittsville district one of the best areas of this type of habitation. In their new settle-

ments even the French Canadians then adopted the log-cabin to the exclusion of their familiar *colombage* (half-timbers), *poteau sur sole* (posts in a frame) and *poteau en terre* (posts in the ground).

Another transfusion of type in house-building can be observed elsewhere. Stone houses with high pointed gables and central or terminal heavy chimneys are spreading from the old Quebec and Montreal areas to British elements in the neighbourhood, also, it appears, across the American border to a number of fashionable cottages planned by modern architects. An interesting kind of wall construction is represented near Washington, D.C., at Cabin John, Maryland, in the Humphrey house of *pisé de terre* still preserved in Georgia, ascribed to French Huguenot sources. An instance, we are told, is to be found close to the upper St. Lawrence near Kingston, Ontario. Adobe, used in houses at many points in the Southwest, goes back to Pueblos and Mexicans. It belongs to treeless and sun-baked surroundings.

Within our modern houses and social centres there are features—in furniture, decoration, metal work, foods—which are typical of North American material resources and culture, yet are derivative. The rocking-chair, for instance, may be an old-world invention, yet it is virtually unknown in Europe. In New England and in Canada it is a common household article, and it has branched off into forms and styles the evolution of which has not been sufficiently studied. Some museums own interesting specimens of domestic or kitchen rockers. The high-backs with bent slats and spool-like splats are not restricted to the old American states of the Union, but are to be found in Canada, specially in the lower St. Lawrence. Every Gaspé fisherman makes his own rocking-chairs. Idle in the winter, the folk rock themselves around the house for a pastime; a fisherman at LaTourelle, northern Gaspé, enjoyed the reputation of wearing out three pairs of rockers annually.

At Isle-aux-Coudres, Charlevoix County, below Quebec, 'Père' Joseph Mailloux made elegant rocking-chairs, with carved hardwood slats or splats in the form of hearts, clovers, S's, etc., and arms ending with fiddle-heads; these Mailloux chairs are now being collected by the Canadian museums. Of a parlour variety was the swan's-neck hardwood or butternut chairs formerly upholstered with horse-hair; these once were as popular in New England as in Canada. A few furniture establishments in Quebec have marketed them in numbers in the course of the last century. For some years they have been collected by the curio shops of the United States, as are other types of antique furniture from French Canada, which were shipped by the car-loads and palmed off as old French.

An interesting contribution to American furniture is now being systematically studied—the Shaker furniture, which was recently the object of a publication by the Andrews and is traced back by them to the Camissards of France and the English Quakers, in their twelve colonies in New York and New England. Whatever the origin of this kind of furniture, it drew its inspiration from an old stock of folk patterns of the colonial days which were traditional among the British and French settlers.

In the house of the colonists speaking English, French or Spanish, the foods, costume and domestic equipment varied according to racial antecedents. The Indians, who at first occupied most of the continent, soon relinquished part of their own usages to adopt what they considered the superior culture of the white people. But a part of their older recipes, ingredients, and methods survived, if only in adapted forms. The individual European contributions either remained intact in their colonial settings or were mixed with similar entities elsewhere to merge with them and produce new elements. The list of these truly American innovations is not yet made up; it is more important and extensive than is generally realized.

The North American foodstuffs and recipes (forming part of cultural backgrounds and at times reaching the level of folk art) owe a good deal to the Indians. Corn or maize, potatoes, tomatoes, varied beans and squashes, not to speak of wild fruits which were improved into commercial varieties like logan-berries, originally native, now constitute important items in our diet. The recipes involved in their preparation are still more numerous and complex, and they are not all available in cook-books. There is nothing I enjoyed so much, many years ago in Oklahoma, as the hominy of the Walker family, which consisted mainly of green corn and meat cooked together in a delicious stew.

Several kinds of foods tend to be particularly American; in time they will expand beyond their present limited scope. Salmon, codfish, oysters, herring, lobster, mackerel, whitefish, contribute substantially to our table, especially along the coasts and in their neighbourhood. The Winnipeg gold-eyes are relished by epicureans. So is the brook trout in the north, and the *oolachen* or candle-fish of the North Pacific Coast. Who would not enjoy a moose steak, a caribou or a reindeer roast, a bear *pot-au-feu*, and a buffalo tongue or fillet?

Gourmets might travel in various parts of this continent, as was done within France, in search of special dishes, liquors and wines, and be repaid for their troubles. In recent years I have collected hundreds of recipes of old French Canada, from Island-of-Orleans pea-soup, pancakes or *crêpes suzettes* with maple syrup, to *andouilles* and *cretons*. Yet virtually none of these many items is available in Canadian tourist hotels. A discriminating palate would also enjoy home wines made of wild grapes, cherries, elder-berries, mountain-ash or masquashina (in the northeast), sarsaparilla, and other wild fruits. Who knows about salal jelly, wild crab-apple and salmon-berry jellies, which are so typical of the North Pacific Coast?

Weaving and embroidery are manual arts of far greater interest for us than usually believed; in some branches they go back to American prehistory, as in finger-weaving and weighed loom-weaving of the type of the Chilkat blanket.

Embroidery was introduced as early as 1639 by the Ursuline nuns at Quebec, who at once began to teach it to their Indian wards, of whom they had a large number in the course of the following seventy-five years. The same art prevailed early in Mexico. Finger-weaving is beautifully exemplified in the Assumption sashes or *ceintures fléchées*, which the North West (fur-trading) Company and later the Hudson's Bay Company traded for many years to the Indians.

Of all the teachings of the Quebec nuns and missionaries to the Indian children and converts, the most enduring in its material effects was that of handicrafts; for the nuns, the Ursulines in particular, were versed in the science of crafts (*la science des ouvrages*). The programme of native education as mapped out during the first months after the nuns had landed on the St. Lawrence in 1639, included good French manners, housekeeping, needlework, drawing, painting, music, some notions of architecture and other fine arts (*arts d'agrément*), wherein lay the seeds of Old World handicrafts soon to germinate in the virgin soil of America.

As embroidery in these days was a useful art of the first importance for cultured women, the Ursulines firmly implanted it among their pupils, both French and Indian. Circumstances were helpful, because the churches and chapels in the colony required embroidered garments, then in general use. And these nuns were excellent needleworkers.

The poverty of these educators in the colonial days and the drain caused by their charity forced them to adapt themselves to the natural resources of the land, where native ingenuity furnished some assistance. For instance, the nuns made wooden and birch-bark dishes for domestic use, the bark

dishes being like those of the Algonkins and known under the Indian name of *ouragans*. As gold, silver and silk threads and spangles for embroidery were expensive, the nuns were often satisfied with wool, hemp or flax threads, and glass beads. They even substituted coarse threads, moose-hair and porcupine quills, which they dyed with vegetable dyes, thereby introducing a type of decoration now generally mistaken for purely native. The many examples of such work in our museums under the caption of Indian needlecraft all indirectly go back to the same source. The best and oldest specimens of this kind of work are from the hands of the nuns, who have introduced it on this continent. Packages of dyed moose-hair and porcupine quills are preserved at the Ursulines' convent at Quebec, and may still be used for the teaching of embroidery cloth, buckskin or birch-bark.

Several other minor crafts also brought much needed revenues to the nuns, like the making of birch-bark boxes and dishes, fine leather work, book-binding, the manufacture of artificial flowers for the altars, the making of wax dolls, wax fruits, hair pictures, and painting. The production of 'incense' boxes was once quite remunerative. One year it brought in 544 French pounds to the Quebec Ursulines alone.

The remarkable creative art of the nuns manifested itself primarily in the making of altar and priestly embroidered garments, which were tapestry-like and embroidered with rich imported materials—gold, silver and silk threads. Not a few of the embroidered sets from the period of 1680 to 1740 are still preserved in the monasteries and old parish churches of Quebec and Montreal, and they compare with the best in the motherland, particularly when they are from the hands of the saintly Jeanne Le Ber and the followers of Marie de l'Incarnation, founder of the Ursulines.

Finger-weaving in the wide arrow sashes collected among the Indians of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and most

of the United States as far as Kansas, has an altogether different story. Most of these sashes were produced in French Canada, yet the origin of their technique is Indian; this intricate type of braiding was practised, even in prehistoric times, in the primitive form of bands by many tribes in North and South America, in particular by the Iroquoians and until recently by the Eskimos of the Mackenzie River delta. The expansion of finger-weaving, about 150 years ago, into wide bands and sashes, and its later improvements and standardization were due to the North West and the Hudson's Bay companies, which, from about 1790 to 1880, kept many rural workers in Assomption County, northeast of Montreal, busy a part of the year making hundreds of sashes of various sizes and quality for the fur trade. This craft has survived to the present day in some parts of Quebec; it is now being taught in some of the handicraft schools.

Finger-weaving and embroidery in French Canada were not the only crafts connected with textiles, as loom weaving, also introduced in the earliest period, has remained to this day a typical *habitant* activity in a number of counties along the St. Lawrence. In the first colonial census (1666), we find that there were linen weavers (*tisserands en toile*) among the first settlers; and in 1706, after the seizure by the British of French ships taking goods to the colony, weaving was systematically encouraged among the people. The *habitants* provided themselves with home-made linen, *catalognes* (woven rugs), druggets and various kinds of homespuns. A particular variety is best known at large as the Murray Bay blanket or *portière*; but it should be called *boutonné*. It was first centred around Isle-aux-Coudres and Eboultments in Charlevoix county, and Rivière-du-Loup, on the south shore. Not a few old specimens with broad designs in the form of woollen buttons coloured with brilliant vegetable dyes have been collected.

The origin of the *boutonné* weaving is obscure. The process is not only one of plain weaving, but of hand manipulation and twisting into small knots in relief of coloured threads in a rigid background of warp and weft. In other words, it is partly a tapestry technique, which, if not unknown in the United States, is nowhere else practised in the coloured style. The patterns in these Laurentian bedspreads, *portières* and rugs are broad and irregular. Though they are traditional and ancient, they are free in their original reinterpretations. The technique and patterns of the *boutonné* may be in part derived from the earlier tapestry-making and embroidery of the Quebec nuns.

The sources of our decorative patterns in varied media are both intrusive and native; native, in so far as a residuum of prehistoric Indian arts has survived the impact of European and Asiatic importations, this residuum being substantial only in the Southwest and on the North Pacific Coast; intrusive, in so far as they can be traced back to newcomers after the discovery of America. The French in the Northeast and the Spaniards in Mexico and the Southwest were the heaviest contributors. The Quebec nuns and woodcarvers introduced a steady stream of continental patterns which swamped the whole field from the St. Lawrence to Louisiana; these patterns were floral, geometrical or scroll-like.

The Indians in the areas of French occupation were so little endowed in this respect that they simply adopted the new elements. In later years, however, they adapted them to their own use, as may be realized upon examination of the large collections of bead, silk, porcupine-quill, moose-hair and ribbon work, of woodcarvings, of silver engraving, now preserved in our ethnographic museums. Virtually none of these materials is purely Indian, yet they have taken on an appearance of native authenticity that has deceived ethnographers. This is also true of patterns used by the Navahoes in their rugs, these

now being acknowledged as Danubian and of recent origin; the art of weaving sheep-wool among these nomads of the southwestern plains is not aboriginal.

The Spanish also of the South and Southwest were leading contributors of ancient Mediterranean patterns, which the neighbouring natives adopted to mix them with their own. The Mexican pottery itself, as represented in the fine collection at the Art Institute of Chicago, is decidedly Spanish and folk-like rather than Mayan or Aztecan.

In the northwestern field the intrusive Slavonic and Mongolian influences predominated among the natives, as can be seen in their totem poles and relevant carvings, paintings and engravings. As early as 1805, Lissiansky reminds us, a number of Russian craftsmen in exile had migrated from Siberia to Sitka in Alaska and had resumed there the practice of their arts. The results have recently come under close observation—for many years they had been forgotten. The church bells of the whole Northwest Coast as far as California were made by the Sitka Russians, as were for many years the agricultural tools and metal work for the western watershed of this continent. The fur-traders of the Columbia River estuary and the early settlers exchanged agricultural products with the Alaskans for their much-needed metal equipment and machinery. The red and blue chests covered all over with floral and scroll patterns, imported from China by the Hudson's Bay Company for the northern fur-trade among the Indians, were among the articles that provided patterns and inspiration to the natives. Russian metal work gave rise, among the Tlingit of Alaska and the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, mostly after 1860, to the remarkable copper and silver engraving and embossing of brooches and bracelets which are an admirable development, entirely due to cross-fertilization in culture.

Another instance of active blending of diverse decorative elements is well illustrated in *Origins of Pennsylvania Folk Art*, an article published by Carl W. Drepperd in *Antiques*. Here we learn that the distinctive Pennsylvania Dutch decoration as represented in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, the Art Institute of Chicago, and other museums, are not compact in so far as their origins are concerned, but must be traced back to individual contributions as diverse as were the original immigrants of Pennsylvania—from Sweden, Finland, Holland, Germany, Great Britain and France.

Of the other crafts listed at the beginning, silver work might be singled out as one of the most typical of North American adaptation and growth. It branched off into a few fields, as those of the New England group of the Paul Revere type; the equivalent French Canadian school of Quebec, whose 250-year existence chiefly depended on the constant need of rich sacred vessels for church use; the Montreal and Philadelphia craftsmen who provided, after 1760, an immense quantity of silver trinkets in the fur-trade among the Indians; the North Pacific coast natives, who engraved totemic symbols on brooches and bracelets, among the Tlingit and the Haidas; and last, the Navahos of New Mexico, who, since 1880, have developed a remarkable craft in the making of silver ornaments for the tourist trade.

The purpose of this essay is to suggest the great potential scope of our folk arts. These are still awaiting the systematic study as a basis for further growth in our North American culture.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS  
THE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE  
BY B. K. SANDWELL

IT is not impossible that impartial historians will record, as soon as they can record anything impartially about an event so disturbing to impartiality as the present Great War, that Hitler and German Nazism actually conferred a great benefit upon the human race. I am assuming that the war will end in Hitler's defeat; if it ends in Hitler's victory there will of course be no impartial historians for a long time, since an essential part of the Nazi doctrine is the view that impartial history is the bunk. But after Hitler has been defeated we may find quite a lot to say in favour of him, as we find much to say in favour of the Great Fire of London, the Great Plague, the Napoleonic Wars, the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, and other portents which seemed wholly unadmirable at the time.

For it must be admitted that Hitler has greatly improved and elevated our concepts of civilized international relationships. Nothing even approaching the Atlantic Declaration as a humanitarian document has ever been promulgated by any group of great nations before. It declares it to be the proper policy of a civilized community of nations to establish a peace under which "all the men of all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want." This is a declaration of the unity of humanity such as you may search for in vain in the language of all past diplomacy. It asserts and accepts an international obligation in regard not only to the political life but also in regard to the economic life of the world. True, it is only a "hope" that such a condition may be achieved; but it is a hope which is held out as a reason why other peoples all over the world, free or enslaved, should work and fight along with the British and American people for their victory over Nazism, and it is therefore a pledge that if that victory is achieved, the British and American peoples will do

their utmost to realize that universal freedom from fear and want.

Never in history — never at least since the growth of the modern nation state — has it been so forcibly declared that it is the duty of every nation so to conduct its economic life that the economic life of other peoples can continue to be strong and healthy. It goes without saying that this duty can only be fulfilled in a world from which the threat of constant warfare has been removed. The poverty of the world is to a great extent due to the threat of warfare; the greatly increased poverty of the world since 1918, during a quarter-century in which scientific progress should if left to itself have gone far to eliminate poverty, has certainly been due altogether to the increased imminence of the threat; the process of preparation for warfare is itself, in these days, a process of systematically promoting the economic weakness, and consequently the poverty, of any potential enemy. Every nation in Europe, nay every nation in the world, has drawn up its tariff schedules, and has been compelled to draw them up, with its eye fixed upon the enlargement of its own capacity for the production of war materials and upon the discouragement of the corresponding capacity in any other country with which it is not associated by a close alliance. In Europe and Asia, where enemies are closer at hand than they are in America and Australia, this threat of imminent war has actually led to the wholesale transference of great industries from the places where they would naturally be carried on to other places where they will be safer from enemy bombing and invasion. International trade, the sole means by which the natural wealth of the world can be efficiently exploited for the general benefit of the human race, has been fettered and confined by the efforts of each nation to build up its own economic strength for warfare (which is a totally different thing from its own prosperity and the happiness of its people) and to discourage the growth of that of its rivals.

This "freedom from fear and want" doctrine is a New Order just as complete in itself, and much more attractive to the masses in all countries, than the New Order of which the Germans have been boasting, and which also regards the world as an economic unit, but a unit for a totally different purpose, the purpose namely of sustaining the power and wealth and dominance of the German race. It is a Co-Prosperity System as complete and more attractive than the Co-Prosperity System into which the Japanese are trying to lure the other nations of the Orient. It has only one weakness as propaganda, but that is a weakness which the Germans can be trusted to make the most of; it can be represented with some plausibility as too good to be true.

For we cannot overlook the fact that the political system of the United States is one which makes the foreign policies of that country, both economic, military and diplomatic, extremely difficult to predict and to rely upon over a long period of time. The nation whose President is the chief author of this Declaration — for the language of the economic part of it is the language of Mr. Roosevelt rather than Mr. Churchill — is also the nation whose President twenty-three years ago offered the world the leadership of the United States towards an era of international political collaboration in the interests of peace, only to have his offer repudiated by his people as soon as it came up for their ratification. In the economic sphere it is the nation which in 1929, when a courageous recognition of the need for an expansion of world commerce might have obviated most of the horrors of the coming depression, adopted the Smoot-Hawley Tariff and led the way into an era of extreme economic nationalism. It still contains a large and powerful political element of isolationists who cannot be convinced that the possession of great wealth and great power imposes upon a nation any obligation whatever towards weaker peoples. To what extent can the Americans of 1941 be relied

upon to continue to exhibit a greater sense of international responsibility than their predecessors of 1919 and 1929? To what extent will the Eight Points command their adherence more than did the Fourteen Points of a generation ago?

And for that matter, is Canada prepared to make its contribution towards the New Order which its press has acclaimed with such enthusiasm now that it is only in the stage of glittering generalities? The League of Nations was asked a good many years ago to take some steps looking to that opening up of the trade and raw materials of the world on equal terms to all nations which is the fourth of the Eight Points; and at that time Canada was the leader in the refusal to consider anything of the kind — a refusal which was the starting-point of the development of the *Lebensraum* doctrine of the expansionist countries. We, like the United States, have had some hard lessons since that time, and we shall have some harder ones before the war is over, since we have a substantial number of our sons in the firing-lines where the problem of which New Order the world is to have will be settled. But what have we learned from those lessons? Are we ready for the Fifth Point's "collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing for all improved labor standards, economic advancement and social security"? If we are the change has been rather imperceptible.

All this is not to suggest that the promises and the aspirations of an autocracy are more reliable than those of a democracy, just because the autocracy does not change the personnel of its rulers at four or five year intervals. Democracies have elections, it is true, but autocracies have revolutions; they are sometimes deferred a bit longer than the elections, but they come in the long run. But that is not the weakest feature of an autocracy in the eyes of those who have to deal with it from outside of its own territory — the nations by whom it is surrounded. For we know, and the world knows, from bitter

experience, that the word of an autocratic government is valueless even while the men who pledged it are still in power; that the promises of an autocratic government have no object except to deceive; that the men at the head of an autocratic government recognize no responsibility and admit no consideration of truth or honour. A democracy wishes to be honourable, and when it fails to act honourably it is because it fails to understand what are the obligations of honour in the circumstances; an autocracy does not even wish to be honourable, it wishes only to be successful.

If we have really learned the truths that the Eight Points of the Atlantic Declaration imply, the truth of the inextricable economic association of all the nations of this modern and closely-drawn world, the truth of the unavoidable responsibility of the rich and prosperous and "advanced" nations for the conditions of mankind in the poorer and less well endowed and less scientific and progressive nations, the truth that purely selfish economic policies are merely an extension of war conditions into the time of peace; then Hitler has indeed performed a great service for the human race. For these truths have to be learned. A century ago we did not have to bother about the condition of the people of China any more than we have to bother now about the condition of the people of Mars, for they were just about equally remote and ungetatable. But today they are our neighbours and we are theirs. We have the obligation to be good neighbours. That obligation has been well stated for us by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt; but it is for us to live up to their statement. They cannot "deliver the goods" unless we, the citizens of the United States and of Great Britain and of Canada and of the civilized countries generally, are willing that they should do so. It will be in our power after this war is over, when we are no longer in danger, to send them disappointed to the grave where President Wilson and many another great leader of embattled nations has preceded them. Let us try not to do so.

## THE SEASON'S BOOKS

### SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY: AN INTERPRETATION. By Harold J. Laski. London: Allen & Unwin, 1940. Pp. 286. 7/6 net.

The United States of America needs strong government which can only be secured by strong leadership and, given the American constitutional system, only the President can provide the leadership. So the Presidency, the institutional mechanisms of the office, must be strengthened to deliver power more effectively to the hand of the President. This is the thesis which Mr. Laski urges here with all his persuasive lucidity.

Those who have followed Mr. Laski's utterances in recent years will find nothing essentially new in the basic argument. The western world is now well launched into the epoch of the positive State. Government not only renders many positive services to its citizens; it has become, or is becoming, the chief instrument for the integration of social and economic life. This calls for a new efficiency and a new decisiveness in government, a greater continuity and a closer coordination of public policy. The position of the Executive is inevitably magnified. The Executive must be creative. It must provide the leadership which releases and guides the dynamic of democracy. Otherwise, the good life will not be realized; in the present context, the "promise of America" will be frustrated.

Mr. Laski's interpretation of the Presidency is a demonstration of the inadequacy of American constitutional arrangements to meet this urgent demand. The constitution was framed, its practices and usages were developed by men who believed in limited, even weak, government. The separation of powers, the federal division of powers, and the system of checks and balances were devised to keep the operations of the national government within narrow limits and they have been successful. Executive leadership is impossible except through a succession of miracles in acute emergencies. The division of responsibility has made irresponsibility and incoherent governmental action inevitable. The subordinate and even servile position of the Cabinet and its lack of any organic relation with Congress have denied the President the kind of advisers he needs. More and more, leadership is forced on the President, but, as matters stand, only a powerful personality reinforced by crisis can overcome the massive obstacles to its effective exercise.

The defects of presidential over parliamentary government, from the point of view of decisive action, is not a new theme. But they have never been so completely and forcefully stated. Moreover, Mr. Laski is at his best in analysing various remedial sug-

gestions. For example, his discussion of the proposal frequently made that members of the Cabinet should be entitled to attend and speak in Congress must move the debate on this question to a new level. He demonstrates that such a step would have incalculable implications for presidential government. With a caution which characteristically marks off his discussion of details from his generalizing, he refused to decide for or against the proposal. Other comments show a similar quality of analysis.

He endorses several proposals which would help to strengthen the Presidency but which admittedly would not be adequate in themselves. He does not expect the necessary adjustments to be made in a formal way by amendment of the constitution. He thinks they will come mainly through the pressure of economic and social change on constitutional usage, specifically, through the reforming of parties on opposite sides of real issues. A disciplined party bent on enforcing a comprehensive national policy will give the leader, the President, the power he lacks as long as the party remains a confused alliance of sectional and group interests without a unifying purpose or sense of direction.

There is no doubt at all that this is the central issue. The President cannot drive Congress as a team in pursuit of national purposes unless party discipline first puts Congress into harness. Party discipline will not be strong enough for this unless there is in Congress a majority willing to be harnessed. But Mr. Laski's belief that this is on the cards depends on an almost exclusively economic interpretation of sectionalism and group cleavages in America. This does something less than justice to the depth and variety of group interests among a heterogeneous people spread over a half-continent. The measure of common agreement on policies which cut deeply into the life of all sections and groups is not And if such a disciplined majority should emerge, the question then arises whether the minorities will give in, whether government by discussion and compromise can continue.

The answer to this question must surely depend on what the disciplined majority is bent on doing, on how deeply and widely its policies cut. Mr. Laski is not very definite in this book on the range of action of the positive State. We are merely told that it must go far beyond the range of the New Deal. Whether or not a disciplined majority can be found to sponsor such far-reaching action, it can scarcely be doubted that some fairly well-disciplined formation will unite in resisting it. He himself insists that while the positive parties in the positive State may safely struggle over the pace of change, they must not quarrel over the direction of change. That leaves us in some perplexity as to why they can be trusted to agree on the direction of change. He reiterates that presidential leadership must be exercised democratically. The democracy of the present and recent past has been identified with

government by discussion and compromise between groups with diverse aims. There is much reason to believe that the virtues for which it has been extolled derive from this bartering rather than from the more obvious characteristic of majority rule. Mr. Laski's solution rests mainly on vigorous majority rule requiring the extirpation of compromising traffic between interest groups. Whether the virtues of democracy will survive this change in its character needs further discussion.

Mr. Laski makes very clear the predicament which even now faces the American system of government, but he does little to allay the fear that the trend of events which he foresees will magnify rather than reduce the difficulties.

J. A. C.

CONTROL OF ALIENS IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS. By C. F. Fraser. Toronto: Longmans, Green; 1940. Pp. 292. \$4.00.

This learned work on the critical problem of the movement of refugees from Europe into the British Commonwealth is written by a distinguished Canadian lawyer, an official in the service of our Government, who has delved deeply into the legal and administrative records in London and elsewhere. It is composed from the legal standpoint, but, phrased in non-technical language, it may well be read with great interest and profit by the layman anxious to be enlightened on the complex political and economic problems involved in the aliens question. Mr. Fraser deals with four main factors, first how the alien is stopped at the port of entry; second how and why aliens may be expelled from the country; third the status of aliens with regard to public rights and duties; and fourth how an alien may secure naturalization. The author reminds us that so far there is no such thing as "British Empire citizenship", that South Africa for example refuses to admit British East Indians. Canadians will be more interested in the book's treatment of alien problems in their own country. It is a most useful and illuminating survey of the various issues involved, e.g. the concept of 'Canadian citizenship', the procedures with respect to exclusion of aliens with special reference to Chinese and Japanese, etc. The legal cases are specifically cited, e.g. the Peter Veregin Case. In connection with the status of aliens in Canada Mr. Fraser might have referred in his comments and bibliography to the standard work on *The Japanese Canadians*, by C. H. Young and W. A. Carrothers, published two years ago. In quoting his references to permission for alien merchants to move freely in England, Mr. Fraser cites statutes of Henry III and Edward III; he might have given the actual number of the clause in Magna Carta itself.

A. E. P.

JAPAN'S CONTINENTAL ADVENTURE. By Ching-Chun Wang.  
With a foreword by Viscount Cecil of Chelwood. Toronto:  
Thomas Nelson & Sons. Pp. 220. \$2.50.

The author of this work is a distinguished scholar and administrator. He is the compiler of the Chinese Phonetic Telegraph Dictionary and of numerous books on railway finance, whilst he was the Director-General of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria. In this work he has brought together eighteen studies on various phases of the Japanese external policy with regard to China written at various times from February, 1932, just after the first act of aggression, down to the present date. From the very outset he warned that failure on the part of the Western Powers to act in the Far East would have dire consequences for world peace. In his earliest article he warned that "if the military caste of the most militaristic nation (the Japanese) were allowed to 'get away with it' in Manchuria, then the sense of international decency would be outraged, the Washington Nine Power Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Pact would be scrapped, the League of Nations stultified, and China would either be bankrupted for decades in trying to recover Manchuria, or else, being deserted by her friends, might have to accept Japan's hegemony. . . . Within a few years there would be built, under Japan's influence, a gigantic military machine surpassing that of Genghiz Khan: and the status quo of the Pacific would be seriously disturbed. Then the nations having vital interests in the Pacific and the Far East will have to throw up their hands in despair at their own 'Frankenstein monster', which they are to-day nurturing, with their readiness to sacrifice a vital principle for expediency". "What is happening in China to-day", he later wrote, "will surely happen much nearer home to the peace-loving nations to-morrow if these peace-loving nations fail to wake up and pull together in time in putting up a united effective stop to such wanton aggression. Peace-loving nations must recall what Lincoln once said, viz., 'Unless we hang together, we shall hang separately'." Ching-Chun Wang's warnings have had a prophetic ring. At long last the futility of Isolationism is being realized and the A.B.C.D. Front (American, British, Chinese, Dutch) is being organized to meet the peril in the Far East; Russia also is now an ally. The volume is most illuminating on various Chinese personalities known intimately by the author, the scope of the Japanese war on Chinese universities and the ghastly sack of Nanking, which is more horrible even than anything the Nazis have perpetrated in Poland.

The author has the dry humour of the Chinese race, and tells with gusto the story of the little Chinese boy who ventured on a swear word with regard to the Russians in Manchuria, "The Bolsheviks are d-a-r-n bad". His mother remonstrated and said, "If you promise never to use that word again I will give you a quarter,"

whereupon the boy replied, "Mother, mother, if that word is worth a quarter, I have another word for the Japanese that is worth a dollar." Recent actions of the Japanese in the Far East might evoke in some people characterizing expletives which would be worth far more than the boy's dollar.

A. E. P.

SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE. THE ITALIAN COLONIAL EMPIRE. Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford University Press; December, 1940. \$1.50 and .75.

These are two of the valuable Information Department Papers (Numbers 26 and 27) compiled by the Institute. The first includes surveys of the countries of Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania and Greece in South-Eastern Europe. It is a revision of a former study which treated of these countries individually; they are now dealt with in a more general manner as a unit. The study is authoritative in character and does not lose significance because they have now all become subject to the Axis. The problem of the Mediterranean is still of prime importance and the geographical environment, the racial complexities, the political complications as well as the economic resources are of weight in the analysis of war developments and above all in the drafting of peace terms. The understanding of the recent disturbances and revolts against Axis and Croat domination in Yugoslavia cannot be adequately appreciated without some knowledge of the racial and political factors deeply rooted in the past. What are the conditions that may facilitate a "V for Victory" campaign amongst these conquered but not crushed peoples? What may be the effect of the breach of the Axis Powers with Russia, the Big Brother of the Slavic countries of the Balkan Peninsula? Is it true that uneasy lies the head that wears the Swastika crown in Yugoslavia, Greece and even in Rumania?

The other study on the "Italian Colonial Empire" is also of live interest, even if Italian East Africa has recently been wrested from Fascist domination by the genius of General Smuts and his South Africans in alliance with other Dominion and Imperial soldiers, sailors and airmen. Mussolini's dreams of a revived Roman Empire may have met with a rude, jolting awakening. But an appreciation of the military and economic resources which can now be diverted to the side of the Allies is of value. Moreover, Libya and the Dodecanese Islands are still much in the spotlight and war news. These concise studies on regions subject to the "bloody arbitrament of war" are of inestimable value to those anxious to obtain reliable, uncoloured information on the factors in their problems. The R.I.I.A. in the Homeland and its branches in Canada and in other parts of the Empire is rendering a service beyond price in winning the war and winning the peace afterwards.

A. E. P.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR. By A. C. Pigou. Toronto: Macmillan, 1940. Pp. viii + 169. \$1.50.

This book is a revision of one originally published in 1921 and which has been out of print some time. The body of the book is similar to the earlier one but some sections no longer relevant have been omitted. Some of the topics discussed are: economic causes of war, resources available for war, real and money costs of war, taxes versus loans, price control, rationing and priorities. It is intended primarily for laymen. It is impossible to discuss or even list all the important points made by Professor Pigou. It is sufficient to say that he has refined the lines of approach and thought set out in the *Economics of Welfare and Public Finance*. He shows clearly how a long war means restriction of consumption and deprivation of many things as the following excerpt indicates:

What people do without consists in pleasant food, the work of domestic servants, new houses, new motor cars, convenient travel, new factories, new clothes and so forth. What the government gets consists in the services of soldiering and of manning ships of war, together with immense masses of guns, shells, aeroplanes, tanks, poison gas and explosives.

Professor Pigou's eminent position as one of the outstanding English economists is surely that the book is well done, sound and acute. Anyone wishing to learn something of the economics of war cannot do better than read this book.

C. A. C.

CANADIAN BOARDS AT WORK. Edited by John Willis. Studies of the Institute of Public Affairs at Dalhousie University. Toronto: Macmillan Company. 1941. Pp. 190. \$2.00.

This book of essays by nine authors is planned by the editor, Professor Willis of the Law School at Dalhousie University, as a contribution to the discussion of the suggested dangers of democracy arising from the recent increase in the number of boards and commissions to which governments have delegated large powers and whose actions seem to be largely beyond control either by the courts or parliament itself. The method used is to investigate what such boards actually do by the study of particular instances rather than to go over the political theory involved or to pay too much attention to the complaints of the lawyers about the failure of such boards to fit into the particular framework of court action which they have been trained to manipulate. Only by factual analysis does the editor think it possible to come to valuable conclusions.

The book is, therefore, divided into three parts. The first part investigates the work of administrative boards by the study of three instances, the Board of Transport Commissioners, the

Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board and the Ontario Securities Commission. Part II treats of the manner in which these boards have used the wide "administrative discretion" which has been given them. Two instances are chosen for analysis; the handling of the problem of "unjust discrimination" by the Board of Transport Commissioners for Canada and the interpretation of the statutory instruction to act according to "public convenience and necessity" which has been developed by the Board of Commissioners of Public Utilities for the province of Nova Scotia. In the third and final part the workings of the Debt Adjustment Board of Saskatchewan and the Saskatchewan Board of Review under the "Farmers Creditors Arrangement Act" are investigated to discover the procedures which they have evolved in handling the matters which came before them. Each of the essays in the book is written either by a person who is or who has been actually in the board's employ or who has been brought, by his occupation, in close touch with its workings.

Aside from the editor only two University authorities contribute to the volume. Professor J. A. Corry of Queen's University explains in an introductory essay the reasons for the growth of independent government bodies and their principal types and functions in Canada. He also explains briefly why the courts are inadequate instruments for the new tasks now given to boards and why court procedure is an inappropriate model for the conduct of business by such bodies. In the final essay of the volume, which might more appropriately have followed Professor Corey's in an introductory part, Professor J. Finkleman, Associate Professor of Administrative and Industrial Law at the University of Toronto, makes plain the astonishing degree to which legislatures have been forced by lack of time and by the complexity of the problems involved to delegate to these regulatory commissions the function of actually creating our laws as well as administering them.

These studies should be comforting to two particular sorts of people. The citizen who is alarmed by the growth of boards having great power over his life, but which are rarely brought to account for their conduct either by Parliament or in the courts, will see that in fact such boards are quite sensitive to public opinion and perhaps too responsive sometimes to the changing policies of successive governments. They use every effort, moreover, to prevent the erection of those barriers of procedure and costs which keep the average man out of the ordinary courts to the detriment of justice. To those who realize that technical developments imply a more extended organization of economic life and who are concerned about the preservation of freedom, these studies will reveal that organizations of popular government are being developed by which, perhaps, freedom and authority may be reconciled.

The essays are well written on the whole although some of them might have been better organized. For the most part professional jargon is avoided. The average reader will welcome this volume and will hope that it will be followed by studies more detailed and somewhat more critical.

F. A. K.

**ECONOMIC ANALYSIS.** By Kenneth E. Boulding. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. Pp. xviii + 809. Price \$4.25.

This new book in the field of economic principles is marked by three striking characteristics: it expounds a method of thinking rather than a body of conclusions; it abandons the traditional organization in the exposition of principles substituting an interesting application of the well-tried pedagogical principle of proceeding from the simple to the complex; and finally the most recent contributions to methods of economic analysis are employed throughout. Since the author is both a very competent economist and skilled expositor his book is likely to have a greater effect in improving the teaching and practice of economics than falls to the lot of most books in this field.

While nothing but class room use will be conclusive on the point, it is probable that his book will be more teachable and more interesting to the student than most texts on economic theory. Since the traditional organization of the introductory book on principles is according to subject matter, the student is likely to have to master the more difficult methods of economic analysis in the earlier stages of his study. The use of these methods to elucidate current economic problems is usually postponed until all important methods of analysis have been expounded. Perhaps it is not much wonder, therefore, that some beginners find economic science "dismal" in a sense quite different from that originally intended by the epithet. By contrast with the usual procedure the first half of this book analyses a wide range of economic subjects and problems by the use of the relatively simple concepts of supply and demand. The reader will soon realize how more precise concepts illuminate topics which are very loosely handled in popular debate. His interest is thus aroused and sustained through the study of principles which must necessarily occupy the larger part of his time. When he reaches the more difficult part of the book he already appreciates the value of precise concepts and the necessity for further elaboration as analysis of problems becomes more thorough-going. But if he should have neither the time nor the inclination to go beyond the first part, which any reader should be able to follow without a teacher, he will have achieved an understanding of what economists do and how their conclusions are arrived at which should be worth a great deal. The little knowledge thus obtained is not likely to be worse than none at all.

Among the general public Professor Boulding's book should have a wide sale especially to former students of economics who may wish to bring themselves up to date. Their strongest impression from a reading of his book is likely to be one of surprise at the elaboration which has occurred in familiar concepts and the many old friends among economic principles which have fallen by the way as a consequence. The main reason for these developments has been the growing importance of economic problems to the analysis of which principles developed on the assumption of free competition are no longer applicable. Analysis of monopolistic and imperfect competition has required new concepts of more general applicability which, once developed, have replaced the former cruder tools even in the analysis of behaviour under free competition. He may be surprised also at the relatively small space given to matters which perhaps occupied the bulk of his time in student days, especially to those involving the difficult problems of economic action through time. The author has gone only so far with these problems as the methods of analysis developed in the earlier parts of the book would carry him. The fashioning of tools of analysis adequate to these yet more difficult problems of economic dynamics is now going on but it has not yet reached the stage when elementary exposition is worth while.

F. A. K.

**WORKERS BEFORE AND AFTER LENIN.** By Manya Gordon.  
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 496. \$4.50.

No one who reads this book honestly can fail to realize that most of the previous descriptions of Russia under the so-called Soviet Government have been merely travellers' tales, or theory, or relayed hand-outs, or simple propaganda. Most, not all. But even Chamberlain or Lyons could give only a foreign journalist's view. Even Freda Utley can give only a rather limited personal experience. So Manya Gordon is actually the first to inquire minutely into the lives of the Russian masses—those working people for whom the revolution was ostensibly fought. Strange that no one has fully considered that angle before. Here it is considered with a vengeance.

Comparison between conditions in Russia and those in Europe or America has always been recognized as unfair. The criterion has rightly been conditions in pre-war Russia itself. But here one basic deception comes to light; Soviet propagandists have usually taken 1897 as their starting point, while leaving their foreign sympathizers to infer that they meant 1913. Actually, very rapid social and industrial progress was being made in the twenty years before the revolution. The Tsar's government was stupidly repressive, but not so repressive as to prevent militant labour unions from organizing and striking for a square deal. And a number of protective labour laws were on the books. The Duma was not a

legislative body, and the electoral laws were heavily discriminatory. Yet all political factions did have some representation—even the Bolsheviks. Housing was very bad; but at least the workers were well if roughly clad, well if plainly fed. The country was not stagnant, either, in educational matters, and the usual figures for pre-war illiteracy are quite false as regards the younger generation.

What is the picture after almost a quarter-century of Bolshevik rule? Usually the picture given is one of great strides in public works and industrial construction—cultural clubs, amusement parks, canals, giant dams and factories and collective farms. All true enough, yet presented with a false emphasis and false implications. The wonder of the tourists has been not that these things are possible, but that they have been built in a state posing as a socialist state. It was no deeper than that. During the depression years an enormous amount of industrial construction was accomplished in Russia, and at twice the rate ever done elsewhere. It seemed enough to marvel at.

But the evidence now dug out goes to show that normal development, continued at the pre-war rate and without the hiatus of civil war, would have reached the same or an approximate level by this time. And with the foreign credits that would have been available to a constitutional government, and with, too, an independent trade union movement for the protection of the workers' rights, the present level of construction would have been achieved without such exploitation and deprivation as the Stalinist dictatorship has employed.

For all this mass of evidence, taken from official Soviet sources, proves that no such exploitation of the common people has been known since the despots of ancient Egypt and China. The term "oriental" is correct, because the scale is far beneath all European or American standards of humanity. All the claims as to revolutionary social concern have been incredibly fraudulent. Whatever the excuses for the failure of communist idealism may be, this deliberate deception and self-deception is inexcusable.

The trade unions and the co-operatives of which a famous English economist made so much in a two-volume work? There are no such organizations, but only government agencies for the regimenting and rationing of labour. Model apartment building? That is for the higher income groups, while the workers' families occupy single rooms and *corners* of rooms. Hundreds of miners, indeed, live in caves and tunnels; thousands of convict labourers have but a shelf in a common shed. A few Stakhanovite machinists can afford to buy some decent food and clothes, and are given their full prerogatives in social insurance. But the average factory worker eats dry bread and porridge, wears unwashed shoddy, and gets precious little consideration when he breaks down. None of the boasted laws for the protection of mothers, the aged, or the

sick are in effect. In fact, no civilized government shows such a callous attitude to the general mass of human suffering.

The author quotes one Soviet journalist who frankly reflects the official policy in two cynical sentences: "We are not in the habit of worrying about people. Rather we feel that of that bounty—people—we have more than enough." In other words, wastefulness is permissible. That such treatment of human beings as a mere raw material for industrialization can still pass under the name of socialism is truly a disgrace to the intellectual integrity of the Western observer. Let us see what the professional response will be to this fully documented work of not unfeeling research.

G. McL.

#### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

HEART TO HEART. Compiled by D. M. O'Connell. America Press. \$2.00.

CHRISTIANITY AND WORLD ORDER. By the Bishop of Chichester. Penguin Books. 6d.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE THIRD REICH. Anonymous. Burns Oates. 5/-.

CHRISTIANITY AND CLASSICAL CULTURE. By C. N. Cochrane. Oxford University Press. 30/-.

In 1875 with the author's approval W. S. Lilly produced a valuable anthology from the writings of Cardinal Newman. This gave a selection from the personal, historical, philosophical and religious writings of the Cardinal. It is an attractive book to students and men of letters. Fr. O'Connell's *Heart to Heart* is a selection made from a more limited field and for a wider public. The passages here printed are all devotional, being poems, prayers and meditations arranged for private and personal use. Here Newman the stylist and controversialist retires behind the man of deep and passionate piety. Here is the man as he was, or as he conceived himself to be, in the presence of his God. Here is the inner life revealed. Such a volume, therefore, is of more importance than most biographies.

There is depth and there is limitation in the piety of Cardinal Newman. As a child he was brought up in the Puritan tradition, and, paradoxically, to the end of the day in spite of his ecclesiastical history his piety represented the awful sombreness of Puritanism in its sterner forms and without its evangelical intuitions. It is in marked contrast, for instance, with the piety of St. Bernard of Clairvaux or St. Francis de Sales or St. Vincent de Paul. It has close affinities with the earlier parts of *Grace Abounding*. Part of the book, more particularly about the theme of the Blessed Virgin, will be alien to the ears and taste of Protestants who regard

the dogma of the Immaculate Conception as in the highest degree uncatholic. But readers do well to understand even where they cannot concur, and no man of religious sensibility, unless prejudice had steeled his heart, could read without profit such a deep book as this.

The Bishop of Chichester, as he appears in his brief but powerful booklet, *Christianity and World Order* admirably represents the catholic outlook and the catholic spirit. Christianity, he says, is Jesus Christ with the events that gather round His Person and the community which arises from His life. The hope of this embittered and distracted world lies in the message and power of the Christian community. What a paradox! Is not the Church divided, impotent and worldly? Many who reverence the Name of Christ have nothing but contempt for institutional Christianity. The division, the weakness and the infidelity of the Christian Church is not to be denied, but the picture has another side. The last 120 years which have witnessed the ever increasing secularization of society and the substitution of the age of machines for the age of humanity or faith have likewise seen the most astonishing expansion of the Christian Church over the world that any age has known. Moreover, in spite of internal divisions and in spite of war, the Christian Internationale is an actual fact, the most hopeful fact in the world situation. With sobriety and passion the Bishop tells of the drawing together of "the Christ-loving armies" and makes the most of eirenical hints in recent papal encyclicals to encourage the hope that some degree of co-operation between Roman and Protestant Christians may before long be found. This is not a theological or devotional work, but a strong and reasonable statement of the Christian claim that in the universal Church and the principles of Christianity lies the hope of a better order in the world.

Listeners to the radio, as they twirl their knobs, may sometimes have their attention caught by a religious service. It begins with a hymn; there follows a lesson, the Lord's Prayer and an address. The address always follows the same lines: war is very wicked; it is the denial of Christ's spirit; it is sad that women and parsons should support it; indeed, the task of all good Christians is to make an immediate peace. These services are part of the nauseating propaganda of Dr. Goebbels! The Nazis have always maintained that they have no enmity against religion and have never persecuted Christianity. This anonymous book *The Persecution of the Roman Church in the Third Reich* is a full and sufficient answer. The author proves that by the principles of its professed philosophy the Nazi Party must seek to eradicate both the theological teaching and the ethical principles of Christianity from the life of Germany. He has had access to many private or secret documents, and he has an astonishing knowledge of the persecution in all parts

of Germany. Unless the long threatened "white paper" should be published from the Vatican, it is unlikely that we shall ever have a fuller account or so convincing an account of the persecution. The author has proved his case. His pictures illuminate it, and the ridiculously low price (for a book of more than 550 pages) puts it within the reach of the general public. The sufferings of the Protestants find only occasional mention, and the author does not give a complete picture of the whole Church situation even in regard to his own communion; but he has demonstrated most conclusively the final incompatibility of National Socialism with the Christian faith. The Nazis must destroy the Church, for it stands inevitably between them and their goal.

The sub-title of "Professor Cochrane's book is *A Study of Thought and Action from Augustus to Augustine*. This is one of those rare books in which a man of ripe learning surveys a field upon which he has laboured over many years. The author knows the great classics and sees them in their cultural setting; he has not attempted to master the vast penumbra of literature on the subject, but he knows his texts, and has his own appraisement of them. Moreover, he sees their significance more clearly than most because he has pursued the story further. He sees the decline and fall of the Empire not merely as the disintegration of a political experiment but also as the collapse of an inadequate world-view, and he shows how Christianity, more particularly in the persons of St. Athanasius and St. Augustine, out-thought the pagan world, and how the Christian doctrine of the Trinity with the doctrines of personality and of history offers a more secure and fruitful basis both for science and for philosophy. The pagans had never been able satisfactorily to bridge the hiatus between being and becoming, between God and nature; to accept the Christian doctrine of the Trinity was "to believe that, however obscure this might appear to the scientific intelligence, the *esse* of the Father embraced within itself the elements of order and movement, and that these were no less integral than substance to the divine nature. It was, moreover, to hold that on these essential constituents of the Deity depended the structure and process of the universe. Thus envisaged, however, the Deity presented itself, not as an object of, but as the basis for, experience, the God 'in whom we live and move and are'. God is to be apprehended as the *causa subsistendi, ratio intellegendi, ordo vivendi*.

In the course of his wide survey the author makes many judgements from which readers will dissent; it might be urged, for instance, that he is unduly neglectful of Origen, unduly satirical about the emperor Constantine; but his interpretations of Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Lucretius, Vergil, and Cicero, his description of the development of the empire into a vast and tyrannical corporative state, his exposition of the Theodosian Edict of Thes-

salonika in A.D. 380 as marking the real beginning of the Middle Age, his argument that fundamentally St. Augustine stands far nearer to St. Athanasius than to Plato or Plotinus, his summary of Christianity as the antithesis to Classicism make this book of the deepest interest to all those concerned with the traditions of our Western civilization which are challenged by the barbarian and nihilist to-day.

N. M.

**JESUS CHRIST THE SAME.** By James Moffatt. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1940. Pp. 216. \$2.00.

The aim of this book is "to consider some of the relevant evidence for divine humanity of our Lord in historical perspective." An examination of the various New Testament books shows that all of them bear witness to a Christ who lived a real, human life on earth, who is to be worshipped by those who believe in one God, and whose revelation is final for man's faith and need. "Through the written account of Jesus," writes Dr. Moffat in one of his concluding paragraphs, "as the inner history of vital Christianity proves for nineteen centuries, there passes into men and women, learned and uneducated, ordinary and gifted, the realization of his lasting, living presence; he becomes the unchanging Lord in touch with those who live in change." Through the written Word and the fellowship of the worshipping Church "there is transmitted to faith here and now the real and availing presence of Him who is the same yesterday, today, and forever . . . ."

The four essays in this book were originally delivered as lectures at the Yale Divinity School and at Emmanuel College in Toronto. There are times when the relevance and unity of some of the material are not obvious, and moments when the book is even dull. But there are other times when the reader is conscious of the artistry of a great master, and is seized with the vision that has inspired the author. New Testament questions, ancient and modern, are discussed, but the book is not meant primarily as a contribution to scholarship. Dr. Moffatt throughout draws on his encyclopaedic familiarity with Church History, and with literature, poetry and philosophy, to illustrate his thesis.

S. M. G.

**FAITH IS THE ANSWER.** By Smiley Blanton and Norman Vincent Peale. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

This book is the outcome of co-operation in religion and psychiatry between a minister and a psychologist. It seeks to deal helpfully with such ordinary, everyday experiences as fear, guilt, defeat, grief, loneliness and love.

Dr. Peale is a minister of religion. He endeavours to carry forward that great tradition of Christian healing which begins with the New Testament, was known as faith healing in our child-

hood, and is now allied with psychiatry and other sciences. He possesses sympathy, insight and a feeling for Nature, as well as for men, which is one of the attractive features of the book. Some of his stories possess an intense human interest.

I should like to suggest, however, that a comprehensive study should be made of the entire Biblical conception of faith, from the confidence of Isaiah in the inviolability of Jerusalem, so strikingly vindicated by the destruction of Sennacherib's army, to the Pauline conception of mystical union with Christ. It will be found that while trust in God and self-surrender to Him are fundamental they do not exhaust the rich content of faith.

Dr. Blanton is a psychologist, a pupil of Freud, and obviously Freudian in his point of view. We are spared, however, the more nauseous details of psycho-analysis. Much is made of sublimation; but I find Jung's concept of equilibrium more satisfactory.

I should like to suggest that an exhaustive analysis should be made of the underlying philosophical conception of personality. Without some such regulative conception the most massive accumulation of case material, however interesting and valuable, is apt to lack coherence. Modern psychology is in great danger of not seeing the wood for the trees.

The alliance between religion and psychiatry should prove fruitful. We are grateful to Dr. Peale and Dr. Blanton for their co-operation in these fields.

R. M. P.

CHRISTIANITY: AN INQUIRY INTO ITS NATURE AND TRUTH. By H. F. Rall. New York: Scribner's, 1941. \$2.50 (American price).

Dr. Rall outlines a philosophy of religion in general, and of the Christian religion in particular, with special reference to its finality. Account is then taken of the new knowledge and changed political conditions, between which and Christianity some adjustment must be made. The methods whereby we may know God are examined; and Christianity is defended against attacks from various quarters, with an unusually thoughtful analysis of the problem of evil.

This book is so clear in presentation, so encyclopædic in knowledge, and so winsome in its catholicity of outlook that it seems ungracious to interject a note of adverse criticism. It seems to me, however, that the author has failed to think things through at three points.

His viewpoint is that of a somewhat cautious monism; but he does not seem to have given enough consideration to the places which matter, as the negative or unconscious aspect of reality, must hold in a purely spiritual interpretation of the universe.

The author makes much of the principle of polarity, without inquiring closely as to its relation to the Hegelian dialectic of thesis,

antithesis and synthesis. Merely to disclaim their too hasty identification, as Dr. Rall has done, is not enough.

These points are philosophical; but that is true of all theological questions if they are pushed to their ultimate issue. A theologian is likely to be either the master of a true philosophy or the slave of a false one.

The third point is more purely theological. The author's interpretation of Christianity is prophetic or ethical as opposed to the priestly or institutional. I am not insensible to the moral grandeur of the prophetic conception of history as the unfolding of the Divine purpose; but many years of study and reflection have convinced me that the priestly interpretation of religion, properly understood, is at least as profound as that of the prophets.

The book is copiously documented; but I cannot help wishing that more space had been given to Karl Barth. Whether we are Barthians or anti-Barthians, some of us are eager to learn all that we can about the one theologian of our time who seems likely to rank with Schleiermacher and Calvin.

R. M. P.

**THE PROPHETS AND THEIR TIMES.** By J. W. Powis Smith. Second edition revised by W. A. Irwin. University of Chicago Press. Pp. xvii + 342. \$2.50.

Twenty years ago one of the most competent of all English-speaking scholars and teachers in the Old Testament field was Professor J. W. P. of Chicago. His contributions to our knowledge and understanding of the Hebrew prophets were very great. In 1924 he published the volume with the above title which has now been issued in a revised edition by his pupil and colleague, Professor Irwin.

A revisionist has always a delicate task when dealing with another man's work. He may not write a new book and yet he must re-write many things if the revision is to be of any use. Dr. Irwin has succeeded well in this, knowing, as he did, how the author's own views had been modified through the years.

In piping times of peace and security it is possible to understand how distant and remote the Hebrew prophet seems to be from modern life. He lived in a world torn asunder with strife. He was not, as some have imagined, a man who sat down under Divine inspiration to foretell future events. His words come to us out of the fires and torments of persecution, suffering, and dreadful struggle both of himself and of his nation. A world in flames can more readily understand the burning words of an Amos or a Jeremiah. It was the prophets who first understood and proclaimed that not Sennacherib, nor Nebuchadnezzar, nor Cyrus was master of the world, but the Lord God Almighty.

In one section of the book Dr. Irwin has felt it necessary to depart very essentially from the position of the first Edition, that

is in the chapter on Ezekiel. Up until quite recently it was assumed by almost all scholars that there were few critical problems in the Book of Ezekiel. That picture is now completely changed. Hardly any two scholars can be found to agree as to who, what and where Ezekiel was. Dr. Irwin admits the confusion and promises us something of his own, later on, in this much discussed field.

The book is well indexed and is provided with a short, but good, bibliography.

H. A. K.

### HISTORY

SOME GREAT MEN OF QUEEN'S. Toronto. The Ryerson Press, 1941. Pp. 133, with 10 illustrations. \$1.50.

This book is a collection of six addresses delivered at Queen's University during the winter of 1940-41. Such a series has been conducted during many years and on many topics. In this Centenary Year the series has been appropriately devoted to *Some Great Men of Queen's*.

In his brief foreword Principal Wallace explains the choice. He very wisely refrains from attempting to change the style of the addresses for purposes of publication. The form of the public address is preserved.

The Great Men are: Grant, Watson, Dupuis, Cappon, Jordan and Shortt and they are sufficiently designated by their surnames. Their praisers, or rather let us say their appraisers—for there is not only praise, but honest criticism, and appreciation of the contribution made by these personalities—are J. R. Watts, J. M. MacEachran, J. Matheson, W. E. McNeill, W. T. McCree and W. A. Mackintosh. The addresses show every evidence of careful preparation and attention to style.

Here are depicted Grant, with his all-compelling personality and his power of impressing all who came within his scope; Watson, the thinker and notable philosopher; Dupuis, with his technical genius and his unrivalled power of instruction; Cappon, the scholar and moralist, indefatigable in his writing and his teaching; Jordan, the mystic and seeker after truth, winning universal affection; and Shortt, the economist and public servant, keenly pursuing all means of social betterment. Above all they all excelled in their quality of teacher.

The book is very attractively turned out and is a credit to the University and the publishers. It explains in some manner why Queen's is able to set its stamp upon all who come into close contact with it.

A. M.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AT KINGSTON: 1841-1941. By D. D. Calvin. Kingston. The Trustees of the University. 1941. Pp. 321. 10 illustrations. \$2.50.

Many histories of such institutions are too often little more than eulogies, as if the institutions were already dead and nothing but good might be said of them. The author has not fallen into this error; he has written a straightforward history of a living organism from its small beginnings a hundred years ago to its present position of national importance. Throughout the book is emphasized the fact that the University has always kept in close step with the national, social, economic and cultural development of Canada, so that it is now truly a national institution. He traces its early poverty and paucity of students through the years to its present affluent, populous condition.

The book will be read with interest by the general public, and with a peculiar interest by students and graduates of the University upon whom the University has set its indelible seal.

The chapter on student life well describes the development of student government at Queen's, the first experiment of its kind in this country, and still functioning satisfactorily. The long drawn out negotiations leading to the separation of the University from the Church are admirably treated.

The text is not burdened with minute details but all necessary information is collected at the end by a number of appendices, The Founders, The Principals, The Chancellors, The Rectors, The Chairmen of the Board of Trustees, The Present Board of Trustees; there is also an adequate Chronology of more than sixty entries, a Bibliography, and, finally a very comprehensive index which makes the book easy to read and convenient to consult.

The book is beautifully printed on cream paper of an excellent quality in an attractive type and is a credit to the Press of the Hunter-Rose Company Limited of Toronto. The University is to be warmly commended for bringing out this charming volume during its Centenary year, and is to be congratulated on its choice of an author.

A. M.

AMERICA PREPARES FOR TOMORROW. The Story of Our Total Defence Effort. By W. D. Boutwell et al. New York: Harper & Bros. Pp. xv + 612. \$2.65.

Here is a timely book. The vast preparations in the United States should be reported in one authoritative volume that provides the means of understanding the programme together with sufficient details for the interested citizen. This has been accomplished here through the collaboration of several authors who are for the most part, civil servants writing outside of their working hours on matters with which they are in touch.

The historical setting is well done, the method of recording external and internal events in parallel columns with dates being particularly effective. The other topics are: congress, materials and tools, human resources, finance, armed forces, civil defence, education, propaganda, post-war planning. While there is unevenness and some repetition, the work is well done. Details and figures are plentiful and they are presented in such a way as to enhance interest as well as value. New Deal idealism pervades the book. The dedication is to Walt Whitman. There are 13 appendices (mostly the text of pertinent acts and orders), a bibliography and an index.

An air of optimism and approval is to be noted throughout. This is perhaps inevitable where government officials write of government policy and action. The only exception is in the chapter on education, but with this, of course, the Federal Government has small concern. In sharp contrast are comment and surveys from independent sources, notably that in *Fortune*. It should be said, however, that shortages and snarls now being reported developed in large part since spring when this work was completed. For the period covered this book will prove most useful. Something of the sort for Canada is badly needed.

R. O. E.

**GOD'S GOOD TIDE.** By Charlotte Whitton. Toronto. The Ryerson Press. Pp. 20. 25c.

An eager little girl pours over an illustrated book called *Sovereigns of England*. With crayons she has coloured the picture of Canute so that he sits on his throne surrounded by a grass green sea, which in arrogance he had forbidden to approach. Below are the lines,

God's good tide  
Doth little reck man's power and pride.

A wise old grandmother interprets to the child. The talk ranges over a thousand years of dangerous history. Many a time has England been threatened but never really conquered. The pride of Philip II and of Buonaparte and of many another has been humbled like Canute's. God's good tide has always flowed over tyrants. But not without direction deep in British character. "The land and its heart and its soul had their way . . . It's not Channel ports. It's English guts that matter", said the piquant grandmother. Thus wise experience comforts faint hearts with the faith that God's good tide cannot be stayed.

Dr. Whitton has written out of her own memories, simply and beautifully. Her title is an inspiration. She fulfils the high purpose of the book by giving all profits to the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire for War Services.

W. E. M.

## INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

LES CANADIENS FRANCAIS AND LEURS VOISINS DU SUD.  
Edited by Gustave Lanctot. Montreal: Editions Bernard Valiquette; Toronto: The Ryerson Press. IX. Pp. 322. \$3.00.

In the Canadian-American Relations series, published by The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (Division of Economics and History), this is the seventeenth volume and the first in French. To a certain extent, but in what may be called a specialized way, it joins in with Angus' *Canada and Her Great Neighbour*, Shippee's *Canadian-American Relations* and Hansen and Brebner's *The Mingling of the Canadian and American People*. Unlike these, the present volume brings the subject up to 1937, when feelings ran high in Quebec against the financial and industrial penetration of the United States.

The editor, M. Lanctot, Archivist of the Dominions, contributes the history proper from 1603 to 1820, and its conclusion from 1867 to 1937. M. Jean Bruchesi, Under Secretary of State for the Province of Quebec, fills the gap from 1820 to 1867. This political and diplomatic history comprehends about two-thirds of the book. Three other chapters complete it, one on Anglo-French relations in the St. Lawrence Valley, by M. R. Parent, one on the part of French Canadians in the fur trade, explorations and missions, by M. B. Brouillette; and a chapter with a rather curious and original documentation on the religious expansion of the French Canadians in the United States, by l'Abbé G. Robitaille, a specialist in the history of the U.S. in French Canada. The preface in French by Professor Shotwell will surprise no one who has heard him speak at the Canadian-American Universities Conference in May of this year: he is a gracious man of goodwill.

It is said that, at the Archives in Ottawa, French Canadians carrying on research are proportionately four times as numerous as the others. Volumes such as that under review bring out indeed the existence of an active French Canadian historical school. They are rich in the long traditions of the French historians and modern in their endeavour to treat their subject in an objective manner. This is more difficult in the case of religious expansion. A quotation mentions that in Ontario, at the present day (1936) "bilingual teaching lacks a rational programme, effective sanctions, competent teachers, adequate normal schools, everything." Hardly an objective picture of the actual state of affairs. But this also gives life to the book, as does the remark by M. Bruchesi on the lack of foresight of the French Canadian Fathers of the Confederation. In the same spirit, one would like sometimes to find more picturesque details: how, for instance, the life of the United States traders was affected by the ways of the French Canadians, whom

they followed and imitated: this whole fourth chapter is disappointing, despite its impressive roll of names. One wishes that the second chapter had been less hurriedly prepared. In spite of the general bibliography, this portion compares ill with the enlightening apparatus of notes in the rest of the book. On page 68, one would welcome a more precise reference on the difficult point of contraband; on page 86-87, more also on the subject of the war psychosis of New England and the propaganda of the Anglo-American colonies.

But those are minor points. Throughout the book one finds the desire to be just to everyone—the best compliment one can pay to the collaborators and the editor. The moderation of the tone on burning questions (such as those of French help to the colony, clumsiness of Congress propaganda, the discussion of the ninety-two Resolutions) strikes one as does also the wealth of material less well known, but always illuminating: (the missionaries as explorers, the political sense of Lord Elgin, the heroism of the sister missionaries in Oregon, the disappearance of the French theatre). Then comes the distinctive mark, after Livy, of the French historian: the composition of portraits. Our authors are good at these: Pierre Gibault, Mgr. Provencher, M. Belcourt, and Papineau. One must indicate also the constant seeking of clarity in the exposition (on the influence of the Catholic clergy; on the fur trade; and the divisions (1) in time (2) in space). Again, the sense of history, as in the curve clearly followed of the American influence and the detachment from France during the second generation following the conquest; the influences of the state act on both Upper and Lower Canada; the Monroe doctrine, Quebec nationalism and the Canadian continentalism help one another to tend towards a North American policy.

Finally, the vigour of the style: Lanctot, nervous, decided and with a strong sense of continuity; Bruchesi a little more discursive; Parent at ease in a difficult period; Brouillet well organized if somewhat too tersely; l'Abbé Robitaille searching and complex.

The book is meant for a bilingual public. It is curious to find in a French phrase that Vermont resumes its part of the "stormy petrel" of the North, and that the Hudson's Bay Company employed "Orkneymen". One wonders, however, at the American influence when he reads *un bureau-chef* for a head office, or *pratiquement intouchée* for practically untouched. This work holds its own, however, with any other in the series.

M. T.

## FICTION

THE AMAZING SUMMER. By Philip Gibbs. Toronto. Ryerson. Pp. 305. \$2.50.

There are those who complain that Philip Gibbs write nowadays with too facile a pen, but it may be believed that he does what he sets out to do. He gives an impression of the course of the war, and of public events, as they touch the lives of typical individuals, rather in the mode of journalism. His pictures are faithful, his feeling true, his observation correct and keen, and his books have readability. The present volume carries on the story of France and England, from Dunkirk to the Battle of Britain, when in September 1940 the amazing performances of the R.A.F. had saved England from invasion for that year. The escape of the main character, Guy Moreton, from France, and his meetings with Bertrand Blanchard, are particularly interesting.

E. H. W.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE MAN ON MY BACK. By Eric Linklater. Toronto. Macmillan. Pp. 340. \$4.00.

Mr. Linklater, like some others of the younger intelligentsia, gives the desire for a spiritual catharsis as the reason for writing the story of his own life,—one wonders, in passing, whether those who have avowedly written autobiographies with the intention of confession, have received the relief they expected. But when an autobiography is really a good one, the public does not ask any excuse for its production. Mr. Linklater's book needs no excuse, and will especially delight those who look back to an Orkney childhood as to the Golden Age. For he has caught and held in words the look of the place, the spirit of the islands, which seem to turn to their natives so sweet, and to some others so dour a face. He shows us the vast sky, full of ever changing clouds blown by the wind; the low green and brown islands, so small in so huge an ocean; the kindly jovial inhabitants, who combine love of new things with love of old traditions; the sense of the ancient peoples, who lived in these same places long before the dawn of history, and who have left their many tombs, villages, places of refuge and of worship for later ages to marvel at; the race memories, conserved in language, of the later Norse and Scots invaders; and the sad, if proud, change to a fortress bristling with guns, as the islands took again the strategic place they held in the time of Magnus, Rognvald and Harald Harfagr.

But the scenes of Mr. Linklater's life are not only Orcadian, as he fought in the last war, and later lived and travelled in the United States, India, Russia, and China, finally returning to Orkney to buy land and build a house.

As a boy he received a school report which stated that he was "handicapped by a sense of humour". This quality, handicap or not, illuminates this book, as it does all his other works, (but he has learnt how to reduce some of its old fashioned, earthy, Orkney exuberances). A love of beautiful and unusual words, and a style which uses them appropriately in a narrative never dull or prosy, add much to the value of his life's record. The story ends with a serious note, almost a conversion, as he discards the cheap pacifism of the interwar years, and prepares for the call to arms again. He is now in uniform, "somewhere", we believe, "in Orkney".

E. H. W.

### LITERATURE

INVITATION TO LEARNING. By Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate and Mark Van Doren. Toronto: Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 422. \$3.50.

The Columbia Broadcasting System and Random House have produced something quite new in this volume. Arranged into groups according to their subject, twenty-seven famous and influential books are discussed by three well-known critics and the occasional invited expert; the result is somewhat like a Symposium in the Platonic manner, of special interest if only through its novelty. In places the basic purpose—to stimulate curiosity in the classic works themselves—certainly comes across.

The participants in discussing their chosen form bring out the difference between the artistic management and purpose of a single and the genuine conversation of several minds. Mr. Van Doren says: "One man speaking does not correct himself as readily as any one of us is corrected by the others," but the reader will have to decide for himself whether he is right in the outcome. On the insincerity and mischievous influence of Rousseau's *Confessions* the three men are unanimous, as they are on the literary values of *Moll Flanders*. But wherever there is room for difference within their general outlook the limitations of polite conversation become somewhat vexing. Only too often interesting points are dropped or lost sight of where the reader might like to have a fuller development. The general outlook of these critics is conservative. They find Aristotle and Machiavelli congenial; in ethics it is Pascal they prefer; Dante is given all the superlatives. But Lucretius and Montaigne are made interesting also, and the treatment of Tacitus is especially pertinent to our present day crisis. Bertrand Russell is the most vigorous of the guests; he has his definite opinion of Hegel and stands for no nonsense! As a whole the book is a very suggestive experiment.

G. McL.

## POETRY

THE ODES OF HORACE. Translated into English verse by Edward Marsh. Toronto. The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. xiv + 182. \$2.00.

Mr. Marsh's gifts as a translator have already been shown in his witty versions of La Fontaine's Fables. His hand is sure and light in his treatment of Horace. His creed for choosing verse as the medium of translation is best given in his own words: "... the one thing certain is that a poem cannot be represented by a piece of verse that does not stand on its own legs in its own language ... Horace's favourite metres ... are much more different from one another than the changes that can be rung on the English iambic quatrain." Of course no version in English can possibly reproduce the fine mosaic-work, the precise pattern of images, that is the very essence of Horace's genius. But this is the fault of an uninflected language, not the translator's. The translator, however, is answerable for the rather small appeal he makes to the ear; he is not quite sensitive enough to Horatian sound-effects. But in one very important matter he is triumphant and incomparable. He reproduces Horace's variation of mood. Fully alive to the solemn and formal tones, Mr. Marsh has allowed Horace to be brisk and chatty in the lighter pieces, where his predecessors have only made him caper stiffly like a professor at a children's party, or else have descended to pure burlesque. Some examples follow to show Mr. Marsh's keen response to Horace's changing mood.

## Formal.

Lest her dear lord, unversed in such affray,  
By opposition tempt the lion's wrath,  
When through the cowering host he seeks his prey,  
And havoc and destruction strew his path. (III, 2)

## Rousing.

Goblets were made for jollity; only Gauls  
Use them to fight with. Gentlemen, behave!  
For Bacchus has a character to save,  
And shouldn't be mixed up in murderous brawls. (I, 27)

## Sincere.

So it is true—in the long sleep of death  
Quintilius lies; and Honour and bright Faith  
And Truth unshamed and justice weep their one  
Incomparable son. (I, 24)

There are some really fine examples of deft handling. Two phrases must suffice:

And wrought upon thy lovely head  
The easy miracle of curling gold? (1, 5)

Such foul dishonour Regulus foresaw  
    Unending, were the foeman's proffered grace  
Not spurned; such presage could his wisdom draw  
    Of long disaster to a falling race.      (III, 5)

Is Mr. Marsh teasing us in the introductory ode of the first book, and outdoing Horace in stiffness? Whatever you do, read further than

    One whirls the Olympic dust along,  
    And with hot axle shaves the goal:

and

    but, greed reviving, soon  
Cheerly refits his mauled galloon.      (I, 1)

Three times the reviewer thought he was going to be stuck there, but is thankful that he went on to the really delightful things that followed.

H. L. T.

# QVEEN'S QVARTERLY

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WINTER : 1941

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## COMMEMORATION ODE

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

### I

IN our chill April too early firstlings freeze,  
Their caves uncovered; soon crocuses will come;  
Daffodils, deep-welled; blossoming almond trees;  
Tulips with silken banners—golden some,  
Some glowing crimson. When a more genial sky  
Comforts each garden-close  
Irises open and the lavish rose  
Makes fragrant the mild airs that wander by.  
Within these grounds and groves no weathered bole  
But wakens, quickens; and ivy-vines, outspread,  
With greening tendrils grace our halls of grey.  
Beyond the harbour-bay  
Long lake-waves heave and roll,  
While streams commingling, many-islanded,  
Merge in the broad Laurentian waterway,  
As spring mellows to summer, or dawn is lost in day.

Now gypsy Autumn lights her phantom fires,  
Maple and sumach with new beauty blaze,  
Till vesper splendour hallows middle-earth  
And slowly to their sacramental pyres  
The journeying days ascend—

The pensive, patient days  
That measure lapse and flow, and death and birth,  
World without end.

Raucous the martins chide in loft and tower  
Lest they should miss their migratory hour,  
For bitter winter threatens us again,  
Arming herself upon the Arctic plain  
With aching cold, sore tempests, icy rain.

Already now

Her leaden clouds frown over Frontenac,  
Her crystal needles prick and sting the brow  
While through deep drifts our sturdy class-men plough  
To sage prelections, each with his scholar's pack.  
By noon the sky is bright,  
The snow-fields in the sun lie dazzling white,  
Skaters make gay, and every balsam bough  
Droops with the weight of flaky scarves and laces.  
Then the still moments: the massy stones of Queen's  
Gleam soft in silver light  
Cast by the stars and earth's pale satellite.  
So on this tract of time the pageant paces,  
Picturing, peopling the familiar scenes  
That in her prompt-book museful Memory traces.

## II

Brave the soul's saga, yet an undertone,  
Lonely and strange, may oftentimes be heard:  
Dreams of a far communion steeped in peace  
Draw her, and she arises as a bird  
Spurning her covert and soars in self-release,  
Spiralling up aerial solitudes—  
'The flight of the alone to the Alone',  
Plotinus imaged it. Are not all brotherhoods  
In our so mortal life but pausing-places

Ere the soul sweep along supernal spaces?—  
All human loves and spousals; each faithful sect;  
Nobler and wiser modes of government;  
All master-minds that mould the intellect;  
All makers of all graces?—  
Man strives beyond himself: in each ascent  
That leaves him clutching and panting he must mark  
Some future foothold, a surer way to climb  
Higher toward cloudy and impossible peaks  
Above the roar of time—  
Isolate, desolate ranges, still and stark,  
Where he shall wait intent  
Until the breathless silence breathes and speaks.

## III

A timeless Power overshadowed Time  
And Man was born,  
To think eternal thoughts, yet to be torn  
Between the invisible world that looms sublime  
And this apparent, this ambiguous star  
That feeds her teeming tribes, but cares not what they are.

She cares not, for they memorize no past,  
Foresee no future, brutish to the last—  
Captives of Time, save one aspiring clan,  
The tireless race of Man:  
With him they share the blood-stream's vital heat,  
Yet he and they as doubtful strangers meet,  
And when the jungle-kill has flung them prone,  
Through desert wastes their bitter dust is blown.  
But love of his own kind  
Moves Man to measure every painful gain  
Wrung by rapt study from Immortal Mind—  
To found the college, the high-altared fane,

Libraries, halls of art, free parliaments  
Sifting the will and conscience of the state,  
That he may re-create  
The thoughts of his Creator and go hence  
Leaving his heirs a trust inviolate.

His heirs, for like great waters, cadenced deep,  
That swirl and leap,  
Cascading o'er a highland wild and steep  
Down to the tenebrous canyon far below,  
Our human generations, even so,  
Fulfil their destined flow:  
Into the perilous pool they must explore  
They plunge, to find at last an unfamiliar shore.

It is well. We mortal men, while yet there is light enough,  
Consider the works of God and labour to make them plain,  
Trace and retrace, for truth is of complicate grain,  
And our pens, corroded and rough,  
Construe it as best they can,  
Toiling to fill a page in the epical bible of Man.

#### IV

The pensive, patient days  
That silently from out the morrows glide  
In due progression, pass and are at one  
With vanished yesterdays! The punctual sun  
A million times has dawned and waned and died  
Since clear-souled Plato came, benignant guide  
Of seekers after wisdom. To him be praise,  
Whose voice Iliuss heard and Isis hears:  
Calm Attic culture counselling the years;  
Culture—the pure, white flame  
That shapes the mind's abstractions and plays about  
Imagination as a beam of bright

Electric beauty fixes its instant aim  
On the obscure unknown and harries out  
The cloudy ghosts of doubt—  
This is the fruit of learning, its travail and delight.

## V

How quick are words! How tone and overtone  
Vibrate in wave on wave that touch the mind  
With hope, regret, affection, quiet ruth,  
Or warm irradiation of a truth  
Felt and forecast ere it is surely known!  
What elemental sympathy can bind  
Her sons and daughters joying in the fame  
Of their rare Mother with the royal name,  
Who, from her foursquare throne,  
Nurtures with daily bread the youth that are her own!

## VI

The glister of red rocks in frosty weather,  
When dawn dances and her bright ribbons run  
Through sleeping mists and chase away their dreams;  
Wide, windy moors swept by a fitful sun  
Kindling with purple fire the August heather;  
Dark mountain tarns, lush glens and singing streams,  
With curlews calling,  
And cold, clear water in the linns downfalling;—  
From heartfelt memories of their Scottish earth,  
Framed by the braes of many a shadowed firth,  
Voyaged our fathers, resolute to hew  
Through long, laborious years,  
Out of the wilderness a nation new;  
Nor did they spare,  
As westward slow they strove—that hardy band—  
To stablish kirk and school with earnest care,

For worship and for wisdom in the land.  
Stern was the fibre of these pioneers  
Whose faith and fortitude  
Builded a sure foundation and saw that it was good.

## VII

All men are poets when they name a stream,  
For love makes lyric music—Arethuse,  
Avon and Severn, Tiber, Nile, Tarim.  
Spenser's enchanted muse  
Joys to recite them as they glide along,  
While Thames runs softly in the bridal-song;  
And Arnold's Oxus through the rushes winds  
His devious way until the Asian lake he finds.

By old Fort Frontenac  
The legended St. Lawrence lifts and slows,  
Gathers his might and flows  
Stately among fair holms, then onward hastens  
Through rift and rapid to that steep citadel—  
Quebec—upon whose rock  
Montcalm and Wolfe made desperate terms with death,  
While, in rude battle-shock,  
New France's gallant banners drooped and fell;  
Here his bounds broaden and he deepeneth  
His stream beneath the crags of Tadoussac,  
Saguenay rushing on him with cold wastes  
Of mountain water, but resurging free  
To feel the tides anew, his course he shapes  
Toward Gaspé's giant capes,  
The gulf profound and the primeval sea.

So shall the spirit that inhabits here  
Rise like a river—cool, reviving, clear—  
Serve the dear land she loves, water the plain,  
And sweep to the call of the urgent, turbulent main—  
Spending her life abundantly, yet finding it again.

## EUROPE WANTS A STRONG BRITAIN

BY H. NOEL FIELDHOUSE

THIS article is an attempt by an Englishman to answer the question: "What does the Continent ask from Britain?" The question must be asked because upon our answering it correctly will obviously depend both the effectiveness of our propaganda in trying to rally the continental peoples to our side in war, and the effectiveness of our policy in trying to keep them on our side in peace.

What do we mean by 'the Continent' in this connection? We mean all Europe outside Germany, Italy and Russia. There is no need to inquire what the Axis powers want of Britain. They want her to disappear as a Great Power; and down to last June, when her hope of seeing Britain and Germany mutually exhaust each other was disappointed, Russia wanted the same thing. Outside the Axis powers and Russia, however, there are twenty-one European states who desire nothing better than that Britain should be strong, and it is to them that our propaganda should be, and is supposed to be, addressed.

Yet even while we seek to rally these Europeans, we do it in a way which suggests that we have forgotten that there are any Europeans (outside of Russia) other than Englishmen and Germans. It is not unnatural that we should forget it, because the two Anglo-German wars of 1914 and 1939 have shown that Britain and Germany are the only really first-class powers in Europe: i.e. *Powers so formidable that either of them can continue the struggle when the other has united the whole of the rest of the continent against it*; but we must not confuse the proposition that the English and the Germans are the strongest peoples in Europe with the proposition that they are the only people in Europe.

The Continent is inhabited mainly by Latins and by Slavs who, since they are no more British than they are German,

cannot be expected to find British policies, as such, any more palatable than German ones. That is not to say that, driven to choose between British leadership and German, they would not prefer the first to the second (some of them would; some of them would not); but what we have to realize is that the superiority of what we have to offer over what Germany has to offer is not so *self-evident* to continental eyes as it is to our own, and that if we want to raise the Continent against Germany in war, therefore, and settle it along lines which suit ourselves in peace, we shall have to take stock (as, in our complacent assumption that what is good for us is good for everybody, we have never yet taken stock) of what the Continent wants from us, and of what, therefore, we should be wise to offer.

Unfortunately, and in spite of the fact that Mr. Wickham Steed has just reminded us that propaganda has no value except as an exposition of policy, that is to say, except as a promise of something which he can perform, too many of our self-appointed propagandists have appeared to reason as follows: "Germany is offering the European peoples a New Order in which they will find security and stability because their economic life will no longer be at the mercy of the alternating booms and depressions of the 'pluto-democracies'. We, therefore, must be careful to make it clear that we are not fighting merely for ourselves, but must also offer the Continent our own vision of a brave new world."

Now, leaving on one side the question of whether there is any need to enter on this competition of promises at all, it is surely clear that if we are trying to rally the Continent to our side by making it promises, we should at least inquire first what kind of promises the Continent would like; and it must be said bluntly that our propaganda is already arousing scepticism on the Continent because, the desire to offer Europe more than the Germans are offering having opened the door to all those

who have their own "plans" for a post-war world, the Continent suspects that we are offering more than we can perform.

Now this is precisely what the Continent does not want. We must remember how the events of the last twenty years appear to continental eyes. In their view, two non-continental powers, the British Commonwealth and the U.S.A., intervened in the Great War and won over Germany a victory which the continental countries could not have won without their help. On the basis of that victory, which Anglo-American arms had made possible, there were set up, in Germany's despite, new frontiers, new states and new institutions, none of which Europe could or would have set up for itself; and then the main authors of all this, the Commonwealth and the U.S.A., went off, the one into pacifism and disarmament, and the other into isolation, leaving Germany free to destroy their handiwork as soon as she had recovered.

Unless we realize that, in the eyes of the Continent, all the troubles of the twenty years' armistice proceeded at bottom from this fact that the Anglo-Saxon powers first imposed their idea of a peace settlement, and then withdrew and left France and her lesser allies to make the best of it, and that it will take at least a generation to eradicate the mistrust which our withdrawal has left behind it, we shall go on blundering every time we speak to the Continent.

One might have thought that our present friendliness would have shown us what the Continent is thinking. What is it which has lost us our continental friends? Precisely this fact that, as a result of the experience of 1919-39, they had despaired of seeing us pursue a consistent and persistent policy on the Continent. What is Germany's most plausible argument addressed to continental ears? Practically this argument, drawn from the experience of 1919-39, that while we have intervened to prevent anyone else from organizing the Continent, we have shown no sign of doing it ourselves. What

is it which has produced the continental 'quislings'? Precisely this experience of 1919-39 which has led small neighbours of Germany to conclude that they cannot afford to side with the Anglo-Saxon powers against her, since, at any given moment, the German army will be a very immediate reality, while Britain and the U.S.A. will, in all probability, be disarmed and a prey to pacifist isolationism.

We cannot too often remind ourselves, then, that any promises which we make to the Continent will be real in the light of this unhappy experience of the past twenty years, and we should particularly beware, therefore, of approaching the Continent this time with any wide or generalized scheme for anything like a League of Nations or a Union Now.

In the first place, in the eyes of continentals, such schemes stand for everything which they dislike in us, because they know that, in Anglo-Saxon minds, such schemes stand for escape from reality. In the wasted years after 1919 there were always two views of the League. The Continent, knowing that Germany was certain to try to upset the verdict of 1918, would have made of the League a defensive alliance against the proved German appetite for aggression; but the Anglo-Saxon world, with its peculiar belief that a beaten Germany would be peaceful and repentant, saw the League as the agent of a diffused benevolence, used it to promote the *disarmament* of the victors of 1918, and so played into Germany's hands.

The moment we begin to talk the language of the League Societies, therefore, the Continent takes fright; seeing in it, very naturally, a sign that we have still not learned our lesson and are preparing, after this war as after the last, to neglect the vital business of drawing Germany's teeth, and to embark on another attempt to organize world peace by throwing away our own arms and pressing our friends to throw away theirs.

Our people still does not understand, for example, the part played in discouraging our French allies, in the winter

of 1939-40, by the spate of Utopias which were promptly peddled throughout the Anglo-Saxon world under the guise of 'war aims'; Utopias to fix our eyes upon the unreal and dispersed activities of Geneva, instead of concentrating upon the crucial business of watching Berlin.

But, it will be said, we have learned our lesson. This time we shall make Article X a reality. If we pledge ourselves to guarantee the independence and integrity of all members of our League or Union, we shall keep our promise. Candidly, if we make any such promise, the Continent will not believe us: and it will be right.

Consider what it means. Between 1919 and 1939 the supporters of the old League could rely upon France. If, as seems unlikely, they ever considered what was to happen if their League should ever be defied by a great military power, they must have relied upon France. That was always the irony of the situation. Our League supporters girded at France, called her vindictive, and blamed her for blocking the way to complete disarmament, and yet their whole scheme implicitly relied on France. They were pledged by the Covenant to defend the small countries of Europe against aggression. There was only one force threatening aggression, and that was the German army; there was only one force which could possibly be used against the German army, and that was the French army. Yet the English-speaking supporters of the League spent fifteen years in seeking to bribe or compel France to cut that army down; and that is a fact which the Continent remembers.

To-day, France and the French army are gone, and those who are proposing to the Continent to reconstruct a League of Nations must do so without the continental power on whom, at bottom, they always proposed to throw the main burden of sustaining their League. The Continent knows, therefore, that a renewal of the League experiment would mean that Britain would have to take over not only the rôle which the

League supporters assigned to her between 1919 and 1939, but also the rôle which they assigned to France. Pledged to uphold a new Article X, a new guarantee of collective security, Britain would have to be prepared to cope with a great military aggressor *on land*. For her own safety, she will already have to maintain a fleet more powerful than that of any probable continental combination, and an air force of the same superiority. To be in a position to supply the place of France in a new League, she would have also to maintain an army of from 50 to 100 divisions available at all times for dispatch to the Continent. Are we likely to do any such thing? Could we do it?

Yet this is the simple truth. The British Fleet, as we have seen, could not save a new Poland or a new Czechoslovakia from aggression by land. We relied on the French army to do that, and we shall not, one supposes, lightly base policy upon the French army again. To join in another pledge of collective security with the small continental countries, then, (if we expect them to believe us and to rely upon our pledge) means making Britain not only a first-class naval and air power, but also a first-class military power. No nation on earth has yet succeeded in carrying the double burden without being crushed by it.

The second reason, then, why we should be chary of going to the Continent with offers of systems of collective security is that the Continent doubts our ability to make them good. As an illustration of how different this problem appears when seen from the two sides of the Straits of Dover (and still more when seen from the two sides of the Atlantic) we may take the case of the destruction of Poland.

When in the spring of 1939 the British Government gave its pledge to Poland, a wave of unthinking self-congratulation swept through certain circles in England and North America. It was felt that at last a halt had been cried to Hitler's gains;

that Germany was being told: 'Thus far and no further.' This in itself was all very well, but where this type of Anglo-American opinion was completely mistaken was in its added assumption that this vigorous language by the British Government would be welcomed by the Continent. The Continent received the pledge with a cool and expectant reserve. It knew that Poland would be attacked by land. It knew that the British Fleet could do nothing to stop that attack. It knew that the only thing which could help Poland was for the French army and air force to take the offensive and so draw off the bulk of the German forces to the west; and it knew that this was precisely what the French were in no temper to do. In other words, it knew that we might go to war with Germany, and even by the slow process of naval and economic blockade ultimately defeat Germany; but it knew also that so far as the immediate saving of Poland was concerned our pledge was valueless.

What was true of Poland will be true of any other guarantee which, now that we have lost France, we may give of the land frontiers of continental states. It is not enough for them that the slow processes of British naval power may win a war and so rescue them after they have been for three or four years under the heel of the invader. They want the kind of aid which will save them from being invaded, and the only aid which will do that is military aid. Advocates of a renewed League should clearly understand that if we again invite the Continent to join us in another system of 'collective security', the Continent will regard the offer as mere words unless (France being counted out) we are prepared to equip ourselves with an army capable of giving the continental countries immediate assistance against the strongest probable military aggressor on his own element—on land.

If, of course, there were the slightest sign that the United States were prepared to share the burdens of 'collective security' in this sense, much in this article would have to be modi-

fied, but the Continent and Britain must be pardoned if they refuse resolutely to base policy upon so unlikely a possibility.

The second reason, then, why we only expose ourselves to misunderstanding by talking of renewed guarantees of collective security when the war is over, is that continental countries do not believe that we can give them the kind of guarantee which they need. The second reason is that the thing which they will want most when this war is over will be peace, and, in their eyes, the League means war.

What was the prime cause of the present war? It was that we, the victors of 1918, refused to treat the defeated powers as our equals, and yet allowed them to become our equals, and even to outstrip us, in armaments. For that fundamental blunder, the League mentality was responsible. Had the Continent been left alone to handle the inevitable revival of German power by the tried and tested methods of human experience, it would have kept the general peace in one of two ways. It would either have built up a defensive alliance to compel Germany to abide by the verdict of 1918, and have subordinated every other consideration to this central aim; or, if the *status quo* of 1918 proved untenable, it would have made such concessions and adjustments as the real balance of forces on the Continent made necessary. The League forbade either of these alternatives. It was rigid where it should have been opportunist, and conciliatory where it should have been rigid. On the one hand, by proclaiming that the map of 1919 must stand forever unless changes were freely agreed to by everybody concerned (although it was clear that, except for ourselves, none of the victors of 1918 was prepared to give anything up freely), it made it certain that powerful and discontented countries would try to make changes by force; and on the other hand, by persuading us to disarm it tempted such countries to try force and left us pitifully unprepared to resist force when it came. As the Continent sees it, the League is

not an instrument for preserving peace. It is an instrument for provoking war; with the added disadvantage that it prevents us from preparing for the war which it provokes.

However difficult it may be, we must try to put ourselves in the Continent's position. In the years before 1939, Canadian isolationists often maintained that Canada's connection with Britain was a means of dragging her into Europe's wars. In the eyes of continentals the League was a means of bedeviling continental affairs by entangling them with the non-European interests of the World Powers—the British Commonwealth, the United States, and, to a lesser degree, Russia.

Between 1919 and 1939, there was only one aspect of 'aggression' in which the continental countries were interested, and that was aggression by Germany. Germany was the power which they feared, Germany's were the intentions with which they were preoccupied, and measures to contain Germany were what—if left alone—they would have concentrated upon. Faced by the tremendous threat to their common civilization from Germany, they would have had neither time nor strength to dissipate in meddling in what Italy might do in remote East Africa, or Japan, in still remoter Manchuria.

But what happened in practice? The League and, therefore, its continental members, was dragged by the non-continental powers into African and Asiatic quarrels which were of interest only to Britain (in Abyssinia) and the United States (in Manchuria), with the result that Italy and Japan were driven into the arms of the one power with which the Continent was concerned—into the arms of Germany. Can we not begin to see the double exasperation with which the Continent regards a League directed by London and egged on by Washington? Not only was the League used to involve the continental states in quarrels with which they had no concern, but in addition these non-European quarrels were handled by the World Powers in such a way as to build up the position

of that German aggressor whom the European nations dreaded most and who was actually on their doorstep.

In all the propaganda which we address to the people now prostrate under German rule, therefore, the first topic which we should avoid completely is any foreshadowing of anything like a renewed League of Nations of world-wide proportions. For the continental states see clearly that they will never be able to settle their problems peacefully until they are allowed to do so in terms of the real balance of power among themselves, without having that balance disturbed by considerations arising from the African and Asiatic interests of the World Powers. With Britain, as an element in that European balance, they will be very glad—indeed, almost too glad—to reckon; but the experience of 1919-39 has taught them that Britain as a world power, painfully preoccupied with the need never to ruffle the abnormal sensibilities of the United States, and always liable, therefore, to prejudice the settlement of continental matters by taking an American rather than a European view of them, is something on which they must reluctantly but firmly turn their backs. The Continent wants Britain. It does not want a British-American inspired League.

A great deal of our public discussion, then, of what is to follow the war is alienating our continental friends by offering them too much and offering them the wrong things. The Continent does not want us to lead Europe into any world leagues or federation. After all, federation is just what Germany is offering to the continental states, and if we offer them nothing but a choice between a German federation of Europe (which would at least have the merit of being European) and a world federation (in which they would be dragged into the extra-European problems of the British Commonwealth and the United States) most of them would choose the former.

Fortunately, we can offer them something else. We can offer them what they want most—their independence; and we

can support that independence as we supported it in the nineteenth century: not by promising what we cannot perform, but by keeping ourselves strong enough to give our friends such support as a maritime power can give, on condition that their policies are such as to deserve that support.

For there was the rub in our weakness of the past twenty years. We let our armaments sink so low that our friends paid no more heed to our advice than our enemies did to our warnings. It was bad that, after 1933, we were not strong enough to deter Germany from making unreasonable demands; but it was even more symptomatic that we were not strong enough, before 1933, to induce our friends to do anything to meet Germany's demands while they were still reasonable.

The Continent really asks very little of us. It asks us only to be strong where we can be strong and where it expects us to be strong—as a naval power. If we will do that, the Continent will know where it can rely upon us and where it will have to do without us; and it is that certainty about each of the components in its balance of power that Europe needs most.

For continental statesmen do not want anyone to promise impossibilities. They expect to reckon with Russia as a great military power, but not that she should be effective in the Atlantic. They expect to reckon on Britain as a great naval power, but not that she should be effective in the east European plains; and it was the great disservice done by the old League that, by throwing the umbrella of the word 'collective' over these plain limitations, it confused and concealed them.

The Continent was neither surprised nor disappointed when we failed to save Austria, Czecho-Slovakia or Poland. It had never expected us to save them, knowing that that was a job for the land powers; but when we allowed our fleet to sink to the point at which Italy could talk of excluding us from

Nelson's sea, then the Continent felt that a factor on which it had reckoned for two hundred years—the certainty of British naval power—was being called in question. Not by failing to do the things which Russia and France should have done and which, historically, we have never pretended to do, but by failing to do the things which are both within our power and consonant with our genius, do we let the Continent down.

What the Continent really wants Britain to do, then, turns out by a happy coincidence to be what the mass of our people would do instinctively, and what we always have done in the days of our political greatness. It asks us to be ourselves, as we were before the bewildering miasmas of the last twenty years were spread before our people to lead them to assume ever-widening responsibilities with an ever-decreasing strength.

The Continent wants us, firstly, to recognize that if there is to be any particular 'new order' for Europe, it must be framed by continentals for continentals, not by Englishmen and Americans. That fits with our own instinctive desire of an island people not to meddle where we are not at home.

The Continent asks us, secondly, however, to supply that naval element in its balance which we have long supplied, and not again to relax that control of the seas around Europe which, historically, we have always used to support the independence of small continental nations and never to destroy it. The Continent asks us to remain its dominant Sea Power; that is, to do something which in any case we must do for our own safety and which is the essence of our own tradition.

Lastly, the Continent asks us to remember that we are only its dominant Sea Power and not its school-master; and to speak in Europe, not with the uncomprehending and lecturing accents of the United States, but as an equal among equals; as a European power whose voice will be listened to, in proportion to the reality of our strength and not to the length of our sermons.

If we will remember these things, as we remembered them when we led Europe against Philip II and Louis XIV and Napoleon, the Continent will rally to us again of its own plain self-interest, without benefit of Ministries of Information or apparatus of propaganda of any kind.

### QUANDO VER VENIT MEUM?

BY MAURICE BROWNING CRAMER

O slow cold spring, there is no beauty  
In your slow unfolding,  
In your imperceptible approach;  
You are open to reproach  
For avoiding your plain duty  
And needlessly withholding  
The new light from the hill,  
The new green from the still  
Cool vale, and all light from the violet,  
Arbutus, blood-root, and the adder's tongue:  
They bloom obscurely in grey shadow set,  
Pale row on row surrounded by the wet  
Decaying leaves of fern and oak where yet  
No bird, not one poor lonely bird has sung.  
Only the low mole crawls along,  
Only the slug with slimy trail,  
Only the slowworm and the snail  
And the fly with gradual song.  
The trees sleep on, the sky is grey with rain:  
Cold and slow and hopeless is your pace,  
O spring, stone-cold and with a leer of pain  
Whenever the weak sun dares show his face.

## IS SCIENCE GUILTY?

BY J. K. ROBERTSON

**T**HREE are few who do not cast a glamour over the past. Nature covers war-scarred fields with foliage and flowers, and man recalls the joys of earlier days more vividly than past sorrows. In times of stress when great issues are at stake and death and destruction run riot, the appeal of the past is stronger than ever. It is so much easier to look back at a stable past than to look forward to an uncertain future. In such times it is natural that there should be criticism and questioning of prevalent conduct and customs, and a lamenting for the good old days when life was more simple. It is not surprising, then, that in the war period of a scientific age, as well as in the unsettled years preceding it, science should be called upon to defend herself against diverse accusations. In this article a brief survey is made of some of the indictments.

### I

A charge, by no means new in this war, makes the scientist responsible for the frightfulness of modern warfare. Had the internal combustion engine never been invented, it is said, there would be no aeroplanes to rain bombs on innocent women and children, and Juggernaut tanks would never have been invented. The chemist has made wonderful discoveries, it is admitted, but on him must rest the responsibility of having produced high explosives and poison gas.

In refuting this charge, it is necessary to realize that behind all inventions, whether humanitarian or diabolical, lies the work of the fundamental scientist. Such a man works in his laboratory long and often weary hours, not seeking to discover something that will bring returns in dollars and cents, not even consciously striving for something which will benefit mankind, but rather trying to find the cause of some unexplained phenomenon. Thinking man has been born with an

incurable desire to know the secrets of Nature. He is constantly asking Nature "why" and is not satisfied until he knows the answer.

Now it is very remarkable that when a scientist seeks thus to penetrate Nature's secrets in order to satisfy his intellectual curiosity, he is constantly rewarded in another way. Discoveries which at first seemed to have no practical value frequently lead to applications with great possibilities for both good and evil. The tubes inside a radio set are the direct result of an abstruse study of the liberation of negative electricity from hot wires. The discovery, in 1846, of nitroglycerine was the result of a systematic study of the chemistry of carbon compounds, without any thought on the part of the early investigators about its use in war or in peaceful pursuits.

The fact is that whenever man eats of the fruit of knowledge he has the choice of good or of evil. But because scientific knowledge has been misused by mankind, surely it is unfair to blame the men who discovered the fundamental truths. The evil is the result of the lack of goodwill in man, not because of anything inherently evil in science. When Lamech killed the young man of whom we read in Genesis, doubtless he picked up the first tool he could lay his hands on, but it was an uncontrolled temper which was responsible for the killing, not the tool, and it is no argument against the benefit of such a tool to say it could be used to kill a man. No, it is not science which must be blamed for evil applications, but the lack of the right spirit in man. The scientist is neither more nor less guilty than his fellow-workers in other fields. If we want progress in which good will conquer evil, we must have more goodwill between men and between nations, not less science.

The charge we are considering is sometimes met by the counter-argument that the good conferred upon mankind by science far outweighs the evil arising from diabolical applica-

tions. On the credit side there is undoubtedly a lengthy list. Apart altogether from the many beneficial applications of physical science and the resulting amenities of modern civilization, one can scarcely estimate the value to the human race of the discoveries in medical science which have given us such things as anaesthetics, antiseptics, antitoxin, insulin, vitamins, and sulphanilamide. A good case could be made by elaborating such a list, but this means of obtaining a verdict of Not Guilty really evades the issue. Science, being a non-moral activity, should not be on trial at all, and the responsibility of the scientist for evil applications is neither greater nor less than that of his non-scientific colleagues.

## II

A charge more difficult to refute blames science for over-production and unemployment. It is perfectly true that the application of scientific principles has made it possible to grow two blades of grass instead of one and has greatly increased the output of foodstuffs. Thirty years after the introduction of artificial fertilizers in Great Britain, the wheat yield per acre had increased fifty per cent. The discovery of Marquis wheat by Saunders made possible annual increases in the Canadian crop of many millions of bushels. One could multiply examples showing the ease with which science has increased the efficiency of the growth of foodstuffs and the production of other commodities. The point need not be laboured because it is common knowledge. But what has been the result of this increased power of production? A few years ago surplus foodstuffs were dumped into the sea. Big wheat producers, unable to dispose profitably of accumulated stores, were urging restriction of output.

Is there, then, too much science? Would it have been wise to have followed the Bishop of Ripon's suggestion that there be a ten-year scientific holiday? This conclusion is a

plausible one, but a single fact makes it untenable. At the very time that such surplus supplies of food existed, thousands had not enough to eat. Is the conclusion not rather that the application of scientific methods can guarantee enough food for all mankind, but methods of world distribution are not scientific enough? The answer to that question is not easy, for it involves a consideration of economic barriers, tariffs, and extreme nationalism. In the post-war period, however, such questions will again have to be faced and perhaps if science is used to help solve the difficulties of distribution much more than she has been in the past, there will be no need to lay against her the charge of overproduction.

There is plenty of evidence to justify the accusation that the work of science in producing robot machines causes unemployment. If one man plus a machine can do the work of twenty-five, twenty-four men are going to be thrown out of work and several times that number forced to endure suffering and hardship. The industrial revolution provides plenty of examples of that. But it is not the whole story. That period of distress was followed by an era in which the twenty-four men found new employment and all twenty-five were able to live a fuller and richer life. Who would wish to see a return to the long factory hours and the appalling conditions under which both man and child worked less than a hundred years ago?

Critics who emphasize the employment evils resulting from labour-saving devices forget that the unemployment is only temporary and that fundamental discoveries in science time and again have led to new industries which create employment for multitudes of men and women. Faraday's discovery of electromagnetic induction gave rise to electrical engineering and all its ramifications; and the millions employed in work relating to motor cars owe their jobs to the discovery of the internal combustion engine. The salesman who tries

to persuade you to replace your radio set by a newer model should be grateful to Maxwell, Hertz, and the whole group of scientists who at the end of the nineteenth century investigated the passage of electricity in rarified gases. It has been estimated that the economic value of the work of Edison alone exceeds ten thousand million dollars.

If, then, a verdict of guilty must be brought against science for causing unemployment, surely the jury must add a rider that her guilt is more than redeemed by the employment she creates.

### III

A generation or two ago a certain school of classical scholars, who admired Plato but had little claim to be Hellenists, adopted a superior attitude to the study of science. In their opinion it was materialistic and unworthy of being put in the same class as humanistic studies. Although that attitude, happily, has almost disappeared, the charge implied in it is still sometimes made. Let me give a recent example. A few years ago the British Broadcasting Corporation sponsored a series of talks by a group of eminent men on the general subject *The Changing World*. In the published report of these, given by Mr. Hugh Fausset, statements such as the following were made:

“Because it can only deal with physical organisms, it (science) has tended to reduce man to the same physical level as frogs and rabbits.”

“Modern science . . has tended more and more to empty life of real meaning.”

“Although the elaborate and standardized mechanism which science has constructed in the modern world is proof enough of its astonishing mental ingenuity, the individual soul has been increasingly crushed and stifled beneath it.”

It is always a little unfair to separate isolated sentences from their context, but one can scarcely avoid the conclusion that Mr. Fausset considers at least some aspects of science soul-destroying.

Some support for this view was given by a distinguished scientist, Mr. A. Ewing, at the time he held the important office of President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In the course of his presidential address he expressed regret that the development of mechanical production was destroying the joy in craftsmanship experienced by manual workers. Now these are serious charges, for is not he who destroyeth the soul much more to be feared than he who killeth the body? Let us see what truth is in them.

According to Mr. Fausset, "the deepest need in man or woman is to express the self in some sort of creative activity, however humble." We agree with that statement, but suggest that for many minds the work of fundamental science provides the highest form of self-expression. Few joys are comparable with that which comes to a man who has discovered a new truth. The joy of such a man may exceed that of Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer, and it will be recalled that Keats compared his feelings with those of a scientist,

some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken.

Few scientists are able to express the uplift of spirit which follows an important discovery, but there are rare exceptions. The late Sir Ronald Ross was one of them. After he had found out by patient investigation in tropical countries that mosquitoes were carriers of malaria and had thus made possible a cleansing of vast areas, he expressed his joy in poetry. Here is part of what he wrote:

This day relenting God  
Hath placed within my hand  
A wondrous thing; and God  
Be praised. At His command

Seeking His secret deeds  
 With tears and toiling breath,  
 I find thy cunning seeds  
 O million-murdering Death.

I know this little thing  
 A myriad men will save,  
 O Death, where is thy sting?  
 Thy victory, O Grave?

It will be objected that the soul-destroying charge is laid chiefly against the applications of science. Is it true that in an age of mass production the worker is an automaton, denied the opportunity of self-expression through individual craftsmanship? The charge would probably have to be admitted if the working day of the modern machine-watcher and the conditions under which he works were comparable with the labouring hours and conditions in the pre-machine age. But they are not. It should be remembered, too, that even in that age few of the army of workers were craftsmen rejoicing in the fruit of their labours. Many had little education and their lives were drab and gray. What of to-day?

Short hours provide the man who likes to work with his hands with ample opportunity of experiencing the joy of craftsmanship and enable all men to live richer and fuller lives. It is no argument to say that this added leisure is not always used wisely and has only created a new problem. To all men in a greater degree than ever before there is the opportunity of feeding their souls, and applied science has helped to bring about this state of affairs more than any other activity. Let Robert Bridges speak in defence of the scientist:

Science comforting man's animal poverty  
 and leisuring his toil, hath humanized manners  
 and social temper, and now above her globe-spread net  
 of speeded intercourse hath outrun all magic,  
 and disclosing the secrecy of the reticent air  
 hath woven a seamless web of invisible strands  
 spiriting the dumb inane with the quick matter of life:

The truth is that science and the humanities are complementary, not antagonistic. Man does not live by bread alone, but he must have bread to live at all. Man seeks after truth, beauty, and goodness, but he cannot get away from his environment, that external world which the scientist postulates as objective and real. It is inevitable that his activities should fall into two categories, that some men should be concerned primarily with a man's loves and hates, his dreams and visions, that others should seek to penetrate the secrets of Nature. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find the two interests combined in the same individual. There are men who like both mathematics and Latin, and not a few scientists whose spare time is devoted to some artistic avocation.

A great cathedral is a thing of beauty and a joy to generation after generation, but it would have remained only a vision in the mind of the man who first conceived it without some knowledge on his part of structural engineering. The work of a great painter belongs to the arts, but it is doubtful if he would ever have inspired mankind without a scientific knowledge of colours and pigments. Even if we take the ordinary man who lays no claim to creative leadership, we find the same two trends. The satisfaction a man finds in the building of an amateur radio set in no way prevents him finding inspiration in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

If the study of an objective world tends to reduce man to an animal level, as Mr. Fausset seems to suggest, it is curious that great literature abounds in passages in which a knowledge of natural phenomena is put to noble use. It was the world of Nature which moved the Psalmist to write:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,  
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;  
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

Homer, like other poets which followed him, entwines the world of Nature with the lives of men in passages of great beauty.

Even as are the generations of leaves such are those likewise of men; the leaves that be the wind scattereth on the earth, and the forest buddeth and putteth forth more again when the season of Spring is at hand; so of the generations of men one putteth forth and another ceaseth.

Sometimes, too, accurate scientific knowledge has been used with great skill by poets. Shelley's *Cloud*, one of the most beautiful short poems in the English language, is full of sound physics. Here is one passage:

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise, and unbuild it again.

#### IV

During the past year a vigorous discussion has centred around an accusation against science which forms a striking contrast to the one we have just considered. The charge this time originated in an editorial in *Nature* and the disputants were nearly all scientists. The writer of the editorial, in urging the importance of a recognition by scientists of their social responsibility, made the statement that such a task "will not be achieved without abandoning once and for all the belief that science is set apart from all other social interests as if it possessed a peculiar holiness." Right in its own camp science is thus accused of intellectual snobbery, of being guilty of disregarding the social consequences of its own work. This editorial was only one of many articles on the relation of science to society which had appeared in recent years. For ten years before the war the maladjustments of civilization, to which some reference has already been made in this paper, had been forcing a more careful consideration of this question. It was becoming increasingly obvious to most scientists that their methods should be used more widely and that they themselves

must take a more active part in the affairs of men. The culmination of this movement was the formation in 1938 of a new division of the British Association dealing with the Social and International Relations of Science.

The war came and, as never before, science has been called upon to help bring about victory. The magnificent help she is giving is apparent both to the man in the street and to the professional politician. A Scientific Advisory Committee reports directly to the War Cabinet and thousands of trained scientists throughout the Commonwealth and in the United States have left their professional jobs to help in the solution of war problems. So important has been their contribution that Lord Beaverbrook is moved to write these words of praise: "It is the scientist who will heal our wounds. It is the scientist who will protect us against the loss of our life-blood. It is the scientist who will save our homes and guard us." All this is very gratifying to the scientist, but it raises the extremely important question—what of the future? As another article in *Nature* puts it, "When the hour of peace comes, is she (science) to be discarded as something only useful in confounding our enemies? Are Mr. Eden's attachés to be recalled?"

The answer to these questions brings us back to *Nature's* charge of a holier-than-thou attitude on the part of certain scientists. As might be expected, this charge brought forth a wide range of opinions. Professor Polanyi of the University of Manchester, in pleading guilty, insists that "science exists only to that extent to which the search for truth is not socially controlled." In his opinion, the detached life of the man of science is "of the same character as the independence of the witness, of the jury, of the judge; . . . it forms part of the liberties for which every man with an idea of truth and every man with a pride in the dignity of his soul has fought since the beginning of society."

The majority of those taking part in the discussion, however, did not take this somewhat idealistic position. They were agreed that scientists could not afford to neglect the social significance of their work nor refuse to take part in movements which seek for the better application of science in society. There were divergent views, however, as to the exact rôle which the scientist should play in his wider sphere in the post-war world. There are those who think that the duty of the scientist ends with the provision of accurate knowledge and who are content with an extension of the policy of scientific advisers to the government.

Others consider that governments themselves must be reformed because in the past they have been known to refuse to make use of scientific findings which were contrary to political policy. In the opinion of such men political improvement can be brought about only by missionary work in which the scientist seeks to educate the electorate to an appreciation of the power of science and the scientific method. One scientist goes so far as to ask, "Is it too much to hope that some day we shall regard a School Certificate with credit in mathematics and an exact science as a minimum qualification for parliamentary franchise?" A more moderate view advocates the inclusion in all governments of a number of trained scientists.

Still another group needed no urging on the part of *Nature* to a broader view of their function as scientists. The members of this group had already given much thought to social evils and politically were inclined to swing to the left. In the published opinion of one of them there is little point in criticizing politicians, because "scientists, if in the position of politicians, would act like politicians". This group considers Capitalism the root evil of most of the maladjustments of society and advocates complete socialism. The pamphlet, *Science and Socialism*, recently published by the University

Labour Federation, can probably be taken as representing the views of this group.

In these divergent views there is ample evidence that the majority of scientists are not guilty of *Nature's* charge of aloofness. In the post-war period they will continue to make discoveries, sometimes discoveries with revolutionary possibilities, but they are prepared to leave their laboratories to help in a better control of scientific applications. If further evidence is needed, it is provided by a conference held only last September, at the Royal Institution, London, under the ægis of the new division of the British Association. The agenda for the sessions, which lasted three days, included discussions on such topics as *Science in Government*, *Science and Human Needs*, *Science and World Planning*, *Science and Technological Advance*, *Science and Post-War Relief*, and *Science and the World Mind*.

We may look, then, with confidence to a future in which the scientist will do much more than seek to unravel the secrets of Nature and create new devices. But true as this is, in the opinion of the writer of this article, Professor Polanyi need not be unduly alarmed. There will always be some scientists whose duty to their fellow-men is best performed by remaining in their laboratories. The fundamental scientist has something in common with the artist and all other creative workers. Sometimes, although not always, creative work can only be done satisfactorily by withdrawing from the crowd and living on the hill-top.

## GREECE UNDER METAXAS

BY CHRYST LOUKAS

BECAUSE of its indebtedness to ancient Greece, the civilized world has been and undoubtedly always will be deeply interested in the welfare of modern Greece. Surprisingly, a political disturbance or a change of government, when occurring in Greece seems to elicit a more profound world-wide concern for the welfare of the country affected than do similar phenomena occurring in another nation. Psychologically speaking, cultured people the world over may be said to possess an unofficial allegiance to Greece and this subconscious loyalty may account for their genuine interest in her affairs. Prejudiced, no doubt, by this intellectual attachment, they remain wedded, however, to the notion that because democratic principles emerged in Greece, Greece must always be governed democratically. Whatever be the political preference of other nations, Greece, they feel, must never forsake democracy.

To the idealists who subscribe to this view, the assertion may seem incomprehensible that the King and those who have ruled Greece sincerely up to its conquest by the Nazis aimed to establish democratic government therein. That the latter had selected *benevolent despotism* as a means to that end is to be attributed to their realization that in the life span of a nation there arise periods when democratic government must be momentarily supplanted if the commonwealth is to survive an emergency. They were convinced that in a crisis the welfare of the people renders unity of control imperative. That this was their aim the world now understands fully. Because the devotees of democratic principles misunderstood their objectives, we deem it necessary to give a brief account of the events which preceded their ascent to power and subsequent rule.

The reader no doubt will remember that after the catastrophe in Asia Minor in 1922 Greece, for a number of years,

was governed by a series of stratocratic oligarchies, each of which succeeded the other by a bloodless revolution. To be exact, between December 19, 1923, when King George II was requested to leave the country, and August 4, 1936, when Metaxas, by royal decree, took over the reins of government, there had been twenty-five Greek administrations and two dictatorships. These frequent government changes were detrimental not only to Greece's already exhausted treasury but also to the morale of her people and of her armed forces. Governmental instability had incited factionalism to a degree that co-operation among political leaders became impossible.

It should be remembered that the King's repeated efforts to form a cabinet which would include the leaders of all parties were fruitless. His frequent appeals to the various leaders to place Greece above party and to collaborate for the good of the land proved to be nothing more than "a voice crying in the wilderness". Upon the death of Prime Minister Demertzis, General Metaxas was elevated to the premiership of His Majesty's Emergency Cabinet. The major parties being unable to agree on the formation of a national cabinet, the chamber, in despair, recorded a vote of confidence to Metaxas and consented to an adjournment for five months.

In the meantime, international relations had definitely become worse, and few were the people who were not apprehensive of a new world conflict. To the King and his emergency cabinet, the pendency of war was a matter of grievous concern, for they knew that in the event of hostilities Greece would be as unprepared as the "foolish virgins" and her fate would be that of "a house divided against itself". In addition, they had accurately sensed the increasing disposition in all circles, other than political, to approve the subordination of party politics to national self-interest; and, spurred to action by the mounting discontent among industrial and agrarian groups, they finally concluded that the salvation of Greece

might momentarily require the assumption of complete control by Premier Metaxas.

If the Metaxas government is to be appraised objectively it will be necessary to dispense with such customary labels as dictatorial or representative, despotic or benevolent, and to evaluate it solely in terms of its achievements. "By his deeds shall ye know him" runs the maxim; and applied to the Metaxas régime this standard warrants an impartial description of the efforts of the premier to advance the welfare of Greece.

His cabinet consisted of men of tried experience, the majority of whom were progressive and "practical" university professors. The main purpose of Metaxas's government was Greece's social and economic reconstruction. Racial and religious persecutions or territorial expansion were not included in the government's programme. Its goal was to develop scientific farming; to improve labour conditions; to foster industrial development; to reduce unemployment to a minimum; to improve communication and transportation by highway construction; to halt migration toward urban centres by ameliorating the conditions of rural people; to improve the educational system; to strengthen the national defence forces; to maintain friendly relations both with neighbouring and distant nations irrespective of their form of government; and to do all within its power to prevent international conflict.

These were the objectives of Metaxas. The following achievements constitute evidence of the people's intent to secure the adoption of his programme. Employers and employees were settling their grievances by arbitration. National highways and other public works, (for the construction of which funds had been appropriated annually for the last twenty-five years without results) were completed with local labour. Agricultural and experimental schools were established in various farming districts and government-paid experts were aiding the farmers to cultivate their land scientific-

ally. Like assistance was offered to raisers of live stock. Courses in forestry, horticulture, and animal husbandry have been added in all schools of secondary and higher education. Since September, 1936, unemployment insurance has been in operation, and the notorious inefficiency of Greece's public and civil servants has been reduced to an unbelievable degree. Assisted by an especially trained police corps, a Subministry of Tourism was established to promote the welfare of foreigners visiting Greece and her ancient shrines. By emphasizing the importance of health and religiously enforcing the sanitation laws, the Metaxas administration had successfully induced the agrarian and labouring population to become health and sanitation conscious. Most of the swampy areas, the cause of Greece's frequent typhoid epidemics, have been drained and are now under cultivation; other marshy districts were being drained and would soon be ready for farming. Provision had been made for the construction of a number of sanatoria and several were already in operation.

The army, navy and aviation forces were no longer the pretorian guard of the party in power but a national force. Obsolete weapons had been replaced with modern, and military efficiency had reached its maximum. The nation's strategic points had been fortified against land and sea attacks. Assisted by the contributions of Greeks in foreign lands, a relatively small air fleet had been assembled.

Nor were the needs of education neglected. New schools were established, vocational courses added in all of the secondary schools, and the services of unemployed teachers were utilized. Hitherto sadly neglected, physical education became a part of the curriculum. Considerable effort was expended to teach children the art of co-operation and to encourage them to assume their social responsibilities. The Minister of Education, Dr. Georgakopoulos, himself a liberal and an advocate of modern educational ideas, insisted that the goal of modern

Greek education should be "the making of an intelligent, useful, and unselfish citizen".

Trade with foreign countries steadily increased. Old commercial treaties were renewed and new ones were negotiated with countries near and far.

With foreign powers, great or small, Greece's relations continued to be amicable. Not unlike that of the Secretary of State of the United States, Metaxas's intention from the outset was to maintain friendly relations with democratic and all other forms of government of the world. The avoidance of "entangling alliances" which might prove ruinous to its people was the major tenet of the government's foreign policy. Sober-minded individuals can readily comprehend the wisdom of such a course. Had Greece adopted a different policy what would have hindered her ambitious and powerful neighbour, Italy, from destroying by air bombardment all of her cities and the priceless evidence of her cultural heritage? It is a well known fact that the ancient Greeks won most of their battles by sheer wit and not by force of manpower in dealing with the large powers adjacent to Greece, and Metaxas found this traditional method to be no less efficacious.

Because Metaxas had received part of his military education in Germany and because of his intimate association with King Constantine, who was thought to be Germanophile, he was accused of being pro-German. But recent events proved him an Anglophile to the perplexity of his uninformed critics. A well known incident which occurred during the World War, the refusal of the British military authorities to consider a practical and less costly plan for the capture of the Dardanelles, failed to lessen his esteem and affection for the British people. The writer was convinced of his magnanimity in 1936 when in speaking of the incident the General remarked:

"The mistakes of a military staff should never be allowed to mar or destroy the ageless ties that bind the Greek and the

British peoples. Life is full of such unfortunate errors but one must never let them become an obstacle to his and his country's future."

The fact that King George II, whose leanings have always been undisputedly British, chose Metaxas to guide Greece's destinies in her trying hours proves beyond doubt the like-mindedness of the two rulers. It must be born in mind that the education of the King, for the most part, has been received in England, and his twelve years' sojourn there during his exile were spent in the study of social, economic and political problems and in the observation of the English form of government. His experience, plus his intimate association with the British royal family, make him a complete Anglo-Saxon in thought and behaviour. Through his influence several Greek students have received scholarships to study in English universities. Eager to have the Greek youth observe the practical application of democratic principles, he was working on a plan which would establish a student and professorial exchange between American universities and the University of Athens.

The Greek people have been, are, and always will be a devoted friend of the British. Byron may have been forgotten by many English, but he lives in the hearts of all the Greeks, young and old; he is enshrined in their folk-songs; his portrait is in their school manuals and is conspicuously located on the wall of every school room. Poor boys in the various villages which the writer recently visited wear cheap amulet-shaped pictures of Byron on their breasts. It is no wonder that when the crisis came Greece threw her lot with Great Britain.

The reader must not conclude, however, that everyone in Greece was satisfied with the Metaxas régime. In addition to five per cent of the population which is communistically inclined, a large proportion of the three hundred deputies displaced when the General assumed political control were

opposed to the existing form of government. The dissatisfaction of these deputies was not unlike that of the American Congressmen who fail of re-election.

On his elevation to the premiership, Metaxas told the Greeks "that anomalous circumstances made it necessary for him to rule the country dictatorially". He also expressed the hope that all would be willing to work with him for the good of the land. If they did not care to co-operate, they were admonished to refrain from opposition or they would be speedily punished. Those who failed to heed this warning were transported to the various islands of the Aegean Sea. However, the knowledge that predecessors had frequently been forced to exchange places with exiled rivals uniformly restrained Greeks from maltreating opponents. In the early days of his premiership he was accused of inflicting all sorts of unusual punishments on the obstructionists of his programme. This is contrary to the fact. However, it was an open secret to the Greeks of New York City that the castor oil which was alleged to have been administered to governmental critics in Greece had been given by Greek Nationalists to certain extreme Greek leftists in this city who had been active in spreading "malicious" propaganda against the Metaxas régime.

Greek-Americans, who had been visiting Greece frequently within the last ten years, spoke with enthusiasm of the conspicuous improvements that had been effected by Metaxas's government. That his programme had met with a favourable popular reception was emphatically confirmed by these observers. The latter were of one accord that the popularity of the King and of Metaxas was steadily increasing. Both moved about the streets of Athens unguarded. The enhancement of their popularity was due not only to the obvious and sustained improvement of the country, but also to the personal attention which they devoted to the problems of indi-

viduals who came to them. Their long working hours—beginning at 8.30 and working late at night—a habit rare among the Greeks—had also contributed measurably to the rising tide of their popularity.

The “rank and file” of the Greeks had very little confidence in the integrity of their lawyers and local politicians and not infrequently took their cases directly to the King or to the Prime Minister. Not only did the King or the premier receive them without formality and listen very attentively to their tales of woe, but they often interceded in order to insure that just treatment was accorded their constituents. In 1936 the writer was in the office of the King’s aide-de-camp and had an opportunity to observe at first hand the routine disposition of such cases. Space precludes the narration of too many of these incidents; but a brief mention of one or two should suffice.

“I want to see the King,” said a merchant. “The King is not making any more appointments because he is going on his vacation next week,” replied the King’s adjustant. “However, he will be glad to see you when he comes back in September. Could we be of any help to you at present?” he asked. “No,” replied the merchant, “only the King can order Mr. So-and-so, who opened a business like mine next door, to move away because he is taking all of my customers.” “Do you think that it is right for the King to close this man’s business because you wish it closed? Would you like it if the King, at your competitor’s request, ordered you to move away?” asked the adjustant. “But I was there first,” retorted the merchant. “I grant you that,” admitted the adjustant, “but all of Greece’s citizens have equal rights to pursue their livelihood within the realm of the law. Certainly you don’t wish your King to rule the nation unjustly? The only man capable of closing your competitor’s business is you. Keep your place clean, sell high quality merchandise at reasonable prices, serve your customers

courteously and efficiently. Try this method to see if it will not be superior to His Majesty's decree." The man left the palace pleased.

A consumptive monk at Mt. Athos, who desired to be near his parents, living in Rumania, sought to be transferred to another Orthodox monastery located nearest to the Rumanian border, and requested the King to order the Greek Synod to effect this change. In addition, he wished to have his railroad fare paid and about ten dollars for meals. "What you wish," the adjustant said, "might be granted to you if you were in good health. But at the moment your health is more important than the favour you are asking from the King." Then the adjustant phoned to the mayor of Athens to inquire if there was room for a patient in the municipal sanatorium. In less than half an hour an ambulance arrived at the palace to transport the monk to the sanatorium. The fact that the average man was able to bring his most trivial grievances before the highest officials of the nation was another convincing evidence, to the impartial observer, of the esteem with which the Metaxas government was held by the people. Obviously, then, the spirit of democracy was reigning in Greece, although the word had abdicated.

Students of Greek politics know that Metaxas's acceptance to rule Greece dictatorially was not entirely the result of his own volition. He was asked by the King to assume the responsibility of guiding his country through the steadily mounting international crisis. The King's decision came about through the continuous demands of the agrarian and industrial groups which had grown weary of the country's political paralysis. They were asking that the reins of the government be entrusted to a strong and efficient statesman. Repatriated Greeks played an important rôle in the process by introducing the group telegram and petition method, so common in American politics. They asked the King to save the nation from

the hands of ambitious politicians and favour-seekers. They implored him to find a man who would bring about Greek unity. In a word, it was the “voice of the Greeks” that moved the King to entrust Greece’s fate to Metaxas. Neither the King nor the General believed that that government should suffice for all time, but rather that it was the need of the times.

Unfortunately, the outside world, unaware of the internal conditions of Greece of August 4, 1936, and insufficiently informed as to the objectives of his Majesty’s government, kept voicing undue criticism on it which placed the Greek people in an unfavourable light among the democratically-minded people of the world. But the recent catastrophic events proved beyond doubt that a united Greek people under the leadership of Metaxas gave the first definite setback to the forces of intellectual and political enslavement. Such an accomplishment, which the world termed “miraculous”, was not mere chance, it was the result of long and systematic planning on the part of John Metaxas, whom his generals and now the entire world recognize as a genius. But above all, and back of this unanimity of purpose was, unmistakably, the farsighted conviction of two liberty-loving and democratically-minded statesmen—John Metaxas and King George II.

## THE FAR HILLS

BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

**I**T is a strange story I have to tell, and if you do not like such this would be as good a place as any to stop. For who knows but that you might get interested in Moira Duffy, sitting there bare-legged by the sea, a corner of her petticoat showing under the homespun, and her heart breaking as the slow tide came in?

“Better”, she said, “he should have followed the sea, and himself only coming home to me once at the year’s end!”

With that she sprang up and ran to where the gate opened on a broad white ribbon of road. Beyond, field after field fled upward, brown, green, golden; and some silvered with the coming harvest when the sickles would be sharpened and the standing grain brought down.

“It is there he goes”, she said, “and who knows upon what his eyes have looked?”

She listened as if for answer, but there came to her only the slight sound of the sea, and the slow creaking of cart-wheels on the road. Yet when she looked this way and that there was no cart upon the road, and less sign of the lover for whom suddenly—her thin, virginal body bent above the gate—she wept. For had not word passed from lip to lip that the man with the ox-cart had gone and was no more to be seen anywhere?

“Would he had never come”, cried Moira, “to have bewitched the heart of Sean O’Connor and taken him from me!”

Now there were many that had met this stranger who afterwards could remember only the magic of his voice and the uneasiness of their own hearts. At the village public house there were those who pronounced him more heady than what they drained out of pots; and fishermen to whom he had

spoken on the shore cursed his coming, declaring that they fouled their nets, and took no fish, and that the oars grew heavy in their hands. That is at it may be, for queer rumours fly fast. But, long as the story is told, it will be recounted how Gran O'Mara had words with him on the open highway, and Sean O'Connor behind a hedge where the trout-stream runs under the red bridge and so to the sea.

“And who are you?” Gran wished to know, looking him up and down.

The cart he drove was a flat hay-cart, and it contained nothing but himself, sitting straddle-legged on a box with a cushion of straw for his bony rump. His boots looked twice too big for his shrunken feet, his trousers were tied with wisps of straw above the ankles; his squat torso was covered with something that might be a smock or a loose blouse, so tattered that the threads of it streamed in any wind; and the hat he removed in deference to her was shapeless with use and weather.

“I am a carrier”, he said.

“And what do you carry that you go on the highway with a cart empty under you no less?” cried Gran, who was nobody's fool.

The old man showed broken and yellowed teeth.

“Something that can travel faster than the wind and haunt a man all the days of his life. Ask at any public house if I do not sow the whirlwind. For such thoughts as mine men pay in food and drink and maybe a lodging for the night, which is better even than a hedge when it is flowering. Once I travelled in pots and pans, but that was before wisdom came to me.” At this he began boisterously to laugh. “Ah, ah”, he cried, “the things I have seen in my youth and the thoughts I have had while the years flew by above me. For it is young men who see visions and old men who dream dreams, which is something I heard a long while since, and how shall I say

where I heard it or in what book it is set down, who have no education in the printed word?"

"May you be forgiven such madness", cried Gran sharply, "and you so near your latter end."

"Would you deny an old man his humours?" he asked, and pulled his forelock, goading his oxen forward with a long stick he had cut from a wayside bush.

Gran O'Mara looked back only once, and that after a long while, but by then the road was empty as a picked bone.

As for Sean O'Connor, who was the lover of Moira Duffy and they to be married before long as all men knew, he came upon the carrier while the dew was still on the hedge and on the grass underfoot, there by the trout-stream that runs under the red bridge and so to the sea.

"I am told", said the old man, "that you are handy in the making of verses and the like. Come now, answer me this; whom should a poet love?"

"The woman of his heart!" said Sean stoutly.

"And have you met her?"

"I have that."

"I wonder", said the old man, lighting his pipe and drawing heavily for a time. "Tell me, lad, does she run before you like the wind, so that you can scarce put fingers on her? Is her form such that no two speak alike of her, save of a beauty past the telling? Are her breasts like hills in the morning mists, her eyes pools in which a man might well drown, her hair like grass under the summer wind, and do her lips cry destruction to him who would touch them?"

Sean had half risen, for there was a power of magic here.

"Who is this woman?" he cried.

"Ah", said the carrier, sucking in his cheeks and letting them out again, "she is to be found now here, now there, but a man will best find her close to the place that gave him birth."

With that he stood up and took Sean by the arms. "What is it you look on now?", he asked.

"A road."

"And else?"

"Fields, and a slope, and far trees by the ridge."

"Beyond that again?"

"Hills with the mists on them."

"It is there, if at all, that you will find her", said the old man.

"And how shall I be knowing her?"

"By that which brings a dog to his home, a bird to its nesting place, or a man to his findings. But I can see that all this is beyond your courage."

"No", cried Sean. "No."

The old man shrugged.

"If you go seeking her", he said, "despise nothing that you hear, for out of a bush may come fire and a voice, and in the hush of an evening she may speak and you thinking it but a thrush in the hedge."

Sean sighed deeply.

"Has no man possessed her?"

"As to possessing her", said the old man, "to possess her fully would be to lose her. And with that we will make an end of riddles, for my head is tired with much thinking and my heart has a mortal ache to it, and if you have so much as a small coin handy it will not come amiss."

The dew had dried on the hedge and on the grasses underfoot before Sean O'Connor moved, and when he came to the Duffy gate he would have passed by but for Moira herself calling to him, and at sight of him she knew, by that which a woman has within herself, that she had lost her power over him.

From this same gate, looking this way and that, she now saw a figure appear on the empty road, but seeing it was Gran O'Mara she ran and hid, not wanting anyone's pity; for in

Gran's face were the things she had been thinking, herself just having passed the post-office and the little shop with the pebbled windows where she had often bought sweetmeats for the both of them when they were more children than now, Moira's fist held in Gran's, and the red head of Sean like a flag in the breeze before them.

"The blessing of God on this place", said Gran, opening the gate and going on into the house, "and I give you good-day."

It was dark within, after the blaze of sunlight on the road, but she could see that Duffy himself was home, and Moira's mother and the man named James who lodged with them.

"How can it be a good day", cried Duffy, aggrieved, "and our girl with a wasting sickness come upon her? At that", he said, knocking the dottle from his pipe, "I'd as soon have a nitwit as a poet for a son-in-law. Let him go, I say."

"And where would he be going to offend your sweet temper?", said Gran, helping herself to a seat by the fire.

"Keep your tongue off my temper", said Duffy, "which is not worse than some not a mile off the end of my pipe. As for your question, do I have to tell you, and him going by night to see a woman who, God help us, doesn't exist and her a creature of ill reputation at that?"

The mother of Moira spoke gently.

"A spell has been put upon the poor lad, so it has."

"Better it were a whip!", cried Duffy, for at that moment Moira herself coming in, went past them without a sign, and up the stairs. Gulls cried beyond the open door and the rush of the tide grew, and Gran O'Mara crossed herself, fancying she heard the sound of a cart on the road. And there came to her the remembrance of the sea moaning outside a house in which she was a child, and of how once, in a great silence, a step came and went, no man giving the reason for it, and that

night no young women would go home alone. And when the sun was up a body swayed from the branch of a tree, and himself dead a long while before; there being some who swore there was no rope nor other substance to be seen, but between the black head of him and the branch itself a stick could be passed and meet nothing, which could not be so, but that was how it was in the telling.

She shivered a little, drawing closer to the fire, and started when the lodger, James, rose and his heavy step was heard going upstairs to his room. There was scant furniture there: a bed like a bunk, a table with a candlestick of his own making, and a great black book, a shelf to hold other books with names to puzzle a scholar, a row of seasoned pipes, and the faded photograph of a woman whose name or story no man had ever heard him speak. Moira sprang up at his coming, for she was in the room, staring out at the fields and the folded hills where the mists lay.

“Don’t leave!” he said, and put a hand on her shoulder.

“It is there he goes”, she told him, “and who knows at all upon what his eyes have looked?”

At the gentleness of his hand on her shoulder and the look in his face she could have cried, but he shook his head to show that there are better things for a woman to do than give way to tears.

“Last night”, he said, speaking more words at once than had ever been known since he came to lodge. “last night I followed Sean O’Connor. Where the gibbet stands above the rise of the glen I could see a long ways under the moon, for the mist was behind me, and the sea far down a lake of glass I was looking at when he came. Not seeing me, he stared a long time at the gibbet, and then went on a piece, and when I would have followed he was gone. I cried my loudest for fear of what might befall him, having had sight of his face, but neither man nor woman answered me nor any beast cried

out, and so I came back, and there were thorns had pierced my hands, and on the bushes the berries were red like blood."

Then he shook his head, having frightened instead of comforting her, which he had been minded to do, and he was heard to curse as he stumped out of the house into the flooding sunlight that fell that day on land and sea. And Gran O'Mara sat listening again, fancying the slow sound of cartwheels on the roadway.

That was the night the fireflies showed themselves. Close to the sea there were none, but elsewhere in the moist dusk their myriad lamps were lit. It was said that so many had never been seen before, and there was much talk went about if this were a thing of good or evil omen.

Moira herself walked by the sea, and it was there, in a cleft of a rock, she found Sean O'Connor.

She came upon him so suddenly that neither he nor she was aware until their touch was upon each other.

"Sean!", she said, and put a hand out. "Oh, Sean—what has happened to us at all?" When he didn't speak a wildness came on her, and she caught hold of him and would not let him go; but in a moment there was only stuff from his coat in her hands, and if it were not for that she would have said he had never been there at all, and she alone with the sea, and the birds crying faintly on the reef in the sharp stillness of the evening. She ran then, the shingle hurting her feet, the dust easing them, the wet grass of the fields cooling them—and there was Sean ahead. He went as one in step to strange pipings and now and again she lost him. Once he was seated on a stump, head in hands, as if to rest or to think, and at sight of the man's face her heart went out to him. But at sound of his name he was up and away, and when she ran he took a hedge that a good jumper might measure with respect, and was gone; so she returned slowly down the slope in the dusk, and came to a small wood, full of the mystery of young

trees, and in the silver light the fireflies swung a thousand lanterns. She stretched out a hand and in the cupped palm a small lamp was lit.

She lifted her head suddenly.

“Were every one a lantern”, she said, “I’d seek him with it until I brought him back.”

Outside the cottage she could see her father and mother, and Gran O’Mara rocking in a great chair set in the twilight for her; and—looming large—the lodger James leaning on the gate. The sea was a slate beyond the rim of the night’s tide. The road was white as if painted with one long brush stroke.

As she came near, Gran spoke.

“What have you there?”

“A firefly in my hand.”

As she released it, the pale lamp lit and faded and lit again above her.

“It is an omen”, said Gran, and crossed herself. “When you are old this is a night you will be telling of. But whether of joy or of sorrow”, said Gran, putting a hand for an instant across her eyes, “it is not given to me to know.”

So long as this story is told, it will be related how it was to Gran O’Mara that Sean O’Connor came. He came beating with urgent knuckles upon the door of her cottage before she had shaken sleep from her. She saw the dawn creeping greyly over the sea as she opened the door, and there was the red hair of Sean like a passionate flame in her doorway. When she saw his face she looked a long time at it; then her thin hands reached out to take hold of a ragged coat from which part had been torn.

“Tell me, Sean!”, she said.

Sean spoke only after a moment and then in a voice that was hard for her to bear, loving the boy not less than she did Moira. “He said that to have her was to lose her, and so it is.

Now I am wanting only Moira, that was to be my wife, but my love has returned too late, for flesh was given her for the night and a frame that a man's arms could hold in the darkness of a hedge."

"You must go to her", said Gran, after a moment. "You must go to Moira."

"That I cannot."

"We will go together."

As they approached the Duffy cottage, stark and still against the grey sea, he was troubled and said, "She'll not be waking yet."

There had been a storm somewhere at sea which only now began to fret against the shore. Catspaws broke the still surfaces of the inshore pools and far out the first white horses came rearing and plunging. The door banged behind Moira Duffy as she came out, and flattened the skirts of both the women against their bodies. "Speak to her, Sean", said Gran, her voice rising like the wind. "Take her to you, Sean!"

"No", he said. "I cannot. Shame is upon me, for have I not been all night in the hills and have held in my arms a woman not mortal under the cold stars?"

"Sean, listen to me. There is no such woman at all, but in your fancy and in the madness of a man on the edge of the grave."

"And she taking from my finger a ring that was my father's father's", said Sean, not looking up at all.

"And what", cried Moira, weeping for him, "would one not mortal be wanting at all with a keepsake?"

"God knows!", said Sean O'Connor, and he turned from her, but Gran O'Mara had a sharp, sure word to say: "There is a time for marrying and giving in marriage, and, God willing, let it be this very day." So she went into the cottage before the two of them, saying, "The blessing of God be upon

this place, and it's yourself, Mary Duffy, is about to be a mother-in-law."

Fergus Duffy spoke heavily from the staircase:

"What nonsense is this and the sun not yet high?"

"If it's Sunday clothes you have to your name, Fergus Duffy", said Gran, "shake the moths out of them, for you'll be needing them. And who will be running for word with his Reverence?"

"I will", said the lodger James.

"There must be food and drink for all", cried the mother of Moira, beginning to fluster and fuss, a light coming in her eyes; but Gran, feeling the weight of years, went and sat by the fire until the first of the friends began to gather. The word getting quickly about, they came from far and near, though it was the day of the great catch of fish on that coast, of which fishermen still speak, when so many were taken that their nets broke.

Rain came up over the sea before the vows were made, and the windows rattled even after the fiddles began to scrape, though it was blowing clear again when Sean O'Connor led his bride of an hour and they stood to seaward alone.

"Look", said Moira, and took hold of his arm, "the rain is all over, Sean, and there is light on the waters."

But the heaviness was still upon him.

"No words spoken", he said, "can change things, but only perhaps your own love. It is true", said Sean, "I have given you a ring, and my love with it, but not that which was my father's father's."

"Sean, look!"

He stared at her and at what she held out to him.

"Before God, Moira, and where would you be getting that ring?"

"From the hand that is holding mine and no other", said Moira, and averted her face for the moment, then looked deep

into his eyes, "when there was darkness so you could not be seeing my face and no clearness in your mind at all, poor boy."

"So—it was you!"

"None other."

He held her until she cried out with the hurt of it; then he loosed her and she had to run after him to catch him where the new surf fretted the rocks.

"Sean!" she cried, in terror again, but he turned and caught her by the shoulders.

"Look in my eyes, Moira. Do you trust me still, beloved, and all that has happened like a tale that is told between us?" The wind held her against him and she could not speak, but a great light had come into the face of Sean O'Connor. "Let me be alone awhile", he said. Let me be alone with the sea and the gulls and the wind and this thing that has come to me. For there is no wonder in the far hills nor in the words of any man living like that which has come to me this day."

## “I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH”

S. MACLEAN GILMOUR

**A**PART from a few rudimentary creeds in the New Testament, the earliest statement of belief which has come down to us was formulated toward the end of the second century and we know it as the Apostles' Creed. This title is certainly a misnomer, for the Apostles had nothing to do with it. But, since the creed is of great antiquity and represents a definition of Christian belief certainly current in the second century Church, it has a rightful claim to respect.

The historical situation in the second century demanded a statement of faith in some such terms as we find in the Apostles' Creed. Most nineteenth and twentieth century heretics find it easy enough to believe in the humanity of Jesus. Their quarrel is usually with any articulation of His divinity. In the second century the situation was reversed. Many found it easy to believe in the divinity of Christ, but difficult to conceive of His true humanity. How could God have become flesh? How could He have dwelt among us? How could He have suffered and died upon a Roman gibbet? As a result various theories were propounded in order to safeguard the divinity of our Lord. The divine Christ departed from the human Jesus before the latter's death upon the Cross, a fact which is the clue to an understanding of the cry, recorded by St. Mark and St. Matthew: “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” Or our Lord played a clever trick on His Jewish and Roman enemies. He traded places with Simon of Cyrene, who suffered and died in His stead, to the complete befuddlement of the religious and political authorities. Against all this distortion of historical fact, the Church opposed the articles of its creed. God came into human life in Jesus Christ and took our human nature upon Himself. He rose again, but first He was born, suffered, died and

was buried. Jesus Christ was the Incarnation of God, identified in all things with the humanity He came to redeem.

There are objections to the Apostles' Creed as an adequate statement of faith, but they are due to its omissions rather than to its admissions. A creed which passes from "born of the Virgin Mary" to "suffered under Pontius Pilate" leaves unsaid too many things that are of fundamental importance to Christian faith. It may be that the Apostles' Creed provides the Church with a better dogmatic basis for reunion than any conceivable modern one, but there is more to religious belief than can possibly be read into that second century formulation of it.

There is one article in the Apostles' Creed that some gladly excise. It is the affirmation: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." This paper seeks to demonstrate that its omission from any statement of Christian faith would be a piece of historical astigmatism. It will inquire into the nature and function of the Church, and the grounds of belief in it.

## I

A member of the British House of Commons is said to have defined the Church as "a voluntary association for providing religious services on Sunday for that section of the population which chooses to take advantage of them". As a matter of fact that is an idea of the Church held by a great many of us. We think first of the local Church as an organization of like-minded folk for certain specific purposes, and then of the Church at large as a loose aggregation of a number of such congregations. The Church is just another of the many institutions such as the Humane Society or the Rotary Club, which minister to this or that area of our interest. If we were asked how the Church began, we should probably advance some such theory as this: James founded a Christian congregation in Jerusalem, Paul established a few in Asia

Minor and Eastern Europe, Peter started one in Rome, and some others were the pioneers in Egypt and North Africa. During the second century their common interests were numerous enough to warrant a federation of the various communities into the so-called Catholic or Universal Church.

This individualistic or atomistic idea of the Church, so far at least as it refers to the primitive Christian community, is certainly unhistorical. There is now a large measure of agreement among students of early Christianity as to the idea of the Church current among primitive Christians and a paragraph or two may be devoted to a sketch of it.

The Hebrews held that, in a peculiar sense, they were God's people. Jehovah had called them from among the nations to be a people of His possession. He was bound to them, and they were bound to Him by a covenant which involved mutual obligations. In the Old Testament this thought of the whole Israel, or of a solemn convocation representative of the whole, as the people of God is expressed either by the word "qahal" or the word "edha". In the Septuagint, the Greek translation of the Hebrew Bible, the one word is rendered ecclesia or "church", and its synonym is rendered synagogue or "congregation". The word "synagogue" had come in Jewish usage to be attached so closely to a particular institution that it was natural, when Christians desired an Old Testament word to describe their self-consciousness as the Divine Community or People of God, that they should choose "ecclesia" or "church".

In chapters nine to eleven of his Epistle to the Romans St. Paul develops an impressive argument intended to demonstrate that the Christian community had inherited the promises of God made in Old Testament times to Israel. He asserts that the Church is now the true Israel and has taken over the rights and responsibilities formerly belonging to the Jewish people. It is clear, however, that this idea did not originate

with the Apostle Paul. The very fact that the early Christian community chose the word "church" as a self-designation shows that it considered itself to be the true Israel and that it laid claim, from the beginning, to the solemn promises of God in Holy Scripture.

Another fact appears to emerge from this philological attempt to solve a theological question. As I have already indicated, the Hebrew word for "church", of which the Greek is a translation, denoted the whole people of Israel, or a solemn assembly representative of the whole. In all probability this was true also of the early Christian use of the word. The early Church did not think of itself as a federation of local societies, but as one indivisible community. The local congregation was not a distinct group but an assembly which represented and mirrored the unity of the whole. The convert did not enter a religious organization in Antioch or Alexandria. He identified himself with the whole Church of God, a divine community through which the will of God was continuously and increasingly manifesting itself in the world. So it could be described by St. Paul, and later by the author of the Epistle to the Ephesians, as the extension of the Incarnation, the mystical Body of Christ.

The Catholic, and what we should now describe as the Roman Catholic, conception of the Church as identical with an institution, centering in an ecclesiastical hierarchy with the Pope as the Vicar of Christ, cannot be traced earlier than the beginning of the second century. It emerges in rudimentary outline in the so-called "First Epistle of Clement". It was impressively articulated by Augustine in his "City of God" and dominated Christian thinking throughout the Middle Ages. But in the sixteenth century the reformers broke with the prevailing doctrine. There are distinctions between Luther's teaching of an "inner" and an "outer" Christendom and Calvin's "invisible" and "visible" Church, but they need not detain

us. Both differentiated between the institution by which the Word of God was preached and the sacraments were administered, and the fellowship of the saints which cannot fully be perceived or isolated. The invisible Church is the "soul" which gives life and meaning to the "body". The latter is only a partial and inadequate vehicle of the former in terms of time and change. Both Calvin and Luther regarded the claim of the Roman Catholic Church to be identical with the divine community on earth as false and presumptuous. This distinction between the Church as a beloved community embracing the faithful in all places and in all ages, and the Church as it is organized for the conduct of public worship, the preaching of the Gospel, the administration of the sacraments, and the nurture of the Christian life, is fundamental in all reformed theology. Yet it is frequently overlooked by clergy as well as laity. Many of us identify an imperfect and fallible institution with the beloved community which is not measured by man's thought. We confuse the chief instrument through which man, in his finitude, has attempted to build Christianity into history, with that community through which God has been manifesting His will and bringing in His Kingdom.

## II

It has often been noted that Jesus, according to the Synoptic tradition, speaks only twice in explicit terms of the Church, and that the authenticity of both passages is open to serious question. It has also been pointed out that there is a distinct tendency in early Christian literature to identify the Kingdom of God with the Church and to regard Jesus as its conscious founder. The details of several of the parables in St. Matthew show that in its author's day the ideas of the Kingdom and the Church were beginning to coalesce. The very phrase "Kingdom of God" is practically displaced in the Fourth Gospel by the concept of "life"—a present possession

of the Church. The Church and the Kingdom are explicitly identified in *The Shepherd of Hermas*. The author of the Epistle to the Ephesians declares that the faithful are a building founded upon the apostles and the prophets, with Christ Jesus as the chief cornerstone. "The house of God" which Christ had founded, the "flock of God" and the "people of God" are frequent *termini* for the Church in sub-Pauline literature. St. Paul adopted the concept of the Church as the Body of Christ, and it was elaborated by the author of Ephesians in the light of gnostic ideology. There is an echo of the same mystical interest in *First Clement* and a clear enunciation of it in the *Letters of Ignatius*. The same concept of a union between Christ and the Church is articulated by the author of the Gospel of John in his allegory of the vine and the branches and in his version of our Lord's "High-Priestly" prayer for the welfare of the Church.

It does not follow from all this that such an interpretation of our Lord's teaching is a fundamental perversion of it. It is now widely recognized that when Jesus spoke of the Kingdom of God He did not mean the ideal society of some modern system of ethics, or even the apocalyptic Kingdom of popular Jewish anticipation. Jesus took over the hope of Jewish eschatology and declared that it was already in process of realization. The full manifestation of the Kingdom of God belonged to the future, when it would be inaugurated "with power", but in His own preaching and ministry it had already been active within the framework of history. The Kingdom of God is "at hand" but it has also "come upon you".

Thus it is clear that the idea of the Kingdom of God in Jesus' teaching and the early Christian idea of the Church as the sphere of the continued activity of God in history are not unrelated. The Kingdom of God is the divine order breaking in upon this world. It is the purpose of God working itself out in and through history. It manifested itself in the min-

istry and in the life and death of Jesus Christ and has been continuously asserting itself through a community of men and women who have found the revelation of God as Creator, Judge, and Redeemer in Him. In this sense it is correct to say that the Kingdom of God is the Church, though not the institution, or the hierarchy, or the ecclesiastical system. The institution has been only the historical mechanism by which the Church has attempted to build the Kingdom of God into history. Often the mechanism has been inadequate. Often it has lost its usefulness and has even defeated the very ends for which it was intended. The institution has often petrified religion in terms of dead formulae or misused its authority for irreligious ends. Sometimes the true Church has been as much outside as inside the ecclesiastical organization. But the Church, in its true being as the beloved community of men and women who have found God in Christ, has been the sphere within which the Kingdom of God has been realizing itself. This is what is meant by the New Testament metaphor of the Body of Christ. Christians have been incorporated into a community by which the Incarnation has been perpetuated. Through the Church old divisions have been broken down. In the Church barriers of race and sex have been set aside. By the Church God is asserting His sovereignty and proclaiming His will.

The Kingdom of God began with the Incarnation. Those who enter it become part of a fellowship which embraces the men and women who, from the first century to our own, have been bound together by a common loyalty to God in Christ. We share in the communion of the saints. This is a noble phrase of Christian diction which ought to be rescued from the limbo of disuse. We are part of a vast company which compasses us about as a great cloud of witnesses.

But Christian faith also has its apocalypse. The Kingdom of God is a reality of present experiences, but its revela-

tion in power belongs to the future. God must be all in all. His Kingdom must come, and His will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. In the New Testament this consummation is expressed in myth, but it is myth that is a vehicle of truth. The Church as the sphere of the sovereignty of God must in the end embrace all things. Old things will pass away; behold, all things will become new.

### III

The Reformers did not confuse the Church in its institutional objectification with the Church as the Body of Christ, but they did insist that they were not two distinct entities. The organized Church may prove a faulty and inadequate mechanism for the human expression of divine realities. It may exist in part without faith, and therefore fail in its function. But the Church cannot remain a purely ideal entity. It must become an actuality in the world through some historical embodiment. It must express itself in terms of a worshipping, teaching, and ministering community. The Church as the People of God enters into the common life of men through its outward manifestation as an organized Christian constituency. The visible Church is a necessary concomitant of the invisible community of the saints.

As an historical judgement, it is no doubt true that Jesus did not anticipate the development of the Church as an institution. Yet it would be a serious mistake to imagine that Christianity could have made its way in the ancient world without organization. The institution was necessary and inevitable. Furthermore, it was no alien importation into primitive Christianity. In His own lifetime Jesus had gathered round Him a group of intimate followers. He had shared with them His highest hopes, His deepest insights, and His triumphant faith. They had been gathered, Mark tells us, in order that they might be with Him, that they might have power to cast out demons, and that He might send them forth

to preach. The fellowship of this first intimate circle was enlarged and perpetuated in the early Church. The Church after the resurrection, just as the group of disciples before it, was a fellowship conscious of continued association with its Lord, empowered to work the works of the Kingdom, and commissioned to proclaim the good news of God's purposes revealed in Jesus Christ.

Jesus the teacher, Jesus the herald and harbinger of the Kingdom, and Jesus the Revealer of God would rapidly have faded from the memory of man had it not been for the Church. In preaching Him as Lord the Church cherished His sayings, retold the drama of his passion, and ultimately produced the literature of the New Testament. We often think of the New Testament as giving birth to the Church. As a matter of fact, it was the Church which gave birth to the New Testament. Christianity would have made little or no impact on the ancient world, and we should scarcely have heard of it to-day had the Church not preached its faith, cherished its tradition, produced its literature, and laid its institutional foundations.

It is well to remind ourselves of facts such as these, for we are prone to lose sight of them. It is so very easy to criticize our local congregation, the denomination we belong to, and even the whole Church of Christ. Most of us can point to what the Church has not been, and such criticism is often called for. We who love the Church should welcome it if it leads to constructive and intelligent reformation. But, at a time when all that the past has given us is being weighed again in the balance, it is well to appreciate the values of the organized Church as well as to deprecate its failures and to criticize its mistakes.

The organized Church preserved the message of its Lord and related it to new situations as they arose. It united men and women in a creative fellowship with one another and with God. It nurtured piety and learning when all other wombs

were barren. It cherished the faith, the idealism, and the spiritual morale of men for a new and better day when all without was darkness and a crying in the night. This was true of the Church in the early centuries of its history, in the days when the Roman Empire tumbled into ruins, in the Middle Ages, in the times of Luther, Knox, and Wesley, and at no time more so than in the early days of settlement in North America. The Church pioneered education among our forefathers. It knew that God is never truly known or worshipped in ignorance. It pioneered the hospitals, the social settlements, and the charities of our own day. It acted as the conscience of the community and the state. It comforted men with the knowledge of a God whose everlasting arms are underneath them, and challenged them with a Christ who is a Leader to follow and emulate as well as a Lord to worship and adore.

#### IV

The Church has sometimes misused its prestige and power for unholy ends. It is divided and has dissipated much of its energy in denominational leadership. Often it has resisted required social change or has lost its sense of mission by identifying Christianity with some lifeless tradition, some transitory aspect of contemporary culture, or some sub-Christian loyalty. More than once it has called upon itself the contempt of men, and has deserved the abuse and antagonism it has had to endure.

Yet the organized Church has never utterly lost its true character — a community of men and women whose highest loyalty is dedicated to God and whose common life is best expressed in the words "Christian fellowship". We churchmen share the same thoughts about God and the meaning of history; the same ideals of life and conduct; the same hopes and aspirations for the future. We are concerned with the same evils that beset our community and national life. We are

mutually anxious to rear our children in the admonition and fear of the Lord, and mutually desirous to have them love and serve Jesus Christ.

We who are churchmen owe the best that we are to the Church. Through the Church we have what vision, what faith, what sense of mission and commission God has granted us. The Church surrounded our childhood with a sense of reverence and with a cloud of witnesses who vivified the reality of God. Our Sundays at worship in the House of God; the preacher whose personality as well as whose message spoke to us of the love of God in Christ; our participation in the rounds of Church duties and privileges; all this opened us to the presence of God in daily life and made us conscious of His nearness and His love.

The Church provided us with a medium of religious instruction which geared our thought into the religious aspirations of the ages. From our ministers and Sunday school teachers we learned how God had been served by men and women in times past, and to what tasks He called us to-day. We received a vision of the Kingdom of God and of what man and society might become under the leadership of Christ. We were introduced into a sympathetic fellowship that made us receptive to the values of religious belief and responsive to the challenge of the Christian faith.

It was the organized Church that mothered us in mind and spirit. As children and young people it gave us the best that it had and the best that we are. It stands by us to-day as we face the unknown, and asks that we enhance its influence and deepen the power of its testimony as a witness to divine things in this pagan world.

## V

In this paper an attempt has been made to demonstrate that "High Churchmanship" is not a prerogative of Anglo-

Catholics but the recovery of primitive Christian belief and the heritage of all who understand the Reformed faith. The Church of Christ, in its inner being as the vehicle of God's revelation of Himself to man and the sphere of His creative activity, is an invisible and an indivisible community. It embraces the ages and overreaches all divisions of class, nation and race. In this sense it is both the reality and the goal of history, both a fact of experience and an object of faith, both a present possession and a future hope. In this sense it is the Kingdom that began with the Incarnation and through which the will of God has been manifesting itself in history.

This Church of faith has not been bounded by the Church in its historical evolution, but the latter has been the chief instrument by which it has been geared into the common life of man. Too often the visible Church has failed to fulfil its true mission. At times it has even capitulated to the world rulers of this darkness. But at its best it has symbolized to the world what God through Christ has done. At its best it has been a company of those in all walks of life who confess Jesus Christ as Lord and who have translated that confession into devotion, dedication, discipleship and deed.

## ON THE FRONTIER

BY NATHANIEL MICKLEM

“WHERE is your home, Sir?” Such the question posed  
By bland official passing through the train,  
Languid was I, disconsolate, disposed  
To take my ease and count my comforts gain  
In the Americas. But, when he said,  
“Where is your home?”, with kindling eye suffused  
And heart a-sighing, lifting up my head,  
As one with sudden splendour all bemused,  
“In England”, answered I. Straight fell away  
All languor, all soft relish. On thy brow,  
O England, scarred and faithful, gallant, gay,  
Such coronal of glory wearest thou,  
Thy wandering sons count each day life denied  
Reft from thy pain, thy beauty and thy pride.

## “BUT, IS IT EDUCATION?”

BY E. A. CORBETT

IN 1892, at a meeting of university presidents and professors in Toronto, Principal Grant of Queen's said, “The one place you will never find a mechanic is in a ‘Mechanics’ Institute.’” That remark was a fitting epitaph for an educational movement which had its beginnings in Britain during the opening years of the last century and at one time had a membership of several hundred thousand working men and women. In Canada—in Nova Scotia and later in Ontario—the “Mechanics’ Institute” movement provided libraries and classroom facilities in over 100 small towns and villages and one still meets older men and women who got their first look at books in the old Mechanics’ Institutes.

The movement failed eventually both in the old land and in Canada as the trade union movement grew in strength and began to take a hand in the education of its members. If the workingman was to be educated, he meant to have something to say about the direction and control of the process.

University Extension in Great Britain had been in some measure guilty of the same strategic error that marked the decline of the Mechanics’ Institute movement. It smacked too much of upper class philanthropy to suit the new and rising tide of independence among the working classes. It was an intellectual hand-out and the workingman regarded the offering with suspicion. It was Albert Mansbridge and the Workers’ Educational Association who gave to popular education its first working philosophy.

It is perhaps worth while to quote at this point an excerpt from a speech made at Oxford in 1907 by J. W. McTavish, a Portsmouth wheelwright. The speech has always seemed to me to be significant because it puts the case sharply for a more democratic approach to the educational problems of working

people. It is a sort of *Magna Carta* of the whole adult education movement to-day.

"I am not here as a suppliant for my class. I decline to sit at the rich man's gate praying for crumbs. I claim for my class all the best of all that Oxford has to give, claim it as a right — wrongfully withheld — wrong not only to us but to Oxford. What is the true function of a university? Is it to train the nation's best men, or to sell its gifts to the rich? Instead of recruiting her students from the widest possible area, she has restricted her area of selection to the fortunate few. They come to her, not for intellectual training, but for veneering. Not only are workpeople deprived of the right of access to that which belongs to no class or caste, but Oxford herself misses her true mission, while the nation and the race lose the services of its best men. I emphasize that point because I wish it to be remembered that workpeople could do far more for Oxford than Oxford can do for workpeople. For, remember, democracy will realize itself, with or without the assistance of Oxford; but if Oxford continues to stand apart from workpeople, then she will ultimately be remembered, not for what she is, but for what she has been."

It should be said, however, that Canadian universities' extension services have, for the most part, been built up on a basis of actual demand.

When Dr. H. M. Tory offered the writer a position on the staff of the Department of Extension at the University of Alberta in the fall of 1920, that institution had already been in operation for eight years under the energetic direction of A. E. Ottewell, the present Registrar of the university. Its purpose was summed up briefly by Dr. Tory in discussing the appointment. "This establishment", he said, "in addition to the capital expenditure in buildings and equipment, costs the people of Alberta over half a million dollars a year. Many of them will never see the place, much less have an opportunity

of attending, or having their children attend, its classes. Yet we want the citizens of the province to feel that the university belongs to them, that it exists to serve them. The time may come when the existence of a university will depend upon the public's assurance that its thinking and research are of vital importance to the community. The job of the extension department is to find out from the people what the university can do for them beyond the class-room and the laboratory."

Even at that early date the department was one of the best equipped organizations of its kind on the continent. There were close to 300 travelling libraries in constant circulation throughout the province, an open shelf library of 15,000 volumes for use by mail order by people remote from ordinary library services. A package library system of materials for use by debating and discussion clubs served thousands of people every year. There were several hundred boxes of lantern slides for use by schools and churches, a moving picture library with over one hundred films. Short courses were provided, lecture courses arranged, correspondence courses in economics sent out and already the department was known and used in every part of the province. Later, in 1927, a radio station was installed and we began experimenting with that new medium in popular education. Agricultural instruction in soils, marketing, live-stock, co-operatives, etc., were all provided by a vigorous Provincial Department of Agriculture. Our job was to bring to the remote places of the province whatever cultural and entertainment values the university could offer as a means of encouraging community solidarity, strengthening morale, awakening the civic conscience in regard to better home and school conditions; to bring colour and some kindliness into the hard and lonely lives of frontier people.

For this, all the equipment noted above was useful, but equipment and services, however bountiful, can be of little value without the kind of personal relationship which encour-

ages participation and responsibility in the effort and creates the warmth of understanding necessary to confidence and intelligent interest. In other words, extension people, if they are to be effective, cannot be content with a wholly receptive constituency. They must somehow use the resources of the university to teach people how to help themselves. That is not easy. It means constant travel, late nights in country school-houses, long hours of discussion, bad roads, bad beds, bad food, unutterable weariness, but reward in terms of human gratitude beyond all price. We travelled all the time. We arranged circuits of a month or two weeks, during which time we stood and talked or operated a hand-cranked moving picture machine in country schools most of the night and drank tea and talked in country homes most of the day.

Ottewell, the director, was an enormous man, his weight in 1920 was exactly 298 pounds. The battered Ford car he drove was tilted from the driver's seat at an angle of about 25 degrees. From the rear it always seemed to be proceeding at terrific speed with a kind of sideways crab-like motion. To pull his car out of the everlasting mud-holes of the Alberta roads, he had an ingenious and devilish device by means of which he could fasten a rope to a distant tree or telegraph pole, the other end to an enormous projecting rear wheel-hub, and force the groaning engine to do its own dirty work. I never understood how that contraption conquered a five-foot hole of gumbo, but it did.

In the cars we used we carried, on most occasions, a moving picture machine, a barrel of films, a slide projector, and boxes of slides, books, pamphlets, etc. (a kind of educational three-ring circus). Thus equipped we were in a position to face any sort of audience. Often with a carefully prepared talk on an important subject one faced an audience only a few of whom understood English, or with the hall so full of

children, dogs and small babies that the only hope was to take refuge in that balm in Gilead—the moving picture.

We had a simple but effective technique more used by Ottewell than by myself. He had a voice of gargantuan volume and he loved to sing and get the people singing. As soon as the meeting convened, usually about 9 o'clock in winter and 10 p.m. in summer, he led the people in rousing choruses about "The Old Grey Mare", "Old Macdonald's Farm", "Monday Washday". His singing was appalling, but had the desired effect of breaking down the natural reserve of a country audience in the presence of "a Professor", and inducing an easy spirit of co-operation and goodwill. There usually followed an hour and a half of feature films, with Charlie Chaplin shorts for the delight of young and old. I was never very skilful in handling a moving picture machine. Frequently the take-off would slip out of gear in the darkness and I would wake up from my reveries to find the school-house full of rustling, snake-like coils of film, slithering under the seats and along the aisles. I would have to find a basket or wood-box, dump in the whole mass and wind it up afterwards. After the film-show small babies were stowed away in apple boxes or similar contraptions at the back of the hall and an illustrated lecture, a talk about community problems, a discussion period, followed. Ottewell was particularly anxious that the people should know about the basic principles of evolution, not only in terms of human life and society, but from the practical point of view of stock-breeding, etc. He had a thoroughgoing illustrated lecture with charts, diagrams, etc., and at some time or another almost every community in Alberta must have heard that lecture. I have no doubt it was of great and lasting value, but it was a source of constant annoyance to Dr. Tory, who received weekly protests from those communities in which the Calgary Bible Institute or some other fundamentalist group had found a foothold. As often as not a supper and a dance

had been arranged and night after night the extension missionary found hospitality in some crowded farm home, or in a one-room bachelor's shack, at 4 o'clock in the morning. But however interesting and entertaining his programme might be the extension man's best work was done in the kitchens and farm-yards during the day time, when he must visit everyone in the neighbourhood. If he could help with the dishes, the milking, or in the fields, and had a good healthy love of food, so much the better for him.

Life was full of unexpected adventure, and a journey started in good faith by automobile was frequently finished by wagon, boat, or, on rare occasions, dog-team. There were one or two northern communities so accustomed to turn to the extension department for every conceivable kind of help that we often arranged to have D. E. Cameron, the university librarian, who is also a Presbyterian minister, accompany us for an annual round-up of baby baptisms, a once-a-year service of worship, and on more than one occasion to bury some good friend of the department. Once I arrived at the office to find a young couple waiting to be married. They had come a long distance, had got off the train and come straight to the university. The university librarian performed the ceremony.

But is it Education? Is that sort of thing any part of a university's job? I do not know. A good many people think not. I am certain of one thing, that for that time and place it seemed the right thing to do.

One was always learning. For example, I once made my way by train and farm wagon to a pioneer community on the road to Peace River for a two-weeks' lecture trip. It was a community of some 50 or 60 families, mostly Scotsmen; returned soldiers who had cut homesteads for themselves out of the heavy bushland near Lesser Slave Lake. I arrived at a railroad siding at 5 a.m. and three hours later was met by a farmer with a pair of horses and a farm wagon with no box

or floor. As I had a moving picture machine, a barrel of films, a slide projector, several boxes of slides, as well as a quantity of books and a suitcase, the situation looked complicated. But we soon fashioned a rough wagon-box out of saplings and started a four-hour journey over a construction trail toward the settlement. It was pleasant enough but my driver felt it necessary to call on a trapper *en route* who had just finished a new brew of moonshine. Two or three dippers full of that concoction made him jubilant but uncertain. The horses, however, knew the way home. I arrived to find that my first job was to adjudicate a play in the log community hall built by the settlers to serve as school, dance-hall and, if necessary, church. An enterprising Englishman who had had some experience in amateur dramatics had persuaded the community that if they were going to put on a play it might as well be a good one, so they had decided on *Macbeth*. My driver told me with whoops of 'moonshine' delight that the whole neighbourhood was Shakespeare crazy. His wife, he said, was one of the witches, a part, he declared, that suited her admirably. He found it disturbing, however, when his wife was stirring the porridge to hear her muttering,

"Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

and on his own part to find himself, while sharpening a butcher knife, whispering under his breath,

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
'Twere done quickly."

or his neighbour's wife, at the ironing-board, cursing, "Out damned spot! out, I say!"

It was true, however, everyone was in the show and at times that night I was almost the only one in the audience, for everyone else was either on the stage or in the wings. Lady Macbeth played the sleep-walking scene chewing a wad of

gum "to help her concentrate". It was great fun and it was my first lesson in the value of amateur dramatics as a medium of group activity. Probably no other form of community enterprise could have united those people as that superb effort did. Besides, they learned something about Shakespeare. One man told me he had gone on and read several of Shakespeare's plays. "That guy knew his stuff", he said, which for a succinct criticism is almost adequate and better than most.

It was a long jump from that to the Dominion Drama Festival, but that sort of show was the beginning.. Soon after that we put on a full time director of dramatics, took a large share in the development of the provincial drama league and founded the Banff School of the Theatre as a training centre. In a very real sense that backwoods *Macbeth* show was the seed from which came one of the most successful fine arts training schools in the country. Need it be noted that once again the people themselves showed the university the way?

Another example may serve to illustrate my argument that the really effective extension service learns from the people it serves, and is founded on their known demands, rather than on any preconceived idea of what they should be interested in. Once at the end of a hard journey I arrived in a small village in eastern Alberta to find the place deserted, but there was a sign on the door which read,

"Dear Professor

The boys have all gone to a stampede six miles north,  
come back and join us."

The stampede was a real one, there were no outriders to help a man off his horse at the end of a two-minute ride. He had to ride his horse to a standstill or die in the attempt. Later that evening at the supper table in the marquee tent which served as headquarters for the affair the manager, an enormous man, got up on a chair and delivered himself as follows:

"They's to be a lecture in the town hall to-night at nine o'clock. The Professor is here. Now, as you all know, the

hall was borrowed this spring to store grain in. We've got to get her back into place. I want about four good teams and some husky lads right now and we'll see what we can do." Amid much shouting and fun, the town hall (a frame building about 20 ft. by 16 ft. in size), on skids, came up the main street and was jacked into place, and benches were installed, ready for nine o'clock. My friend of the stampede was chairman, and he admonished the boys to give me a good hearing, because "there's supper and a dance comin' up." Further evidence of the resourcefulness of the westerner was in evidence that night. The handle for the moving picture machine had "gone adrift" on the way up somehow, so while I gave my talk the local blacksmith started up his forge and made another one.

Now the point in that story is, that while the dance was proceeding, about 2 a.m., at a conference in the kitchen of a neighboring house, a group of non-dancers and myself laid the foundations of what afterwards became a most successful consumers' co-operative.

There was no change of pace in the work after Dr. Tory left Alberta. Dr. R. C. Wallace was as enthusiastic about this kind of activity as his predecessor, and it was largely through his efforts that a Carnegie grant was obtained for the purpose of developing a fine arts programme in music, art and theatre. One experiment carried out under this plan, in co-operation with Dr. Carpenter of the Calgary Institute of Technology, was of particular interest. A used truck of ample proportions was rebuilt under Dr. Carpenter's direction in the workshops of the Institute, and each winter that truck with a load of paintings gathered from the National Gallery in Ottawa, from the Glasgow Art Gallery, and other loan exhibits, visited from 30 to 40 small communities. The pictures were hung in whatever hall or school could be found to accommodate them. A lecturer (Major Norbury of Edmonton)

was in constant attendance. School children visited the exhibit in the morning and afternoon and adults at night. No charge was made on the community or individuals other than provision of space for the exhibits and hospitality for the lecturer. Over 37,000 adults (not to count school children) each winter saw the pictures and listened to a descriptive talk about them. It has always seemed to me one of the best things we had ever done. It was touching to see the faces of the people (many of whom drove miles across the wind-swept prairies) bright with pleasure as the pictures recalled scenes they had known in other days. I doubt if any of our many experiments gave as great pleasure to so many people. That work still goes on under a more permanent organization and provides a background for the art school which forms an important section of the School of Fine Arts at Banff.

I have sketched in roughly these vignettes of western life simply to put some vivid colour in my thesis that adult education must be a part of the common everyday life of the people, if it is to be effective at all. The University of St. Francis Xavier in Antigonish has shown how such an intimate knowledge of the needs of the fishermen, miners and farmers of eastern Nova Scotia became the basis of one of the most successful experiments in economic rehabilitation this country has ever seen.

Latest figures published by that university indicate that the co-operative credit union movement, initiated and guided by the department of extension of St. Francis Xavier has now some 45,000 members throughout the Maritime Provinces. These members operate and control 380 Credit Unions with cash assets of one and one-half millions of dollars and last year made loans of over four million dollars. They own and operate successfully 69 co-operative stores, with an annual turnover of three and one-half million dollars, and 35 lobster factories. They have completed two housing projects, and a

hospitalization plan. Back of the whole movement, its inspiration and source of leadership, are 1,400 study clubs with an enrolment of over 14,000. But is it education? St. Francis Xavier thinks it is. And once again it should be noted that while the movement has received inspired direction from Father "Jimmy" Tompkins, Dr. M. M. Coady, and A. B. Macdonald, its genius and its strength lies in the fact that it belongs to the people and derives a large part of its leadership from among the miners, fishermen, and farmers who make up its membership.

The impetus of the Nova Scotia adult educational movement is widespread. It has captured the imagination and fired the purpose of farm leaders and organizations in every province in Canada. It has reached the Pacific coast, where the Department of Extension of University of British Columbia is carrying on similar work among the fishermen of that country. It has been largely responsible for the growth of the credit union and consumers co-operative movement in larger cities among shop workers, civic employees, civil servants, and has influenced the thinking of the new and powerful Canadian Federation of Agriculture.

There are many other instances of an awakening on the part of Canadian universities in this kind of practical education. There are McGill University's exciting programme of community education in the Eastern Townships, Queen's expanding services, the recent extension of the University of Toronto's already large and well-established night-class schedule to successful experimental work through the Community Life Training Institute at Barrie, Ontario, and its support of the Folk School movement in Ontario. In fact, all of the Canadian universities from coast to coast are finding new approaches, each in its own way, to this ever-increasing demand for the release of the universities' riches of thought and discovery to the common people. They are finding it through

their own extension departments primarily, but also in co-operation with innumerable voluntary organizations such as Women's Institutes, Agricultural Societies, and perhaps more important than most, through effective administration of certain sections of the Dominion Government's excellent Youth Training projects.

Broadly speaking, the Canadian Association for Adult Education, which is the clearing house for all of these activities, depends for its existence upon the co-operation and support of the universities of Canada and the Provincial Departments of Education. It was representatives of Canadian universities, provincial Departments of Education and certain voluntary organizations who presided at its birth in 1936. They are all affiliated to the Association and all give it their sympathy and support. But more and more the adult education movement in Canada is moving out from officialdom and becoming the possession of the people themselves. This is as it should be. At our annual meeting in Winnipeg, May 28-31, over 300 delegates were registered, the large majority of whom represented unofficial organizations, in the sense that they were not government supported or endowed in any way. They were the people who are doing the job, mostly in rural communities. It was significant that of the delegates at the Winnipeg conference, there were over 100 French-Canadians, twelve of whom came all the way from Quebec. As Dr. B. O. Filteau, of the Department of Education in Quebec, stated afterwards, "It is possible that we have discovered here a unique meeting-ground for the two races and this adult education movement play an important part in solving the problems of national understanding and unity."

Figures can mean anything, but evidence of the growth of interest in adult education in Canada is indicated by the fact that last winter, in radio listening groups, in study clubs, in community forums, there were, so far as we have been able

to estimate, over 175,000 people at work. Surely there is hope here for an enlightened democracy. Perhaps it is the only hope. In his closing address at the annual meeting of the Canadian Association for Adult Education in Winnipeg last May, John Grierson, National Film Commissioner, expressed the faith of all adult educators when he said:

“Education will come out of the school-room and the library, the literary circle, and the undergraduate conference. . . . It will go into the factory and the field, into the co-operatives of production and distribution. It will express itself not as thought or debate but as the positive action within the community of organized youth groups, women’s groups and men’s groups. One-half of education, the stronger half, will lie in the organization of active citizenship; for there can be no concept of Planning without the concept of Participation.

## THE YOUNG CHURCHILL

BY W. E. C. HARRISON

**E**ARLY or late, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill is exhilarating company. In this later phase of his career, when the peoples of the world listen to his words as the measure of their own abounding determination to be free, his eloquent and courageous presence has entered our homes, warmed our hearts, and stands before us as the admired symbol of our embattlement. In the hour of peril we have come to know him well, better, perhaps, than any other statesman who has given us leadership in peace or war. Few have been better able to speak to us in the authentic voice of our common endeavour, or with greater power in the idiom of our common English tongue. But it was never given to any other statesman in the past to have the excellencies of his wit and wisdom so vastly multiplied and broadcast amongst the mass of the ordinary sort of citizens, not only by the ingenious artifice of the printing press, but by the radio, that miraculous machine. Mr. Churchill has come to be our familiar friend, the accent of whose personality is part of our life and in whose regiment we propose to fight our way to victory.

But what of his earlier days, of the child who fathered the man, of the subaltern who sired a premier? Not all of us have given ourselves the pleasure of reading the story of his formative years,\* when the ardour and originality of his character were growing towards the greatness of his maturity. He first wrote that exciting narrative when his fame though bright, was not so burnished as it has presently become. Now, after more than a decade, the book is put out in a new edition, with some further account of Mr. Churchill's American forbears, so that the new generation to whom the work is dedicated may know its hero, root and branch.

\**A Roving Commission.* By Winston S. Churchill. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. \$2.50.

These spirited annals will have an especial attraction for youth as the record of a successful passage across the threshold of a great career. They tell how an ardent, talented and industrious young man, confident in his ability to emulate the considerable reputation of his father, was able to overcome the opposition of superior personages and the powerful resistances of a conservative profession in order to follow the double calling of cavalry officer and newspaper correspondent, and in so doing to gain a much wider experience of the operations of war than was normally possible in that peaceful interlude. In five years of uncommonly adventurous soldiering, he had prepared himself, amidst popular acclaim, to face the ordeal of public life. He had proved his mettle, gained some knowledge of men and the world, and cultivated that priceless qualification, a command of language. Mr. Churchill's pages serve also as a memoir of a vanished age. For the British world, when Victoria ruled and Mr. Churchill entered it, hung momentarily suspended in the unlimited spaces of a free-trading universe, where Mars was in eclipse, and the stars in their courses followed the changeless order of British power and prestige. The happy denizens of Empire basked in the assurance of immutability. Yet within the fleeting span of years that separates a man from his youth the hey-day as swiftly dissolved. The stormy season of the twentieth century has blown away our certitudes.

The infant consciousness first became aware of the human broil on the last day of November, eighteen seventy-four, yet Mr. Churchill's first remembered impressions were to be recorded in Ireland, surely not an unpromising beginning for a career in politics. His father, Lord Randolph, went there as secretary to the child's grandfather, the seventh Duke of Marlborough, whom Disraeli appointed as Lord-Lieutenant in 'seventy-six. It was while living at 'The Little Lodge', hard by the Vice-regal, that the menace of Education began to cast

its shadow, and an unwilling Master Winston, through the somewhat ineffectual medium of a book called *Reading Without Tears*, tasted the sorrows of literacy. So unavid of learning was he, that on the advent of a Governess, who had come to preside over these dreary practices, he took to the shrubs, conduct which threatened to denude the columns of Hansard of some quite important speeches later on. It was probably just as well that the truant was caught, for he was now made to descend into "a dismal bog called 'sums'", and so became qualified as a future Chancellor of the Exchequer. His solace and *confidante* in these misfortunes was his nurse, Mrs. Everest, whose ministrations had a somewhat closer intimacy than was possible in those days with his mother, the former Miss Jennie Jerome of Rochester, New York, whose brilliant beauty the child was wont to worship from afar.

By the age of seven the time seemed ripe for him to go to school. Being not untrue to his nature as a politician, he had come to be referred to as "a troublesome boy". A suitable boarding establishment was found for him. It was very fashionable, very expensive, very preparatory-for-Eton, and apparently very up-to-date. It proved to be governed, however, by a very barbarous penal code administered by a Headmaster whose temperament was a mixture of the High Anglican and the sadistic. Under this régime, on the night of his arrival, the boy received his chilling introduction to the classics: a forlorn and lonely vigil over the first declension, which came to a bewildered and frightening end in the threat of very severe punishment for impertinence. The rigours of the place soon undermined his health until, at last, after a serious illness, he was mercifully removed to an amiable school at Brighton. There for the next three years he was allowed to learn things which interested him: French, History, Poetry, and above all riding and swimming.

At twelve he entered Harrow, being now destined to journey for seven years "through the inhospitable regions of examinations". He soon began to discover the malignant preference of examiners for placing emphasis, not on the subjects he liked, but on such repellent labyrinths as Latin and Mathematics. To these dispensations, so dispiriting at the time, Mr. Churchill owes much of his skill in the use of words. For being inept at Latin and Greek, he was put to the study of mere English in the lowest form of the school, where he was soundly drilled in the mechanics of fitting verbs to nouns according to rule, and thus learned how to make a sentence in the vernacular, an art now almost entirely disappeared. It is a solemn thing to have rendered the young Churchill articulate: the devoted schoolmaster who did it deserves to be saluted as a saviour of the Commonwealth. His name was Mr. Somerville. The Prime Minister pays him a fine tribute. Naturally Mr. Churchill is in favour of all boys learning English: then he would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honour, and Greek as a treat. "But", he says, "the only thing I would whip them for would be for not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that." In due course, however, as a member of the Army Class, he came to address himself to the entrance examinations for Sandhurst. He got in on the third try, having performed the tolerable feat of learning Mathematics in six months, his triumph in assimilating the disagreeable. He then quitted that dreadful subject forever in the year eighteen ninety-four.

Meanwhile, the attractions of politics had not been lost upon the harassed scholar. In fact they seemed already very vivid and important in his eyes. He could not fail to rally to his father's frustrated brilliance, now waning before the onset of his last illness. He even secretly hoped to grow up in time to come to Lord Randolph's aid, and dreamt of the days when Tory Democracy would triumph over the 'Old Gang' Con-

servatives on the one hand, and the Radicals on the other. He was now enjoying the opportunity of meeting at his father's house many of the most distinguished men of the day, Balfour, Chamberlain, Rosebery, Asquith, Morley, and catching glimpses of the fell and mighty opposites ranged against one another in the conflicts of party. He was "an absorbed spectator" of Mr. Gladstone's last great parliamentary battle, and having managed to squeeze into the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, heard the majestic roll of his sentences as the Grand Old Man, looking "like a great white eagle at once fierce and splendid", wound up the second reading of the Home Rule Bill.

At Sandhurst, he had only been able to qualify for a cavalry cadetship, for which competition was less keen as life on horseback was more expensive. Yet in the long run this proved to be an advantage. He did better at the Royal Military College and, in the conviction that there was relevance in what they taught him, passed out with honours eighth in his batch of a hundred and fifty. So he emerged into the world to ride through the years from eighteen ninety-five to nineteen hundred, that bright, varied, strenuous quinquennium that is the stuff of his story. "When I look back upon them", he writes, "I cannot but return my sincere thanks to the high gods for the gift of existence. All the days were good and each day better than the other. Ups and downs, risks and journeys, but always the sense of motion, the illusion of hope." The vivid memory of them excites him to fling a challenge to the young men all over the world, urging them to the adventures and the endeavour, the inheritance, the responsibilities, the tasks, the assaults. "The earth is yours and the fullness thereof."

As for the young Churchill, he sought out adventure for himself, and to spice the "gay and lordly life" that now opened before him, he got up an enterprise for his first leave that took

him to the only theatre of war in a tranquil, almost unbelligerent world. The tedious guerilla between the Spaniards and the Cuban rebels scarcely provided much of a spectacle, yet there were risks taken, and at least the British subaltern was able to return to the 4th Hussars with the rare *kudos* in those pacific days of having "been under fire".

At home in England, his next temerity was to take a train to a dinner party full of personages of note and seniority, the whole emblazoned and embellished by the presence of the Prince of Wales. The 2nd lieutenant kept His Royal Highness waiting for eighteen minutes and was duly admitted to the frightful discomfiture of royal severity.

The scene then changed to India, where on landing at Bombay he contracted the sad liability of a dislocated shoulder. This serious disablement did not, however, prevent his playing polo very successfully, for he was to be a member of the team which won a spectacular victory when, for the first time, a cavalry regiment from Southern India carried off the cup in the Inter-Regimental Tournament. But for Churchill it was not all sport and duty. In the winter of 1896, when he had almost completed his twenty-second year, the desire for learning came upon him. He began to read. His choice lay with History, Philosophy and Economics, and so "all through the long glistening middle hours of the Indian day", the soldier devoured Gibbon and Macaulay, the Republic of Plato, the Politics of Aristotle, Schopenhauer on Pessimism, Malthus on Population, Darwin's Origin of Species, and other such classics. At this point, in the avidity of his self-education, he longed for guidance. "I now began to envy those young cubs at the university who had fine scholars to tell them what was what; professors who had devoted their lives to mastering and focusing ideas in every branch of learning; who were eager to distribute the treasures they had gathered before they were overtaken by the night."

While the knotty problems raised by his untutored thought were as yet unresolved by the individual processes of his own fine intellect, he had another taste of war. He got his friend, Sir Bindon Blood, to take him up as a correspondent with the Field Force sent to quell the revolt of the Pathan tribesmen on the frontier. High among those breathless rocks the thin mountain air was stung with bullets singing past their human targets. It was a difficult campaign, fought out in savage country. There were some anxious moments in the Mamund Valley, when his party was cut off and the tribesmen began to close in upon them for the kill. Some of his companions were hit; a fellow-officer got a bullet in the eye; shots flew perilously close; but, as it were by some providential reservation, he escaped all harm. He came down again from those desperate highlands with a major achievement to his credit. "I acquired an entirely new faculty. Until then I had never been able to drink whisky." He proceeded to cap this piece of good fortune by writing the standard history of the expedition, a work that won him much gratifying acknowledgment of his promise as an author. It even brought him a letter from the Prince of Wales, who evinced a gracious interest in his prospects. His Royal Highness had astutely surmised that the young officer's thoughts were turning to a career in politics and letters. Moreover, *The Malakand Field Force* was a financial success, earning for him in a few months as much as he was paid in two years as a subaltern. His despatches to the *Pioneer* newspaper and to the *Daily Telegraph* had also been well received. Having thus contracted the habit of writing, he forthwith produced a novel. Under the title of *Savrola*, it yielded its creator in all over several years some seven hundred pounds for about two months' work. Thus encouraged, he began to think of leaving the Army and launching out independently on his own.

He had not yet done with fighting, however. The formidable Afridi tribes had risen. A considerable expedition was to march against their fastness of Tirah Maidān. The Maidān was set in a remote, inaccessible region of tremendous mountains. The enemy lay where no white troops had ever penetrated. The operations were considered the most serious to be undertaken since the Afghan War. Mr. Churchill wished very much to go. He made strenuous efforts to be included. They failed. He returned unwillingly to routine duty at Bangalore. As things turned out, he was really much better employed among the blank cartridges in lovely Mysore that autumn with his regiment, than in the desolate Bara Valley with the Tirah Force which only extricated itself with much harassment and cost in men and animals. But he still persisted. There would be another expedition in the spring. He redoubled his efforts. By dint of rushing across India at the risk of overstaying his leave, he managed to get himself attached to the staff of Sir William Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief. It was all for nothing. The Afridis were pacified by negotiation. Lockhart's army never marched.

Disappointment in one part of the world did not deter him from looking for active service in another part. Even while the Tirah Force melted away, the first phase of a great new operation began against the Dervishes, whose dark tyranny, still overshadowing Egypt, was now to be brought to an end by Lord Salisbury's government. Sir Herbert Kitchener, in command of twenty thousand men, defeated the army of Mahmoud, the Khalifa's lieutenant, in a big battle. It remained to seek a final decision before the Dervish capital, two hundred miles to the south by the valley of the Nile, against the full strength of the Dervish power.

It was not customary, however, for subalterns to be articulate, nor quite so ubiquitously warlike. Young Churchill's agility with pen and pistol aroused unfavourable comment.

Ill-disposed people had begun to refer to him as a medal-hunter and a careerist. He knew too many Generals, received too many favours, was away from his regiment too much. It was unusual that a soldier in the field should write for the papers; it was improper that he should raise his pen in praise or blame of superior officers. Such sentiments, to his dismay, coloured the attitude of Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. But if the Commander-in-Chief was determined not to take him, the subaltern was determined to go. Urgently he began to press his case. As always his mother was a valuable ally. A famous London hostess, she knew almost everybody. She worked her hardest. "In my interest she left no wire unpulled, no stone unturned, no cutlet uncooked." No avail: the Sirdar refused to budge. Even a persuasive telegram from Salisbury himself left Churchill still unchosen. But he went all the same. How he managed it is part of the story. So are his accounts of the Soudan campaign, the battle of Omdurman, the sensations of riding in the famous charge of the 21st Lancers, and of the peculiar circumstances in which he was partially flayed alive.

The climax of his professional soldiering had almost been attained. There was one thing yet to be done: to return to India and win the Polo Tournament. He would then send in his papers, leave the Army, write his new book on the Soudan campaign, continue his journalism and enter Parliament. This was the plan for eighteen ninety-nine. He had even a thought of going to Oxford, but here formalism and examinations barred his way, more adamantine than Sirdars. "I could not contemplate toiling at Greek irregular verbs after having commanded British regular troops." So Oxford lost him, and he left to keep that last engagement in India.

His enquiries about a political candidature at the Central Offices of the Conservative Party had been somewhat damping. The Party would certainly find him a seat and the Man-

ager could even hope to see him in Parliament at an early date. About how much could he hope to give to the constituency? To an impecunious lieutenant of horse here were more Greek verbs. Still, if the prospect financially was unpromising (they would, of course, see what they could do), the Party would be happy if he would speak for them. He was deeply agitated. He accepted. He learnt his speech by heart. He let it off. It was a success. The future was assured.

On his return to England, a vacancy occurred at Oldham, and he was invited to contest the bye-election. He now entered into his long experience of the hustings, and gave battle, as he has done since on many subsequent occasions. But he was not yet so expert at politics as at polo: the voters of Lancashire failed to be convinced. He would have to fight again. The unsuccessful candidate sought consolation in the pleasures of proof-reading. From a mere chronicle of the Omdurman campaign, his book had grown into a substantial treatise on the Soudan. It appeared in two volumes as *The River War*, and since he had been free to speak his mind without let of military discipline, he had written what he thought of Kitchener for his lapse in carrying off the Mahdi's head in a kerosene-can as a trophy. The Tories had already committed themselves to defending the General's conduct in the House of Commons. Mr. Churchill was never very amenable to the prejudice of Party.

Then the Boer War broke out and he was off campaigning again, this time as principal War Correspondent of the *Morning Post* at £250 a month, plus expenses, with complete freedom of movement, and a guaranteed minimum of four months' employment. He was twenty-four. In ten months he earned £2,500; his newspaper also did very handsomely out of the amazing exploits of its brave, mercurial employee. The South African narration is an exciting one. The tortuous course of British military ineptitude is boldly

sketched. Across the troubled chart the pointer moves from one danger-spot to another, through a cluster of casualty-strewn actions, battles and engagements spread across the wide and hostile veldt. Riding and writing, shooting and being shot at, such is the formula for this strenuous phase of Mr. Churchill's early life. No fictioneer could excel such a tale of personal fortune: the tight corners, the sudden turns, the ingenuities, the coincidence, the luck through which he survived for so eminent and so precious a future. The episodes are astonishing: the armoured-train wreck, the capture, the escape, the lonely hazards of the trek to freedom. The reader will find it odd to think of the Prime Minister of Great Britain in those strange and uncomfortable circumstances. Think of the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, Privy Councillor, Companion of Honour, now in his valiance, and then of the hunted fugitive who spent three days and nights alone in the bowels of a disused coal-mine with some blankets, a few candles, some cold roast chicken and a bottle of whisky! On his return to the army as a lieutenant in the South African Light Horse, he took part in the hard fighting that led to the relief of Ladysmith and the capture of Johannesburg, through which city he went riding on a bicycle before the Boers had done evacuating it. The end of the saga found him with his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough, cantering into Pretoria, where the Boers had held him in mew, to release his former fellow-prisoners. I owe to Mr. Churchill the simile of an *Adelphi* melodrama to describe this perfect climax to a zestful Winstonian fantasia of real-life thrills!

While the war yet raged that was to end in British victory and South African independence, the young officer had already proclaimed the future statesman. In a despatch to the *Morning Post* he urged a generous and forgiving policy to the Natal Boers, who had been left exposed by the withdrawal of their friends, the invaders. This, of course, got him

into more trouble with the Tories. "Here I must confess", he says, "that all my life I have found myself in disagreement alternately with both the historic English parties. I have always urged fighting wars and other contentions with might and main till overwhelming victory, and then offering the hand of friendship to the vanquished." In later years, he received an invitation to write an inscription for a memorial in France. He wrote: "In war, Resolution. In defeat, Defiance. In victory, Magnanimity. In peace, Goodwill." His wisdom was rejected.

Arrived home in England, he was received with acclamation and sailed into Parliament as member for Oldham on the crest of the Khaki Election. The popular hero now sharpened his weapons for the deadly fray of politics in the twentieth century. It remained to consolidate his position financially. The proceeds from *The River War*, the two volumes of his correspondence from South Africa, together with his salary from the *Morning Post*, left him with a capital sum of over £4,000. He now went forth on a whirlwind lecture tour, and after covering little more than half of Great Britain, crossed the Atlantic, talked to American audiences (whom he found rather tolerant and quiet), and addressed enthusiastic throngs in Canada. He spoke almost every night, except Sundays, for more than five months. He had increased his reserve to nearly £10,000. His mind was now free. He was twenty-six.

He took his seat in the House of Commons with proper humility. "It was an honour to take part in the deliberations of this famous assembly which for centuries had guided England through numberless perils on the path of empire." He had learned his maiden speech by heart. He braced himself for that virgin recitation as for a solemn ordeal. He made it. He survived. The curious may read it in Hansard. His feet were set upon the path that through many vicissitudes was to lead him along the years to the fateful nineteen forties.

It may be that some few of those who have had to start from scratch, from the back-line of simple anonymity, reading this history of brilliant advancement, may be tempted to envy the young Churchill the many advantages of his setting out, the resplendent name of a famous father, a familiar intimacy with the rulers of the land, troops of friends, the opening of doors. Yet on reflection, they will surely conclude that he was also endowed with certain rare qualities of mind and character, without which no man, by whatsoever benefit of ancestry, will win the votes of a shrewd electorate, earn the regard of a critical House of Commons, maintain the affection of a great nation for over forty years, and, in its time of mortal peril, quicken the hopes of a stricken world.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS  
THE NEUTRALITY ACT  
BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE repeal by the United States Congress of the substantive portion of the Neutrality Law marks the end of an era in which American foreign policy has been consistently and extensively cramped by the most illogical and dangerous doctrine that ever held sway in the affairs of a great and intelligent nation. Had that doctrine been carried out to its extreme conclusion it would have led to the utter destruction of the American Republic; fortunately the fundamental common sense of some of the leading statesmen of the country, and the entrenched positions occupied by the professions devoted to defence, prevented that extreme conclusion from being reached. Had there ever been any danger of its being reached, the holders of the doctrine would probably themselves have become frightened and abandoned their belief in it.

The doctrine in question is a combination of Pacifism and Isolationism. Its Pacifism does not exclude the maintenance of a powerful navy; the holders of the doctrine do not vote against the navy estimates, and do not preach that the navy, any more than the municipal police, should be disarmed and disbanded. So long as the American pacifist can convince himself that the maintenance of a strong navy is not inconsistent with his pacifism, and so long as he can further convince himself that no possible danger to the United States can arise from outside the Western Hemisphere, he has nothing to worry about; for no other power in the Western Hemisphere is in the least likely to challenge the American navy by demanding anything to which the United States would seriously object. If American Pacifism went to the extent of demanding American disarmament — which is the only logical conclusion for honest Pacifism, since if it is wrong to make war, it must

equally be wrong to threaten to make war—matters would be different, for that might involve the United States having to submit to dictation by Mexico or Peru or even Canada if those countries maintained their armaments. But American Pacifism does not go to that extent, and the United States being quite capable of enforcing its will in the Western Hemisphere with its existing preparations, the Pacifist has merely to believe that the existing American armaments are justifiable, and his position is perfectly comfortable.

It is perfectly comfortable, that is to say, so long as he can convince himself that there is no danger to his country from outside the Western Hemisphere. But that limitation is vital. The United States can maintain, and does maintain, an armament sufficient to enable it to resist any serious challenge by any Western Hemisphere Power. But it does not maintain, and could not without much difficulty maintain, a sufficient armament to make it similarly immune to challenge by any European or Asiatic Power. The American Pacifist, therefore, is compelled for his own comfort to maintain that it is impossible for the United States to be challenged by any nation outside of the Western Hemisphere, because of the geographical isolation of that hemisphere. The supremacy, and therefore the security, of the United States as against any Western Hemisphere country can be maintained by the existing American armament with practically no risk of that armament having to be used in warfare. But if the United States is exposed to attack by a nation outside of the Western Hemisphere, even its security cannot be regarded as certain without the test of actual fighting. American Pacifism — of the incomplete kind which falls short of disarmament and the *absolute* renunciation of war — has had to go hand in hand in the United States with Isolationism, the doctrine that the United States is in no conceivable danger of attack by any nation outside of the Western Hemisphere.

Reliance on the conviction that no nation outside of the Western Hemisphere would ever attack the United States has always been qualified by the uneasy fear that the United States might be led by circumstances, or by the wiles of some European belligerent, into attacking a nation in the other hemisphere. The Neutrality Law was nothing more nor less than an attempt to plug up this hole in the defence with which geography was supposed to have surrounded the United States, by forbidding the government of that country to go to war upon certain grounds which were practically the only conceivable grounds upon which it could want to go to war except the compelling ground of an attack made upon United States territory by another nation. The Neutrality Law, as has been well pointed out by Mr. Lippmann, incorporated into the American legal system a view of the rights of belligerents on the high seas which is in flat contradiction to all previous American policy and is the invention and sole property of Germany. It was enacted in order to make sure that the United States Government should not go to war with Germany because of any incident arising out of the difference between the traditional American view of freedom of the seas and the new German view. It in effect prohibited the United States Government from taking up the case of an American vessel, or an American individual, who might be the victim of an attack which would be utterly illegitimate in view of all past American opinion and of the opinion of most of the civilized world to-day, but would be legitimate in the view of the new German doctrine. Animated by the faith that this self-denying ordinance would forever enable them to avoid getting into a war with Germany, the American people have for two years tolerated with only verbal protests (until recent months) a series of incidents which in any earlier period of their history would have provoked them to vigorous reprisals.

The repeal of this astonishing measure does not signify the abandonment of all hope of keeping the United States out of war with Germany. Rather it signifies the rise of an entirely new idea, that the only hope of keeping the United States out of war with Germany consists in compassing the defeat of Germany before the United States has to go to war. That Germany must be defeated, with or without the belligerent co-operation of the United States, is now a fundamental assumption of the thinking of the great majority of Americans. It has become so as a result of the revelations of German plotting in various parts of the Western Hemisphere, revelations which have been enforced by examples of the frightful consequences which have followed the success of such plotting in countries more immediately exposed to German military might.

There is still a widespread, and entirely legitimate, desire among Americans that the Germans should be defeated without the necessity of American military intervention; and there may still be a possibility that that may actually be the case. If that possibility is to be realized, however, it is imperative that the maximum of economic help from the United States, and of economic and belligerent help from the Dominions, should reach Great Britain immediately; and the shortage of shipping makes that impossible without the use of American bottoms carrying goods all the way to British ports, and of American naval vessels participating in the guarding of the seaways. The Congressmen who voted to arm American merchant ships and send them through the German submarine zones all the way to ports hostile to Germany were actually doing more to give their country a *chance* of escaping actual belligerency than those who voted against arming them; for it is now obvious to the great majority of Americans that if the British and Russians do not succeed in defeating the Germans within a reasonable length of time the United States will inevitably have to take a belligerent position.

If this attitude on the part of the Americans should appear to some Canadians to be slightly inglorious, implying as it does a desire to have Germany defeated but to have her defeated by somebody else, I can only suggest that it does not differ except in degree from our own long-maintained attitude in this Dominion. Both countries are seeking to cash in on their geographical remoteness from the scenes where the conflict is likely to be finally determined. Canada is cashing in only to the extent of restricting her war effort to something considerably short of what is necessary in Great Britain, which is actually in the front line. The United States is restricting its war effort even further, avoiding technical belligerency and confining itself to naval participation on an "undeclared" basis and to immediate large-scale economic aid, accompanied however by tremendous and costly preparations for actual belligerency if it should become necessary.

We in Canada cannot afford to be censorious about the American attitude. It is too similar to our own, and is indeed largely the result of conditions precisely similar to our own. Pacifist Isolationism was almost as rampant three years ago in Canada as in the United States, and fully as illogical. We convinced ourselves—and quite a large proportion of us are still convinced—that we have nothing to fear from any power outside of the Western Hemisphere, and that within the Western Hemisphere the Americans, for their own good reasons, will protect us from any undue aggression from Chile or Patagonia. We realized perhaps a little better than the Americans that whatever security we and they do actually enjoy in this hemisphere is due to the combined strength of the American and British navies, and of the naval bases which those two nations maintain at strategic points all over the world. We thoroughly approved of the Americans and the British taxing themselves for the maintenance of these navies and naval bases, and behind the protecting lines of other peo-

ples' battleships we were quite ready to pare our own defence estimates to the bone. We were just as afraid as the Americans of being lured into some war which would really be none of our business, by the insidious wiles of British politicians, with Canadian high finance and high society acting as their agents in the Dominion. We read the *Christian Century*, and many of us believed that it was the authentic voice of the Twentieth Century. That we awoke from these dreams somewhat earlier than the Americans is to our credit; that we awoke no earlier than we did is not. Our constitutional system is more elastic and responsive than that of the Americans, and it is natural that we should have been influenced more directly and more promptly by the swift movement of events and of opinion in Great Britain. But at the time of writing we in Canada still have a bit of repealing to do ourselves.

## THE SEASON'S BOOKS

### NATIONAL POLICIES AND SEA POWER

FORESTS AND SEA POWER: The Timber Problem of the Royal Navy, 1652-1862. By Robert G. Albion. Harvard Economic Studies, XXIX. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1926. Pp. xv+485. \$5.00.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE IRONCLAD WARSHIP. By James Phinney Baxter, 3rd. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1933. Pp. x+398. \$5.00.

THE ANATOMY OF BRITISH SEA POWER: A History of British Naval Policy in the Pre-Dreadnought Era, 1880-1905. By Arthur J. Marder. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1940 (The Ryerson Press, Toronto). Pp. xix+595. \$5.00

BRITISH STRATEGY: MILITARY AND ECONOMIC. A Historical Review and its Contemporary Lessons. By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1941. Pp. viii+157. \$1.10.

THE AMERICAN MARITIME INDUSTRIES AND PUBLIC POLICY, 1789-1914: An Economic History. By John G. B. Hutchins. Harvard Economic Studies LXXI. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$5.00.

The Harvard Press are to be commended on drawing attention once more to Dr. Albion's *Forests and Sea Power*. The past fifteen years have established it as the definitive study of the subject.

From well-nigh the dawn of civilization, timber has been the vital silent factor in the maritime history of Europe, and for two centuries, at least, British statesmen were haunted by the fear that the Navy might run short of masts and naval stores. As a consequence of declining home supply, it became, therefore, a main object of English policy from the days of the Tudors to keep open the channel to the forests of the Baltic, while at the same time depriving her enemies of a similar advantage. Local wars in the Baltic soon made it clear, however, that it was unsafe to rely completely upon foreign countries, and the result was the exploitation of the North American colonies. The Broad Arrow policy, whereby New England trees were compulsorily marked for the King's ships, helped to save the Royal Navy for a time, but after the outbreak of Revolution, the loss of the mast supply seriously affected naval operations between 1778 and 1782 and was one important factor, usually overlooked by historians, in the British defeat. Baltic forests at their best, says Mr. Albion, could not produce adequate substitutes for the largest New England pines on which the Navy had depended since the days of Oliver

Cromwell. Not until the Crimean war demonstrated the weakness of the wooden ship against explosive shells and paved the way for the ironclad, did timber troubles cease. Even then, there were many politicians and official experts who maintained that the day of the wooden ship was not over, and there is more than a touch of irony in the Administration's purchase of "the largest single stock of ship's timber on record" some few months before the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* smashed the wooden sloop *Cumberland* at Hampton Roads. In that memorable year, 1861, the British "suspended the building of large wooden ships except for the purpose of casing them with iron", and jumped the Admiralty's original ironclad programme from four to fifteen.

But it was France which built the first ironclad, the *Gloire*. As an artillerist, Napoleon III understood the problem raised by the invention of Paixhans' shell gun, and he backed Dupuy de Lôme in his experiments with the first seagoing iron warship and the design of the world's first armoured fleet. Between 1854 and 1860, Napoleon III had inaugurated a world revolution in naval architecture. Indeed, the news that the French had actually begun in 1860 their programme of sixteen sea-going and seventeen coast-defence ironclads caused something of a panic in Britain. Generations of Englishmen had regarded British command of the sea as something ordained by Nature. From Trafalgar to the ironclad era, Britain's naval supremacy had been based on her unequalled fleet of wooden ships which were likely to be serviceable for forty or fifty years, provided the oak was good. Now, far from maintaining a two-power standard, Britain suddenly discovered that France had actually reached parity, and that in technical skill she was ahead. So began a feverish competition with the French which lasted on this occasion until the war of 1870 and the fall of Napoleon III.

Dr. Baxter's book will remain the standard work on this epoch-making transition from the sailing-ship to the modern multiple-turret man-of-war. It is based on extensive archival research in England, France and the United States, and covers the great revolutions both in naval architecture and in armament. Naval policy has always been an intimate part of foreign policy. Like Professor Albion's book, of which it is properly the sequel, *The Introduction of the Ironclad* has the merit of interpreting technical as well as strategical achievements in the light of the national policies of the time.

The beginnings of tension and that feeling of insecurity among statesmen and peoples in the latter years of the nineteenth century was partially due to these rapid changes in naval construction ushered in by the ironclad. For centuries progress in wood-warship design had been practically stationary; now with the introduction of enduring iron and steel building materials, sudden

revolutions in design might outmode a warship in a decade or less. Guns and armour are the fundamental requirements in a battleship, and as the guns grew bigger and heavier, the armour plate grew thicker and tonnage displacement correspondingly greater. Meanwhile, projectiles and powder improved along with gun design, while improved marine engines and boilers gave added speed. Mr. Marder has written the story of this epoch with skill and enthusiasm. Inevitably the main thread is one again, foreign policy, and he could have found no more dramatic period in English history for the investigation of its implications.

The last so-called placid days of the Victorian era were anything but serene for British statesmen and British admirals. First, the fear of growing Russian naval strength with its threat to the Straits and the Suez reaching a climax in 1893; then the French invasion scare at the end of the Boer war, culminating with successive German navy increases and the challenge of German policy to the international *status quo*. The completion of the first *Dreadnought* in 1906 made it possible, as Admiral Fisher admitted, for Germany to start on nearly even terms with Britain, but Fisher was certain that the all-big-gun battleship was inevitable, and hence it behoved Britain to gain the head-start. In point of fact, says Mr. Marder, the *Dreadnought* "paralysed foreign admiralties for some eighteen months. Until they knew better what the English were doing, they marked time."

*British Strategy, Military and Economic*, by the eminent naval historian admiral, Sir Herbert Richmond, reviews the nine major wars in which Great Britain has engaged since the reign of Elizabeth. The object in so doing is to disengage certain permanent conditions of British strategy, most fundamental of which is of course the eternal problem of Britain's existence. From the days of Henry VII British statesmen had to decide whether to intervene in continental quarrels, in many of which their country had no direct interest, and, if so, whether they should confine themselves to naval action or send an expeditionary force. Even to-day there is no unanimity among scholars or professional strategists as to which school of thought the 'maritime' or the 'continental' is right; but the author has at least performed a useful service in explaining simply and interestingly the existence and nature of the problem.

Admiral Richmond has pointed out more than once in other of his works that merchant vessels became of increasing naval value in modern times as supply ships, special-service ships and armed cruisers. The extension of overseas transportation systems by every industrial nation, Mr. Hutchins explains in *The American Maritime Industries and Public Policy*, made the merchant ship an increasingly important element in the economy of modern war. So long as war is a possibility, shipping policy, he contends, is

likely to be guided by military considerations. (Indeed, any student of navigation policy over the last two centuries must recognize that the factor of defence has repeatedly influenced or altered the channels of international trade.) Looking backward half a century to the rise of American naval power, it seems to Mr. Hutchins that the failure of the American government to develop a larger and more efficient shipping industry was a "short-sighted and, eventually costly" mistake. However, the lesson was learned during the first Great War, and since that time the need of providing a suitable merchant fleet for war purposes has been "probably the dominating consideration determining American policy".

Early in the nineteenth century when the steamboat was first making its appearance, the United States had led the world in ocean-borne commerce; by 1880 Atlantic shipping was chiefly in European hands. The decline of American maritime industries cannot be explained by any single event, and various causes have been assigned by competent economic historians (see for example, David B. Tyler, *Steam Conquers the Atlantic*, New York, 1939), but Mr. Hutchins has provided the first detailed analysis, placing foremost in the list of causes responsible for the decay, not the Civil War, but the rise of lower-cost centres of sailing-ship construction abroad and in Canada, along with the increase in ship-building costs in the United States.

Mr. Hutchins has written a weighty book in terms both of paper and learning. He has not only mastered the intricacies of naval architecture and marine engineering, but he has delved into the mass of Parliamentary Papers for a brief but able discussion of the square-rigged ship industry in Canada. This zeal for technical detail, combined with the author's painstaking effort to examine closely almost every phase of navigation policy, has made the book long and, in some places, loosely knit. The bibliographical appendices suggest once again that the modern economic historian must be possessed not only of patience and imagination, but of great physical stamina. Not all the chapters make easy reading, but they represent solid thinking, and Mr. Hutchins has made a well-documented contribution to economic theory in his interpretation of national policy as affecting the normal pattern of maritime trade.

G. S. G.

#### WAR BOOKS

**THE NINE DAYS WONDER.** By John Masefield. 1941. Pp. 64.

Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. \$1.50.

**THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.** By W. Macneile Dixon. 1941. Pp. 51. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company.

Mr. Masefield's account of the "Operation Dynamo" at Dunkirk (May 26th to June 3rd, 1940), of "the nine days wonder", is a

moving document because of its honest human spirit and the quiet simplicity of the narrative style. It begins with descriptions of the town, the coast, the docks and harbour, and of the region generally (a map would have been useful here), and with a statement of the problem—the lifting of a force of 316,663 British and French troops in the face of constant and well organized enemy attack, within little more than a week. "Knowing some of the difficulties, I should say that the Operation was the greatest thing this nation has ever done." The author then records the almost miraculous progress achieved day by day, amid heartbreaking circumstances, basing his tale not only on official records, but also on relevant logs and first-hand reports. It is definitely known that the R.A.F., against enormous odds, destroyed or shot down during the evacuation 377 Nazi planes, losing only eighty-seven machines of their own. (See especially pages 40 to 42.) He reviews many other gallant deeds of heroic and generous men who thought only of the safety of their fellows. Some of these men he singles out for special mention. Four of his poems—more particularly the first—contribute to the value of the book, and so also do the eight photographs.

*Thoughts for the Times* is the second W. P. Ker Memorial Lecture delivered at the University of Glasgow, 27th November, 1940. It presents an eloquent defence of war when waged against would-be destroyers of the social and moral strength slowly and hardly conserved by our human civilization. The author has some straightforward words to say not only of Nazi criminality, but also of the confusion of mind resulting from modern scepticism and an excess of the critical attitude toward religion. "If the mechanical side of life, if science and scientific views usurp and monopolize our interests, if the intellectual or rationalistic prevail over the simple human elements in our lives, the heart hardens, the spirit droops. Romance, poetry, gladness fade out of existence, and with the drooping of the spirit, the hardening of the heart, all hope of social and political cohesion vanishes utterly away." Professor Dixon is at his best in the peroration addressed to Britain—"that land the summit of whose peril is ever the summit of her glory".

G. H. C.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. By John Douglas Macbeth.  
Macmillan War Pamphlets. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 32. 10 cents.

Milton gave the cold Northern air as a reason why Englishmen speak with their mouths shut. Others have said that this is just another example of aloof reserve. Major Macbeth is getting near the truth when he says that the English 'just don't give a damn'. He has some reason for his statement, having observed them, under *Blitz* conditions in France and England, not giving

the enemy any satisfaction by admitting that they minded. But evidently Canadians can take it too, if we are to judge by this one's letters, most eloquent in what is left unsaid. One gathers that Major Macbeth assisted at Dunkirk, by implication; that he was wounded, by a description of a taxi-drive to the nearest pub. He says: "It's too funny to see the taxi with the people in it . . . legs in plaster casts supported on the driver's shoulder, and crutches sticking out of the windows at all angles, looking for all the world like a loon's nest." He writes the most vivid account of a raid that I have yet seen; the words have a physical impact.

At ten cents a copy, every North American should read these letters, telling so simply and powerfully of the people who are in our front line.

E. H.

### HISTORY

**PORtUGUESE VOYAGES TO AMERICA IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.** By Samuel Eliot Morison. Harvard Historical Monographs XIV. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1940. \$2.00.

**THE ATLANTIC MIGRATION 1607-1860: A History of the Continuing Settlement of the United States.** By Marcus Lee Hansen. Edited with a Foreword by Arthur M. Schlesinger. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1941. \$3.50.

Four centuries ago the whole outlook of western mankind was changed in a decade by the voyages of the great discoverers. For the first time the Atlantic had been permanently bridged, but up to the present day many scholars, especially historians of Portugal and Brazil, have disputed the honours which have fallen to Columbus as the first builder. A mosaic pavement on the Avenida da Liberdade in Lisbon reads:

*João Vaz Corte-Real Descobridor da America 1472.*

In his little book on the *Portuguese Voyages to America* Professor S. E. Morison (who is a sailor as well as an arm-chair historian) has carefully examined and weighed all available evidence on Portuguese oceanic travel before 1501, and he finds no documentary proof of pre-Columbian discovery of western lands. He believes that, apart from the early Vikings, Columbus was the first European to reach this continent, that John Cabot came next, and that the first Portuguese discoveries in the New World were made in 1500 by Cabral in Brazil and Corte-Real at Newfoundland. However, it is well to remember, as the author admits, that the maritime technique which made the first voyages possible was worked out by Portuguese seamen.

Hardly more than two centuries after the Discoveries, there began the great trans-Atlantic migrations from Europe in ships

which differed little from those in which Columbus and his rivals made their voyages. The late Professor Hansen's book is the fascinating story of that westward pilgrimage, first to the Thirteen Colonies and then to the melting-pot of the new Republic, which continued to seethe with newcomers from the European continent until the Congressional Act of 1924 reduced the movement by 1929 to a mild simmer.

"How can we reach the sea?" was the first question asked by the early nineteenth-century emigrant; by the 1840's human freight had supplied the answer. Not slaves but free men became articles of exchange. Immigrants exchanged for tobacco built up Bremen and helped the prosperity of Baltimore, the chief shipping point for Virginia and Maryland tobacco. La Havre, Bremen, Hamburg and finally, Antwerp (after it had completed rail connections with Cologne) became the "sluice gates" through which the tide of hungry emigrants rolled towards America. Between 1850 and 1860, the number of Irish in the United States grew from 962,000 to 1,611,000, of Germans from 584,000 to 1,276,000, of English from 279,000 to 433,500, of French from 54,000 to 110,000. Apart from Spain, only France lagged, for their statesmen were already worrying about the birth-rate. France, according to the author, never recovered from the drain on her manpower during the Napoleonic wars. No reader, as Arthur M. Schlesinger remarks in his introduction, can fail to perceive "the epic character" of this book. It is a triumphant conclusion to four years' research, chiefly in the British Isles, Germany, France and Switzerland. Professor Hansen intended that it should be the first of a trilogy which would take the narrative up to our own day, but death intervened.

G. S. G.

**CONQUER.** By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1941. Pp. 147. \$2.25.

In *Conquer* (not too good a title) Mr. Masefield tells of the short but fierce Nika Rebellion (532) in Byzantium against the authority of the Emperor Justinian and his consort Theodora, who afterward rebuilt their ruined city on a nobler scale. Their earlier story is related in *Basilissa*, reviewed in our winter number, 1940. The feud of the Green and the Blue factions was largely responsible for the outbreak—that, and the Persian War; but subversive groups led respectively by Bessus, Rufinius and Teraunon, revolutionary opportunists, were also involved. The harsh policies of the Chief Magistrate for the Year, John of Cappadocia, lit the fire.

The narrator is one Origen, a trusted and resourceful officer of Justinian. His qualities remind the reader of those of the author, for the plan makes him, of necessity, Mr. Masefield's observant, thoughtful witness, who is himself, in some sense, if not the hero, at any rate the quiet saviour of the situation.

The story is hardly to be regarded as a sequel to *Basilissa*, but rather as a desirable companion-piece, a unit in itself. Its characterizations are tersely effective, its descriptive work vivid, and its plot stern and strong.

G. H. C.

### FICTION

**ONE RED ROSE FOREVER.** By Mildred Jordan. Toronto: Ryerson. Pp. 550. \$3.00.

**PHENIX IN EAST HADLEY.** By Maurice B. Cramer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. Pp. 307. \$2.50.

**BAROMETER RISING.** By Hugh MacLennan. Toronto: Collins. Pp. 326. \$2.50.

This group consists of three first novels, and tempts one to deal with them by comparison, were that not a traditionally "odious" proceeding. It may be supposed to be a matter of taste, whether one likes a novel in which detail is severely dealt with, in the interests of the main narrative and of the intention of the author, taken as a whole, or a novel in which the main effects are made by elaborate detail repeated in various forms. In any case it is safe to say that considerable genius is needed to vitalize large masses of detail, the genius of a Proust, a Thomas Mann, or a Dickens. In lesser hands the attempt to reconstruct a bygone or a purely imaginary scene by means of much detail may resemble the address of an orator who tries in one effort to tell you all he knows. (The orator, one sometimes suspects, succeeds in doing so.) All this is à propos of *One Red Rose Forever*, in which the amount of detail rather runs away with the general effect. The story underlying the book, that of Baron Stiegel, a maker of wonderful glass at his works near Philadelphia, who gave a chapel to the community and asked, in return, "one red rose forever in June", is romantic as well as historical. It is probably not too well known nor well documented, and gives scope for the vivid imagination of the author, who in ordinary life is Mrs. J. L. Bausher. With sympathetic understanding and excellent power of visualization she has recreated the life of Stiegel, his loves, his business, and his circle, in a book which has received some very appreciative reviews.

*Phenix at East Hadley* is the first novel, though not the first work, of a professor of English Literature in the University of Tampa, Florida. It is a really beautiful work of art, the scene of all the action being a New England village, inhabited by old-fashioned people. But they are not the stereotyped amusing rustics or hard "down Easterners" of ordinary fictional types. Rather do they show, in all its mixture of good and bad, the common character of humanity in a truly American form. The main personage, Mrs. Pickering, is of an old New England family of some gentility,

but economically rather decayed. She is a woman whose every instinct is sound, who is full of poetic feeling and unselfishness, but who has had her share of trouble of various sorts, some of which a more practical person would have avoided. The three Chinese phœnixes, which she houses on behalf of a missionary friend, are to her the symbols of her strongly held religious belief in the actual physical resurrection of the body. One is glad, at the end of the book, to leave this gentle lady still in possession of her hope and faith, and some degree of earthly achievement. A long course of debunking and rather debasing novels in the past fifteen years or so, has made us ready for work in which, while the darker side of life and character is not forcibly excluded as in the sillier work of last century, there still remain the basal beliefs and mental attitudes which make us human.

*Barometer Rising*, by a Nova Scotian now teaching in Lower Canada College, is also a well written and well balanced book. It may be taken as a sign of Canada's real national existence, for it could have been written by no other than a Canadian. Halifax during the last war is the scene of the action, which contains mystery, suspense and drama. The main characters, Penelope Wain, Neil Macrae, and Angus Murray, are well conceived and life-like. Short, able descriptions, the product of keen observation, make us conscious of old Halifax in war time, (not so very different in 1917 and in 1941). The rising horror of the explosion, which we know is coming, gives the book a tension, which is quietly and competently heightened to the full.

Neil Macrae, who has had a "raw deal" and is in a grim mood, thinks his own thoughts about the war, and all wars in which Canada has participated at Britain's side, but he finally wins through to the vision of a Canada strong and indispensable in a new order uniting England and America. This book will be welcome not only as a classic of the Halifax explosion, but for its intrinsic neatness, competence and Canadianness.

E. H. W.

#### NEW CANADIAN VERSE

**WHAT FAR KINGDOM.** By Arthur S. Bourinot. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1941. Pp. 66. \$1.50.

**EBB TIDE.** By Doris Ferne. **THE SINGING GIPSY.** By Mollie Morant. **THE ARTISAN.** By Sara Carsley. **OUT OF THE DUST.** By Mary Matheson. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1941. Pp. 8. Fifty cents each.

*Marguerite de Roberval* is the most ambitious poem in Mr. Bourinot's new volume. It is cast in the form of a letter from André Thevet, geographer, to Pierre Ronsard, court poet, and parts of it, especially the conclusion, are faintly reminiscent of Browning's *Epistle, Containing the Strange Medical Experience*

*of Karshish.* Mr. Bourinot's story moves too slowly for good narrative, a form in which the author's qualities do not usually appear to advantage. Idiomatically, it seems alien to the imagined writer and reader, and its prosody not infrequently goes awry; yet its sympathy evokes something of imaginative appeal from the strange fate suffered by the heroine upon the Isle of Demons. Vachel Lindsay's influence appears in *There Was a Pair for You* and *Young Abe Lincoln*. *Only Silence, Sleeping New in Coventry* and *The Indian* seem the best compacted contributions,—those most truly felt and imagined.

Two of the four authors of the Ryerson chap-books — Miss Ferne and Mrs. Malone—came to Canada from England and live in British Columbia; Mrs. Carsley came from Northern Ireland and lives in Calgary; and Mrs. Matheson, a native Canadian, is also of the West. Miss Ferne's title-poem, *Ebb-Tide*, begins impressively and carries itself for fifteen lines, but the latter portion is less effective; *Take-Off*, although of a very different *genre*, is truer to the author's intention. Mrs. Morant's *Singing Gipsy, Request*, and *Iron Letters* are well turned and have the charm of a quiet simplicity. In Mrs. Carsley's *Artisan* the notes are often forced, especially in *Conjuring Trick*, but *Portrait of a Very Old Man* has a touch of its own. Mrs. Matheson presents fifteen sonnets. Her work, though earnest and sincere, has not as yet reached a sufficiently high level in phrasing or prosody to earn poetic distinction.

G. H. C.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

DANIEL M. GORDON: HIS LIFE. By Wilhelmina Gordon. Toronto: Ryerson; 1941. Pp. xvii+313. \$3.50.

Of making many books on the lives of politicians, warriors and amassers of prodigious fortunes there is no end; and much study thereof is a weariness of the flesh. To wearied students of biographies of men in cabinets, camps and counting houses, we warmly recommend this refreshing, illuminating Life of Daniel M. Gordon, a scholar, a beloved minister of the Gospel, one of the makers of Queen's University and a great Canadian. Not indeed that he was uninterested in politics, the army or the place of finance in modern society; far from it. He had a matured, lofty conception of politics and government; in his student days at Glasgow he rose to be President of the Conservative Club, and the account of his successful campaign to elect a Conservative as University Rector in the teeth of the formidable Liberal opposition in Mr. Gladstone makes good reading; later he might be a companion to Sir Charles Tupper awaiting the results of the elections, but in his official capacity he eschewed party politics and temperamentally was always free from partisanship. Dr. Gordon had

actual military experience of campaigning when he served as Army Chaplain in the Riel Rebellion; the sidelights are valuable on the course of operations and the economic and social issues involved in a significant movement now fast passing into the oblivion of the past; the tragedy of the World War was softened for him by pride in the distinguished record on service of his son, also an Army Chaplain. As for finance, Dr. Gordon sought little for himself or his family, and indeed made a voluntary "cut" in his own salary whilst making generous contributions. But where the finances of Queen's University were concerned, he would fight tooth and nail at Church Assemblies, address meetings in inconvenient out-of-the-way places, and importune friends and sympathizers (his warm friendship with Dr. Douglas alone helped to bring possibly \$900,000 into the University coffers).

Birth in the Maritimes seems to be an open sesame to high office in Church and State. To us Gentiles not born of Canada's "Chosen People", the reasons for this innate capacity for leadership, for winning friends and influencing people, are constantly under review. The formative effects of environment and heredity are illustrated in such discussions by this concrete example of Daniel Miner Gordon—the sturdy adventurous Highland stock, rooted in vitalizing struggles with soil and sea, the atmosphere of the Manse, the passionate longing for education, the respect for Old World classical culture, the belief in the rosy future of the nation of Canada.

To many readers of this biography the student's pilgrimage through the Glasgow days and the years of early pastorate in the Maritimes and at Ottawa will have their appeal; we were most interested in Dr. Gordon's arduous work as a pioneer minister in Winnipeg in the roaring days when the Prairies and the West was only just being opened up. To Queen's University folk, the book is a veritable mine of information on the important period of Dr. Gordon's Principalship in the days following the death of Grant with difficulties turning on the issue of the separation of the University from the Church. It took consummate statesmanship to pilot Queen's safely through those stormy days—in which the political and legal aid of his son-in-law, Mr. W. F. Nickle, should not be overlooked. The problems of the World War had then to be faced and solved. When Dr. Gordon retired in 1917 he left Queen's a great well-integrated university. The Principal's progress is meticulously traced, although some of the details of constitutional negotiations may be caviar to the general. Miss Wilhelmina Gordon has composed this work of filial and alumnae piety in a translucent, flowing style with intimate character-drawing. Perhaps she might have omitted three or four sentences of criticism of contemporaries (pp. 260, 277). The book is excellently printed with fine photographs. Any one privileged to know

Dr. Gordon will endorse Dr. McNeill's foreword tribute that "he belonged to the noble fellowship of 'the disciplined, the dedicated, the pure in heart and the gentle in spirit'."

A. E. P.

**ROGER FRY.** By Virginia Woolf. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 307. \$3.50.

Roger Fry was more than a most eminent art critic, more than a distinguished painter: he was also an inventor. With ruthless self-discipline, heritage perhaps of his Quaker roots, he forced himself to discover why, when looking at a picture, he liked or disliked it. By exhaustive note-taking he was able to record the sensations felt in front of that picture. Not once only, but time and again, and lest he should fall into the error of taking a reaction for granted, he would go year after year and by an effort of will, see the picture all over again as though for the first time. This self-education, which took him all over Europe, seeing, comparing, deducing, finding out, might be summed up in his own words, (though I would here substitute 'appreciate' for 'imitate') "You cannot imitate the final results of mastery without going through the preliminaries."

He acquired by this rigorous receptivity an insight into those preliminaries, and in the process of reconstructing for himself the methods and aspirations of his painters, he thrashed out a new language to express what he found. He abandoned all those words which properly belong to music or poetry in his search for what could only apply to art. Where Pater evoked by pure poetry and luscious images the sensation of seeing, Fry by his terse script words, his theories tested against facts, his masterly analysis, illumines the work under discussion with such an intellectual beam that the reader too finds himself seeing all over again, as for the first time.

His invention, then, was a new language of art-criticism, difficult to learn, and with no grammar books to help, needing an alert mind to keep pace with his informed reasoning; easy to parody, as he himself proved when he said that art was 'significant deformity'. Or was that, perhaps, a still more brilliant definition?

Mrs. Woolf here tells the story of Roger Fry's beginnings; how he emerged from that repressed Quaker background to find his fulfilment not, as his father had hoped, in the science in which he had graduated, but in scientific criticism of art. She records with the sympathy and knowledge of a friend, his life through school years, Cambridge years, the years in London, Paris and Italy; his marriage and its tragic sequel, and the innumerable activities and restless energies which sprang from that tragedy. His centre of happiness gone, he had by ceaseless work to disguise the gap in his life.

This accumulation of expert knowledge found an outlet in *The Burlington Magazine*, his creature, or should I say, foundling, and gradually he was acknowledged as an authority on pictures new and old. His advice was sought; he was commissioned to buy for collectors, to pronounce upon doubtful old Masters. The time was ripe for some public appointment which would give him the recognition he deserved. He applied for the Directorship of the National Gallery but they kept him waiting so long that he was forced by necessity to accept the job offered by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. After a frustrating session under the thumb of Pierpont Morgan he gave up the appointment and came back to Europe.

In 1910 he made a momentous visit to Paris to collect pictures for an exhibition which he had been asked to arrange at the Grafton Galleries. This was the Post-Impressionist Exhibition that was to raise such a to-do in England. The abuse and ridicule that was poured out on it and its sponsor are astonishing when one thinks of to-day's "devout and submissive worshippers", to whom Cézanne and Gauguin have become as legendary as Rubens and Rembrandt.

From that time on the record is of his lectures, wherein he was able to convey his enthusiasm even to the most unpromising audiences; his enterprise of the Omega Workshops in Fitzroy Square, to employ young artists and to educate the public taste, like Morris before him, and finally of his books.

His influence on British Art and art-criticism in general has been incalculable, and it is interesting to speculate on whether, without that visit to Paris in 1910, Cézanne would have been recognized so soon, or at all, and what would have happened to those schools of painting which we now label Cézanne-and-after.

E. H.

WHERE STANDS A WINGED SENTRY. By Margaret Kennedy.  
Toronto: Ryerson. Pp. 251. \$2.75.

Margaret Kennedy is known as the author of *The Constant Nymph*, and several other novels, but few knew her own personality and circumstances until they were revealed in this avowedly genuine personal journal. She is the mother of three children and her home is in an English village. Written during the four summer months of 1940, which brought the miracle of Dunkirk, the fearful shock of France's fall, and the defeat of the Luftwaffe in daylight attacks, the journal reflects the steady bravery with which ordinary English people met these soul-shaking events. The author does not write of city populations, or of life in the shelters, but of the village, where she and her husband usually live, and the small seaport, to which she takes the children for safety. In such places, in 1940, a comparatively normal life was still being led.

She sketches for us the gardener, the nannie, the Scotch nurse, the children, the vicar and the village people, and then the inhabitants of the seaport, various types of fisher-folk, Vackies, ARP workers, down to the utterly useless and fatuous "Gluebottoms". There is plenty of humour in her outlook, in spite of the grimness of the times. Indeed, one might expect some disharmony in her household staff to follow upon this revelation of their foibles to the world. But in the main this personal narrative shows a courageous, unselfish and very civilized woman, whose ideal, although she realizes it is incomprehensible to some of the younger generation, still is to be a "good European liberal". She is quite realistic about her own country, rather idealistic about the United States, and entirely open-minded about all questions which can be reasoned out. The main intention and achievement, however, is to show the English people unshaken in their hour of peril and agony.

E. H. W.

**IN THE MILL.** By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1941. Pp. 158. \$2.25.

Early in 1895 Mr. Masefield, then a lad of seventeen, reached New York. After some experience on farms he was offered work by Luke O'Connor, a County Wexford Irishman who kept a hotel near Jefferson Market Court. He served there some four months. Afterwards he was employed for twenty-two months in a carpet factory at Yonkers. His sketch, *A Raines Law Sunday* (in the first edition of *A Tarpaulin Muster*) tells us something of the earlier experience. The present book contains recollections of his work in the factory and thoughts on the interests, hopes and prospects of labour and labourers.

This work becomes at once an indispensable contribution to any extended study of its author as man and writer. We watch the young Englishman hard at work among five or six thousand toilers, of a few of whom we are given quick character-sketches. He began with a rather monotonous task in the 'setting-room'—drab, daily routine and repetition—but in which he proved faithful and efficient. "Our work was a wrestler whom each of us tackled every day and put down upon the mat before the whistle blew." After a time he was promoted to the post of 'mistake-finder', to check errors in the weaving, the results of lack of care in adjusting the spools, of wrong threadings or of the misuse of colours. His work now took him well over the huge factory and gave him the chance to learn many of its various processes.

The youth worked a little more than ten hours a day, read at night, and on Sundays and holidays turned again to his books or explored the countryside. He longed to write and tried his hand at many a manuscript, including a first novel, which he destroyed. Discouragement turned him to medicine, which he began to read

in preparation for a possible course. He bought cheap copies of books—Malory, Melville, *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*, Sterne, De Quincey, Pope's *Odyssey*, *The Spectator*, and editions of Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Shakespeare, Milton (five great prizes, these!), Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne and Fiona Macleod. Dickens and Stevenson he borrowed from friends. Although Chaucer, Shakespeare and some of the Romantics proved his chief literary inspirations, he tells us that "the first poem by a living writer to touch me to the quick" was *The Piper of Arll*, by our Canadian poet, Duncan Campbell Scott. "I read it till I knew it by heart; even now, I often repeat it to myself."

Of the author's love of water, ships and the open air there is frequent mention. We learn, too, of his regimen in those early days; of his constant interest in weather; of his happy friendships in America and the depth of his feeling for England; of his ideas on the art of design; of practical ways of promoting the welfare of workers; of his hopes for the future of industry and the state; of his thought of the function of beauty; and of his eventual self-dedication to the art of writing, and his return to England.

G. H. C.

### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

MAN'S VISION OF GOD AND THE LOGIC OF THEISM. By Charles Hartshorne, Chicago: Willet, Clark and Company. Pp. vii+352. \$3.00.

God is perfect in all respects—in some respects—or in no respects. These are the three formally possible attitudes of the human mind towards the Divine perfection.

The first type of theism is represented by Aquinas, Calvin and Christian theologians in general, up to about the year 1880 (why 1880?). Aquinas sought to combine the Aristotelian philosophy with the teaching of Scripture, thus introducing two "strands" into his theology—the "secular" and the "religious". The "secular" or speculative element stresses the changelessness and impassivity of God. Such a view, however, leads more logically to the opinion of Spinoza than that of Aquinas. If God is incapable of suffering it may very well be, as Spinoza taught, that while we should love God we must not expect Him to love us in return, for love involves susceptibility to suffering. Moreover the traditional view is ugly, to speak aesthetically, since it includes all variety of the Divine life. Beauty is impossible apart from both variety and unity.

The third type of theism leads at least to the doctrine of the finite God, or to the empirical theism of H. N. Wieman, the contemporary American philosopher. It may even "pass over" into atheism itself as Hegel might say.

The second type of theism is that of our author himself. God is perfect in some respects, and perfectible in all other respects, being surpassable only by Himself. The chief defect in God is His unhappiness. The Cross symbolizes the suffering God.

The human body is a society of selves related to a superior self, the mind. The world is the body of God. Panpsychism is defined in the neatest formula which I have yet seen.

Creation out of nothing is denied. A series of worlds is postulated, each being supposed to be derived from the previous one.

Two chapters are devoted to restating the cosmological and ontological arguments from the point of view of second-type theism. The argument from design is omitted.

The author is a professor of philosophy in the University of Chicago. His viewpoint is Protestant, anti-Calvinist and anti-Barthian. He combines theistic monism with humanistic monadism.

Lack of space forbids comment; but perhaps the above summary will enable the prospective reader to know what to expect from this book.

R. M. P.

**THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN.** Gifford Lectures, Vol. 1. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1941. Pp. vii+300. \$2.75.

The author of this volume on human nature seeks to restate the Biblical anthropology in opposition to the romantic identification of man with Nature and the idealistic identification of man with reason. Since the Renaissance our thought concerning human nature has been confused at three points, viz., the relation of vitality to form, the problem of individuality, and the easy conscience of the modern man. Professor Niebuhr turns from this confusion to revelation. Man was created in the image of God, yet with a propensity to evil—and not merely to error—which may be personified (not to say personalized) as the devil or may be given the theological name of original sin. The insecurity of finite man leads to anxiety, pride and unbelief. He possesses an original righteousness and regards faith, hope and love as the law of his being, without, however, conforming to this law. A too literal or quasi-historical interpretation of the fall of man is to be deprecated.

Professor Niebuhr's philosophy of history is the most attractive feature of this volume. The mediaeval synthesis of Scripture and classical philosophy was dissolved by the Renaissance and the Reformation. The latter seized upon Scripture—especially Paulinism—but this rediscovery was soon lost by liberal Christianity. The Renaissance attached itself to the classical tradition, but eliminated its idealistic aspect in favour of the materialism of Democritus and Epicurus. Only by a return to Scripture may we recover those insights into human nature which have been obscured by modern culture,

It is only fair to add that the analysis of the sin of pride is the most searching and humbling that I have ever read.

Readers of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY may recall that the Gifford Lectures for 1910-1911 were delivered by Dr. John Watson, late of Queen's University. Other lecturers include Professors James, Royce, Hocking and Whitehead, all of Harvard; John Dewey of Columbia; A. E. Taylor of Edinburgh University; and Karl Barth.

After reading the present volume twice I cannot quite convince myself that it measures up to this great tradition. Its pages are lavishly strewn with valuable insights into the thoughts of other men; but the author's own thought does not impress me as being coherent or convincing.

This judgment, however, is merely personal and provisional. The author has asked his readers to withhold their final verdict until his second volume (on human destiny) appears. It may very well be that this second volume will redress the balance of the first.

R. M. P.

#### TOPICAL

THE LURE OF QUEBEC. By W. P. Percival. Toronto: Ryerson; 1941. Pp. xx+216. \$2.50.

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty.

Wordsworth's tribute to London may not inaptly be applied to Quebec City. From whatever side you approach Quebec its majesty and beauty burst upon you with a rare delight. If only Durer could be reincarnated to immortalize its billowing silhouette and sinuous lines in one of his clear-cut etchings or wood-engravings! But even a supreme master of drawing cannot convey the warmth of palpitating life and the wealth of historical association which constitute the intangible charm of Quebec. To visit Quebec is to love it. Any opportunity to see it, even in the crowded hours of gathering night squeezed out of an Atlantic trip, is seized avidly. At long last a guide book has been produced in English which is a worthy *vade mecum* to Quebec. The guide is no tourist agency tout. You are led round Quebec by a cultured gentleman who incidentally can sport a Ph.D. hood and walk among officials as Deputy Minister of Education for the Province of Quebec. His ubane talk culled from a wide experience of men, books and the *genus loci* has been put down on paper so that visitors to Quebec may begin to know and love the city as he knows and loves it. As a teacher he explains in clear and simple language the history and background of the great men and events whose spirit still haunts the very stones of Quebec; once only did he falter and degenerate into unnecessary didacticism when after describing Nelson's connections with Quebec interestingly, he explained: "Lord Nelson was later the hero of the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and

Trafalgar. At the beginning of the last-named fight, he hoisted the well known signal 'England expects . . .'" Rightly Mr. Percival deprecates the current tendency for tourists to see the Chateau Frontenac, the Plains of Abraham and other places for a couple of hours and then rush away to the environs. May the gods soon bless us with a trip to Quebec, so that we may make use of the *Lure of Quebec*. Col. Wood's foreword is fascinating, summarizing also some of his own erudite knowledge of Quebec.

A. E. P.

### CANADIAN TRENDS

**CANADA IN PEACE AND WAR: EIGHT STUDIES IN NATIONAL TRENDS SINCE 1914.** Edited by Chester Martin. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1941. Pp. 244. \$1.50.

**TRENDS IN CANADIAN NATIONHOOD.** By Chester Martin. (Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, No. C. 8.) Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1940. Pp. 36. 10 cents.

**CANADA IN WORLD AFFAIRS: THE PRE-WAR YEARS.** By F. H. Soward, J. F. Parkinson, N. A. M. MacKenzie, T. W. L. MacDermot. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1941. Pp. xiii, 343. \$3.00.

Recent trends in Canada's development, both internally and in the Dominion's external relations, are set forth in two volumes issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. One is the outcome of a series of public lectures at the University of Toronto. The other is the introductory volume of a projected biennial survey of Canada's part in world affairs. The eight "studies" in the former do not pretend to be a comprehensive treatment of Canada's history since the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, but they do present an analysis of some significant factors that were working for national integration (as well as threatening disintegration), during the maturing transformation in Canada's status in relation to the British nations and the international world. Professor Martin's introductory lecture on "Trends in Canadian Nationhood" (published also separately as one of the "Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs"), which deal broadly with central tendencies, and the following series of studies by a distinguished group of scholars, will help to clarify the reader's understanding of those things that explain how it is that Canada, so surprisingly in the eyes of some Canadians and of many beyond our borders, has played the active part that she has in the war for civilization's survival since September 1939. The book will therefore be useful to read along with *Canada in World Affairs: The Pre-War Years*. The intention behind the latter was eminently sound, and the book contains a good deal of useful information on the politics, the economics, the interna-

tional law and diplomacy, of the three or four years prior to the war, besides an interesting selection of extracts from public speeches and documents illustrating the trends of discussion and policy. As a picture, however, of the divergencies and the uncertainties, and sometimes the too-ready certainties, that clouded with doctrinaire myopias a good deal of the academic and public discussion of Canada's relation to the growing world crisis the book will be for many Canadian readers an uncomfortably apt reflection of the characteristics of the period with which it deals. But most of us were groping then and there is little to be gained now by wishing that it had been otherwise. A close-up view of the process, in retrospect, remains as yet unsatisfactory. The multiple authorship of this volume added to the difficulty encountered by the writer of each section in the attempt to achieve adequate perspective and significant analysis. These are always peculiarly difficult to attain in "contemporary" history. This volume, however, launches a worthy effort in that direction, and later volumes of the projected series will profit by the experience gained in the production of this one. Meanwhile we may be grateful to those who, in a time of special stress and in spite of peculiar difficulties in the way, turned out a piece of work as useful as it is.

R. G. T.

**READINGS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.** Edited by George W. Brown. Contributing editors, E. C. Woodley, V. L. Denton, J. J. Talman. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Toronto and Vancouver. Pp. xii, 378. \$2.25. (For class use, \$1.80.)

Here is a delightfully human book of readings from the sources of Canadian history. It does not even look like the old-fashioned "source-book". Besides being attractively printed each of its sixteen chapters is preceded by an interesting and apt illustration, usually a contemporary picture, well chosen and well reproduced. The quoted sources are chosen to give the flavour of the way people lived and reveal how they dealt with their problems; the mustiness so often associated with the official documentary record has here been abjured. Each selection is prefaced by an explanatory statement that puts the reader in touch with its writer and his background. For many readers besides the young students for whom it is primarily intended, the book should do much to dispel the still too-prevalent myth that Canadian history is both dull and lacking in significance. Here it is obviously full of human interest and of high import. This volume covers the formative period from the discovery of America to the end of the eighteenth century. Another, which is to follow, dealing with more recent times, should be still more helpful, strangely it is the nineteenth century that seems most to need enlivening, in the true sense of the word, for young Canadian and indeed for many of their elders.

R. G. T.













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